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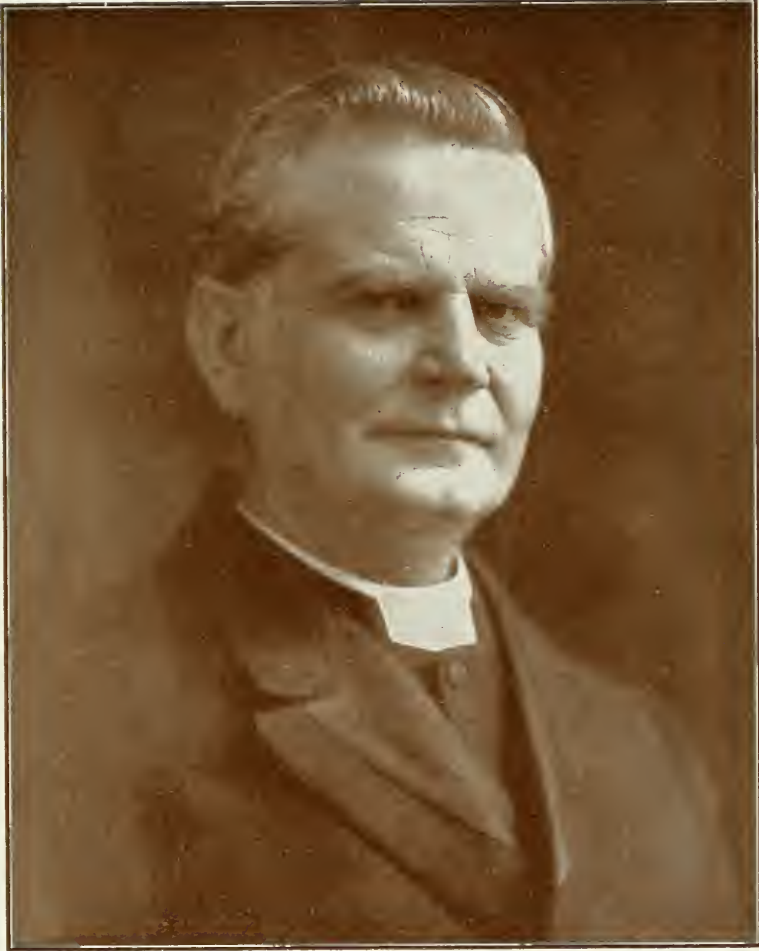
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1910 Contents for October 1910

	PAGE
Literary—	
A Song of Autumn.....Alfred Le Roy Burt	1
The Appointment of an Associate General SuperintendentDr. Graham	2
A Western Experience.....E. J. Pratt	3
The New Library.....Dr. De Witt	9
Editorial	14
Missionary and Religious	19
Scientific	25
Personals and Exchanges	30
Athletics	37
Locals	40

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1910 Contents for November 1910

	PAGE
Literary—	
The Choice.....Helen Dafoe, '11	45
A Day in Canterbury.....Carl Y. Connor, '11	49
Alfred M. Reynor, M.A., LL.D.....Judge Huycke	54
Rev. John Burwash, M.A., D.Sc., LL.D.....	56
1T3 vs. 1T4.....	58
Editorial	60
Missionary and Religious	66
Scientific	72
Personals and Exchanges	76
Athletics	82
Locals	86

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1910 Contents for December 1910

	PAGE
Literary—	
A Christmas Wish.....Chancellor Burwash	93
Some Features of Swinburne's Later Works.....	
W. J. Sykes, B.A.	94
In MemoriamHelen M. Merrill (Poem)	101
The Maid and the MinisterJean Blewett	102
Wind and WaveF. Owen, B.A. (Poem)	113
Three of my SnapshotsJ. C. Robertson, M.A.	114
The Lake in NovemberW. C. G. ('12) (Poem)	122
Thank YouMercy E. McCulloch, B.A. (Poem)	123
Christmas Soliloquy of a Down-town Church.....	
Adeline Teskey	124
Lullabies of the LakeF. Owen, B.A. (Poem)	130
Some Aspects of George Eliot's Novels.C. W. Stanley	131
"One on the Kaiser".....	141
John MorleyW. E. MacNiven	142
Editorial.....	148
Missionary and Religious—	
Up-to-Date Methodist Preaching	
F. H. Wallace, M.A., D.D.	153
The Christ in Art.....J. W. L. Forster	158
Scientific—	
The Biological Station at Go-Home Bay.....	
R. C. Coatsworth, B.A.	166
Personals and Exchanges	171
Athletics	178
Locals	188

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1911 Contents for January 1911

	PAGE
Literary—	
Let Us Be Kind. Poem	197
Storyman and Storiette	Bessie McCamus, '13 198
The Value of a College Education.....	J. R. Heyworth 201
Editorial	208
Missionary and Religious—	
Essential Christianity	Professor A. H. Abbott 212
Scientific—	
The White Plague	R. W. Leader, M.B. 219
Personals and Exchanges	222
Athletics	226
Locals	232

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1911 Contents for February 1911

	PAGE
The Weaknesses of Individualism....F. N. Stapleford, '12	239
Floating a College Magazine.....F. G. M'Alister, '12	243
The Need of Christian Education in Japan.....	252
Missionary Notes	257
Correspondence	258
Editorial	260
Personals and Exchanges	264
Athletics	268
Locals	274

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1911 Contents for March 1911

	PAGE
On the Trail.....F. Owen, B.A.	281
How My Father and I Climbed Mount Gerizim.....A. P. M'Kenzie	282
The Bible and the English Language....Dr. L. E. Horning	287
The General Geography of British ColumbiaH. C. De Beck	293
Early Ideas About the Physiology of Circulation.....	297
Prospecting in New Ontario.....H. W. Manning	302
Editorial	305
Personals and Exchanges	308
Athletics	313
Locals	318

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1911 Contents for April 1911

	PAGE
The Resurrection.....B. H. Robinson, '11	323
A Week in the Mountains.....C. B. Sissons	324
Our Fight against the Microbe.....A. E. McCulloch, '11	332
Quidlibet Iocosius.....	336
The Awakening of the Prophet....R. C. Coatsworth, '11	337
The Educational Night Classes.....	346
Editorial	351
Personals and Exchanges.....	353
Athletics	357
Locals	361

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Contents for Graduation Number

	PAGE
The History of One T One.....B. H. Robinson	367
Chronicles of 1911.....E. G. Gibson	374
College EchoesHamilton Wigle, '89	383
The Saddest Thing I Ever Knew.....N. W. DeWitt	384
Transport in North Ontario.....C. P. Brown, '10	388
Editorial	392
Personals and Exchanges	399
Athletics	404
Locals	406

Acta Victoriana



Published monthly during the College year by the Union Literary Society
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VOL. XXXIV.

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1910.

No. 1

A Song of Autumn

ALFRED LE ROY BURT.

When the year is robed in sadness,
And the fear of winter's madness
Is the burden of the wind;
When the year is growing hoary
With the thought of faded glory
In the days it left behind,

Hearts that loved once more are yearning
For the sacred fire once burning
On the altars of their souls:
But they hear a music mellow
(Though the leaves are sear and yellow)
As through Nature's calm it rolls.

'Tis a song of life's completeness,
And of Love's much fuller sweetness
That has gathered through the years.
'Tis a chant whose echoes hollow
Tell that spring must surely follow,
And how vain are all those tears.

The Appointment of an Associate General Superintendent of the Methodist Church

REV. DR. GRAHAM.

Realizing that Methodism had become such a mighty force in this great land that effective guidance and adequate supervision demanded the enlargement of the General Superintendency, the recent General Conference appointed the Rev. S. Dwight Chown, D.D., to stand beside the veteran leader, Dr. Carman, and share with him the ever growing executive responsibility.

One of the most thrilling moments of the Conference was when Dr. Chown, after his election, closed an earnest address by requesting the Chairman, Dr. Carman, to lead the Conference in prayer on his behalf—there came upon the assemblage a deep sense of the presence of the Unseen and Eternal.

The new General Superintendent is a thoroughly representative man: he has filled several important charges with great acceptance—as a pastor, faithful and beloved; as a pulpiteer his sermons bore evidence of careful thought and spiritual insight.

Dr. Chown has always shown a decided penchant for books—not only did his name stand high on the class lists while at college, but all through his career wherever possible he has reserved the morning sacredly for study, frequently selecting books from the College curriculum, thus keeping in touch not only with the University life, but also with the broader world movements and currents of thought. This to some extent accounts for the fact that he is neither archaic in the thought forms of his theology nor stereotyped in the expression of his religious life, but strong in the emphasis he places on a definite Christian experience and present-day evangelism.

The General Conference of 1902 at Winnipeg decided, though with some misgivings, to constitute a Department of Temperance and Moral Reform, and elected Dr. Chown as General Secretary. The subsequent history of the newly organized Department marked the Secretary as a Christian statesman who

succeeded in crowning a difficult position with a great and abiding success.

He is a man of fine presence and gentlemanly deportment, who yet can display on demand the truest courage. The fearless opponent of social vice, dishonesty in business methods or public life, and that sum of all curses, the drink traffic, and yet a man of broad human interest and sympathies, who would "live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man."

In 1898 Victoria College conferred the degree of D.D. on Dr. Chown in recognition of his personal merit and what he had wrought for the Church. Now, on behalf of Victoria, ACTA tenders hearty congratulations to Dr. Chown on his elevation to the General Superintendency, and trusts that he may be long spared to lead the Church to a clearer conception of truth and duty and to greater achievements for Christ and His Kingdom.

A Western Experience

E. J. PRATT, '11.

I had often wished very strongly to see a little of the vast prairie stretches that lie on the other side of the Great Lakes, and as it was not altogether practicable, financially and otherwise, to take the trip out there just for the gratification of that personal wish, I entered quite enthusiastically into the plan of employment by which the student services could be distributed throughout Saskatchewan and Alberta. Estevan, in the southern part of Saskatchewan, and not far from the international boundary, became my objective.

When I arrived there my Superintendent, the Chairman of the District, outlined to me my plan of campaign, and generously supplied me with an abundance of data, amongst which geographical facts, racial characteristics, broncho eccentricities, and the fundamentals of the Methodist Discipline, were all combined together in one bewildering confusion. Somewhat weakened rather than stimulated by this copious hypodermic of advice, I was led out to get acquainted with an animal called

"Jack," upon whose travelling ability and other incidental perfections the Superintendent spoke with glowing emphasis. I must confess that when I entered the stable and saw my summer companion for the first time, I was most peculiarly impressed. As my shadow fell across the doorway he suddenly turned his head, brought the halter-ropes up with a quick jerk, ignored my "Super" completely, and focussed his concentration upon me. I stood off at a safe distance of twenty feet and returned the stare. He was indeed qualified, both by heredity and education, as a broncho. The brand had been burned there, large and distinct. He was no beauty. Nature had designed him in a freak of architectural genius for a wild, nomadic life upon the plains and not for the purposes of civilization. He was short, thick-set; and of very disproportionate build. His hind legs had so far outstripped their front competitors in length that the result of this congenital infirmity was to slope the back in the direction of the head at such an angle as to give a prospective rider considerable nervous uneasiness. But it was not this so much that set me thinking. It was that critical, ironical look, that attitude of disdain for a tenderfoot, which boded trouble. And yet at times during my inspection it seemed to me that his features were disposed to relax into a look of semi-innocence—a disposition to conciliation, provided the proper means were used; but I found myself powerless to analyze this apparent alternation of expression, as I did not know how much subtlety of purpose ran beneath it.

However, as I did not feel like wasting my afternoon in those fruitless speculations, I immediately made preparations for a ten-mile drive to Hitchcock, a town along the railway. I was greatly relieved when I saw the ease with which my new friend was tackled into the buggy, and having received some further directions and well-needed good wishes from my fatherly Chairman, I at once struck the trail for the above-mentioned town. Nothing eventful happened at first. The little fellow travelled along famously; and for the first few miles, with the exception of a few slight starts at the shriek of an engine in the distance, I had no reason but to congratulate myself upon having secured a tolerably good roadster for my summer work. It is true that it felt a little embarrassing upon the way to hear the passing

comments of people whose æsthetic tastes were continually being exercised upon the wondrous symmetry of this novel type of horse. But what of that? Jack did not understand the nature of the compliments, and as for myself I was not responsible for them.

I journeyed on for a few miles further, passing several homesteads upon the way and exchanging salutations with farmers who were hard at work with the drill and plough. After a while I got out upon the untouched open prairie, and found the driving somewhat rough and monotonous. No variegated scenery delighted the eye; no lake, no river, no hill; not even a geographical irregularity; nothing but yellow sod, broken here and there by an occasional trail. This absence of interest had as its only redeeming feature a desire to get out of it, and seeing a homestead in the distance I turned in the direction of it in order to secure full and accurate information. As I drew up I could see nobody around, so I jumped out of the buggy. I tied Jack to the wheel of a big cart, the only thing in sight available for that purpose, and walked over to the door of the house. A man came out, and in answer to my question began to give me all directions necessary. While he was speaking my ears were suddenly deafened by a huge crash, and looking around I saw to my bewilderment my faithful friend, the broncho, starting off at a home stretch across the prairie, with the rope which he had broken from the wheel swinging from his neck, and everything on board—grip, overcoat, rifle, etc. I stood for a moment and stared; then I followed, but soon slowed down. As well try to catch an express. If the circumstances were different I might have admired his speed. But now I could only think of his destination. Would it be the Coast or the Yukon? Perhaps it was the Rockies he decided on as his summer resort. I walked on silently, my eyes fixed upon that buggy rhythmically rising and falling with the prairie bumps. On in that direction somewhere lay the track. Four unusually high jumps of the buggy in rapid succession revealed its position. Still no sign of a slower rate. Jack was making for the horizon, there being no other stopping place worthy of his notice. I walked on and picked up a part of the reins, the whip, and a hame-strap. These would be valuable as souvenirs, at any rate. One thing

I knew, I was going in the direction of the town. I saw the top part of the Hitchcock grain elevator, and that relieved me of the thought of having to spend the night out. It only meant trudging on for an hour or two, and ruminating over the loss of all this world's goods, which was not much after all. I felt it quite pleasant to moralize upon the emptiness of worldly possessions, for in such an emergency that particular kind of philosophy has its comforts. It was not long, however, before I saw a horse and buggy, with a couple of men, coming towards me, and when they approached they asked me if I had lost my horse. Upon replying that I had, they told me that they had caught a runaway and brought him into one of the town stables. My relief was great. So he had made for the town after all; he had probably regarded it as a convenient side-station to get a supply of oats for his trip. The first thing I did when I got into the town was to buy a halter-rope calculated to hold an elephant. This, I thought, would at least check his ardour for summer excursions, although it would not guarantee the physical integrity of the buggy whenever he felt like trying conclusions with the new rope.

My troubles, however, were not yet ended. There were many lessons I had yet to learn before I could lay claim to a Western knowledge of horsemanship. It occurred to me that when I eventually arrived at my headquarters for the summer it would be a good idea to purchase a saddle, which brilliant idea was reinforced in my mind by the sorry plight of my poor buggy. Jack could not run away, at any rate, without his rider, and I knew enough about his weakness for oats to conclude that it would be generally in the direction of his home he would run, rather than away from it. I felt quite satisfied with my new plan. What a lot of bother it would avoid—the putting on of the harness, the exhaustion resulting from an exciting chase, my own convalescence, the expense of the buggy's repair, and so on. What health-producing exercise it would be, as well! During the whole of the following week I travelled a good deal, and a more docile, quiet, faithful horse could not be imagined. I was anxious, though, to test him on the canter, and one beautiful morning I secured a saddle and went out into the stable with my friend, Mr. M—, who had the reputation of being one of

the best horsemen in the country. Just as I was tightening the straps, Mr. M— drew my attention to a very peculiar action on the part of the horse. He was taking a deep breath, and continued to take it until he had increased in size to almost twice his usual girth. I asked the reason for this very occult phenomenon, wondering whether the broncho, with his unusual penetration, was getting his lungs in readiness for purposes peculiarly his own. I suggested this as an explanation. "No," said my friend, "he is just doing that so as to make the straps look tight at the start; but later on, when he gets well out on the prairie, he will blow out again, the straps will become loose, the saddle will shift, and the rider, well—" I made some remark about the super-equine intelligence of such an animal, and following my friend's advice, I patiently waited for exhalation, and then instantly tied the strap. I mounted and rode off, feeling safe now that Mr. M— by his valuable advice had precluded any possibility of sudden mishap. I began to enjoy the ride immensely. The air was invigorating, the road dry and fairly even. Every added minute of safety was a new source of self-congratulation. I took as my cavalry training ground the road to one of my appointments, so that I might familiarize myself with necessary future directions, and when I had ridden five miles I was confronted by a very sluggish slough too long to ride around, but yet narrow enough to render the passage of it apparently easy. Practically none of the sloughs in the country were too deep to ford, though some of them covered very muddy beds. The broncho hesitated to go across. Sure-footed though he was, he declined the prospect of a burial in soft mud. Still I knew it was the only alternative to a considerable circuit, with the probability of getting on a wrong trail. I coaxed him a little, then gave him a touch of the spur. The latter method worked upon his nervous system quite a bit. The surface of the slough was about eight inches from the bank, and after a little more urging Jack condescended to place his forefeet in the water. They sank several inches in mud. I felt sorry now that I had urged him in; so did he, for the next moment, without any warning beyond an indignant snort, his head suddenly dropped, those long hind legs of his shot up in the air like a flash, and I suddenly learnt more about analytical

geometry, the path of a parabola, and the properties of curves than I had ever learnt at the university. The exact height of my flight, the precise depth of my fall, I have never been able accurately to determine. I didn't feel in such a mathematical mood to draw so fine distinctions. All I know is that I have certain important data in my possession which is at the disposal of the Royal Astronomical Society at any time they wish to acquire it. I managed somehow to extricate myself from the bed of the slough, and when I had regained some composure I saw my broncho quietly munching the grass by the bank. I went up to him. He made no resistance, showed no concern, but looked at me with every feature stamped with cool and placid innocence. The only severe derangement I sustained was a serious dislocation of vocabulary which, had Noah Webster or Samuel Johnson been present, would have occasioned a very animated discussion upon the orthodoxy of verbal hybrids. I got in the saddle again and rode home. I met Mr. M— at the door. I did not need to explain; he saw and understood. I made up my mind that I would ride every day, trusting that constant companionship would result in friendship. It proved afterwards to have been the only mishap of that nature for the summer.

Some time has passed since then. I do not know what has become of that broncho; neither do I care. Perhaps if some lone wanderer should pay a visit to Saskatchewan, and stroll over that particular part of the prairie, he might discover a little mound with a rough stone at the head of it bearing the words *Hic jacet*, in token of the commitment to the dust of the last remains of an eccentric broncho, slain in a moment of passion at the hand of an infuriated successor.

The New Library

PROF. N. W. DE WITT.

"When will the books be moved, Mr. Librarian?" I inquired one pleasant evening toward the end of May.

"The stack room will be ready in June," he replied, and an incandescent smile illumined his genial face.

"Well, I suppose the books are moved by this time," I said to him about the middle of August.

"Naw," said he, and electric sparks darted from his eyes.

Being somewhat intimidated by his mood, I lacked the courage to pursue the conversation further at the time, but early in September I saw him, resolute with long postponement and delay, acting as a guard of honour to a push-cart loaded with printed wisdom, which a team of husky students was slowly propelling across the broken ground toward the library. Then I knew that the great day had really arrived, and soon the room where for eighteen long years the aspiring youth had toiled and drowsed against the judgment day would soon be dismantled and degraded to the condition of a common class room, or even cut up for professors' offices and become a college memory.

As I gaze now upon its empty spaces, around the yawning shelves and down the long tables but late adorned with serious serried heads above and tangled legs and feet below, beauty to the left and chivalry to the right, I must plead guilty to a sickly feeling of regret. Associations linger where men have come and gone. We may remove the books from the shelves and carry away the squeaky chairs, but still in the hearts of those who studied here there will remain an ineradicable memory that refuses to be piled in a soap box and trundled away to a new seat and a more luxurious abiding-place.

Sentiment is the cat among the emotions and prefers the chilly doorstep of the old home to the hearth-rug of the new. But new sentiment grows rapidly about academic scenes. Four short years are a college cycle, the limit of a college name and college fame, and soon there will be a generation that knows

the new only and not the old. Therefore a fond farewell to the old library room, and good riddance!

The new building changes the whole face of the college property. The course of traffic, instead of wending its way along Charles Street to the old northern entrance of the grounds, will pass henceforth either through the library or by the board walk on the east side of it to the door recently cut in the west wall of the main building. The old east door, even after the men's residence is finished, will no longer swing so frequently on its hinge, and will chiefly serve the resident student body. The library, by day at least, will be a new centre of student life, and the place of arrival and departure. Its cloak rooms are larger and more accessible than those in the old building. It is nearer to the street and the cars, nearer to Amnesley Hall, and, in the winter especially, more convenient to the main buildings of the University. Only for receptions, literary societies and evening functions will the old building play its wonted part in student life, for the use of the new building, by the terms of the gift, and that very wisely, is strictly limited to library purposes.

The building itself, which dominates the view as one approaches along the North Drive from Bloor Street, and has elicited more admiration and praise from the most disinterested people than any edifice recently erected in Toronto, is of grey Credit Valley rubble stone with dark slate roof. The main entrance is from Charles Street, with the stack room to the left and to the right the main reading room with its perpendicular Gothic windows, the outstanding feature of the whole construction. These windows are ornamented on either side with carved heads in which the artist has suggested the faces of many men dear to lovers of old Victoria. In the niche above the west entrance from the North Drive is a beautiful figure of Queen Victoria executed in Bath stone by the Bromsgrove Guild of Applied Art, and is perhaps the first example of their work placed on public view in Toronto. We owe it to the generosity of Mr. C. D. Massey.

I chanced to be showing the beauties of the exterior to a friend one afternoon when the librarian himself appeared, and, seizing the opportunity, I said fearlessly in German:

"Beth Zeigen Sie uns die nene Bibliothek schon vielleicht."

"With pleasure," he replied, ignoring the compliment I had done him.

"Before we go inside," he began, "I might tell you that the walks from Charles Street and the North Drive are to be done in stone to be in keeping with the rest of the work. We shall have to go round to the rear," he went on to say, "because the hardware for the doors has not yet arrived and the street doors are temporarily closed. I might also call your attention," he resumed as we went along to the corridor, "to the marble base-board on the ground floor. We are indebted for that to the contractors, Hoidge & Sons. The plans called for cement."

We passed between two substantial pillars of Indiana limestone into the men's reading room, which is thirty-five feet high to the crest of the roof, and seems higher because of the long windows. It accommodates about one hundred students and affords more than three hundred cubic feet of air apiece. The window frames are of steel and set in cement. It is said that they will never rattle in the wind, a welcome item of news to those who have frequented the old library room. "This gallery at the end of the room," said Mr. Lang, "was to have been built of cement, but Mr. Massey generously offered to bear the additional expense incurred by doing it in stone. You will observe that it will not only be a great convenience, both as a place of study and for visitors on public occasions, but it is also an architectural complement to the room. It was found," he added, "when the banquet was given in honour of Mr. Henry Haigh, that the place is admirably adapted for public speaking." At this moment our party was startled by a mysterious thundering noise. "Calm yourselves," said the librarian, "it is only the fire-proof metal door of the stack room which James has just lowered."

We were next shown the stack room, with its glass floors and steel shelving done in French grey. The books in frequent use are on the ground floor; other literature and bound periodicals above. There is absolutely nothing inflammable in this room except the dry books, and in case of fire the steel door falls automatically. The librarian will occupy the office to the left as you enter from Charles Street. "What is this?" I asked,

peering into an ominous chamber. "That is the vault," he replied, "where we shall keep the archives." "You mean the old Bob programmes, I suppose?" "Yes, and the college charters." The delivery desk, which will occupy the space in front of the office, the stack room and the attendant's room, is to be of oak and specially designed by the architects; the same is true of all the furniture and electric fixtures in the building. The women's reading room, with prospect on North Drive, is smaller than the men's room by one-third, but will be furnished with equal regard for comfort and light.

The rest of the building has been constructed according to the plans published in the prospectus, save that it was found necessary to place the book bureau in the south-east room on the second floor instead of in the basement, and the two classrooms marked in the plan above the women's reading room have been made into one large lecture room, to be equipped with curtain and stereopticon, a piece of apparatus long desired at the college. On the east side of the second floor facing the quadrangle are two seminar rooms for advanced classes, which will serve to postpone the congestion now imminent in the old building. Next to these are four small research rooms occupying a position off the corridor where the most perfect quiet and seclusion are assured. No university that I have visited offers such an advantage as this to graduate students, and good work will surely be accomplished because of them. Alumni and others not enrolled in the college are promised a quiet place for reading elsewhere in the building. The large room above the librarian's office will be furnished as a board room, but is to be available for the usual academic purposes.

In the basement are spacious cloak rooms for men, reached from the Charles Street entrance without entering the main corridor, and the women's rooms are similarly situated to the entrance from North Drive. There is a room for the unpacking of books and another for cataloguing, provided with a lift, and a private stairway for attendants. A second vault furnishes ample space for valuable documents. A boiler has been installed to furnish steamheat for the present, but connection will be made with the central heating plant of the

University as soon as this is ready for operation, which will be next year or the sweet by and by.

A great undertaking is rarely brought to completion without some sacrifice, and I am sorry that ours has proved no exception. The librarian, spending much valuable time and more valuable thought upon his chosen work, has been forced by continued delays to discard to some extent his cheerful outlook on life. Being exasperated one day to the speaking point he challenged the architect to show him a building that was progressing more slowly. When the architect pointed to the Domestic Science Building as the desired example the librarian was silenced for a time, but lately his indignation broke out afresh, and he threatened to "sic" the freshmen on the architect and put him under the tap. It happened that the sophomores emerged about this time with three wriggling victims in the toils, and His Architectural Slowness, pale with fright, might actually have been seen running for cover. If you ask the librarian now when the building will be entirely ready for occupancy, he murmurs something about Christmas and gazes viciously out into the invisible. Some sweet day there really will be a formal opening, when a stone bearing the date will be placed in position and two tablets to commemorate the generosity of Mr. Cyrus Birge and Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

Acta Victoriana

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EDITORIAL

"Good-Morning!"

The Business-Manager has stolen a march on His Nibs, the Editor-in-Chief, and stands in the quivering glare of the spotlight as the curtain rises, bowing with great fear and trembling before his expectant audience. He imagines he hears tremendous applause (he has a wonderful imagination, this B. M. --sometimes) and scrapes and dips with all the grace he can assume, for he wishes to please and win goodwill for his colleagues and himself.

His colleagues, he knows, seek the co-operation of every student in their ACTA work this year. They feel assured of your sympathy because of the kindness of your spirit. What they beg of you now is your active co-operation.

The B. M. himself arrogantly believes he is playing the hardest part—a point the editor and every one else on Acta Board will readily dispute. But the B. M. is trying to reach your hearts by way of your pockets—or, let me see, is it to reach your pockets by way of your hearts? Be that as you will, it's the part he has to play and you in your abounding generosity will help him by—I wonder how?

W. M.

The Passion Play

Miracle plays were dramas founded upon historical parts of the Old and New Testament, and upon the lives of saints, performed during the Middle Ages in churches, but afterwards in the streets on fixed or moveable stages. The performers were originally the clergy and choristers, but as time went on any layman might also participate in the performance. Such plays were designed as a means of religious instruction for the people, but long before the Reformation they had so far departed from their original character that in many cases they became mixed up with buffoonery and irreverence, and were the means of inducing contempt rather than respect for church and religion.

It is a mistake to suppose that the religious drama was frowned upon by the leaders of the Reformation as is affirmed by some. The most direct encouragement was given to such plays by the founders of the Swedish Protestant Church, and by the earlier Lutheran bishops, both Swedish and Danish. Luther himself is reported to have said that they often did more good and produced more impression than sermons. Indeed, it is a well-known fact that the first sketch of Milton's "Paradise Lost" was a sacred drama, where the opening speech was Satan's address to the sun.

In 1779 a manifesto was issued by Prince-Archbishop Salzburg, condemning religious dramas and prohibiting their performance on the ground of their ludicrous mixture of the sacred and profane. This ecclesiastical denunciation was followed by vigorous measures on the part of civil authorities in Austria and Bavaria. One exception, however, was made to the general suppression. In 1663 the little village of Oberammergau, in the Bavarian highlands, on the cessation of a plague which desolated the surrounding country, had vowed to perform every tenth year the Passion of Our Saviour, out of gratitude and as a means of religious instruction—a vow which has since been regularly observed. The pleading of a deputation of Ammergau peasants with Maximilian of Bavaria saved their religious drama from the general condemnation, on condition that everything that could offend good taste be expunged. It was then and after-

wards somewhat remodelled, and perhaps is the only mystery or miracle play which has survived to the present day.

The inhabitants of the secluded village of Oberaimmergau are extremely religious and look forward to the performance of the play as a special act of devotion. The personator of the Christ considers his part the supreme act of worship; he and the other principal performers—chosen by the village council—are said to be selected for their holy life and consecrated to their work with prayer. The players themselves number about five hundred and are exclusively the villagers; and though they receive no artistic instruction except from the parish priest, are said to act their parts with much dramatic power and delicate appreciation of character.

The New Testament narrative is strictly adhered to except for the introduction of the St. Veronica handkerchief. The acts alternate with tableaux from the Old Testament and choral odes. The play attracts many thousands of people from all parts of the world, as well as devout multitudes of peasants from the country surrounding the village, among whom the same religious fervour prevails as among the actors.

Florence Nightingale

With the passing of Florence Nightingale on August the thirteenth last, there came to a close the career of the queen of heroines. Truly she was "The Lady with the Lamp" who in a very real sense brought light to many in darkness.

Over ninety years ago she was born at Villa Columbia, near the city of Florence, in Italy, while her parents were abroad. Her earliest years were spent at Lea Hurst, in Derbyshire, in England, and it was while here that, through difficulty in securing a suitable nurse during illness, she first turned her mind toward the necessity of having a trained body of nurses. To this end, therefore, she travelled both at home and abroad, visiting and inspecting the various hospitals. After this she took in hand the home for sick governesses in London and was occupied thus when the Crimean War broke out.

The severe suffering of the soldiers in the autumn of 1854, after the Battle of Alma, sent a thrill of indignation through Britain: the Allies had their Sisters of Mercy but the British soldiers had none. In the dilemma, Sydney Herbert, who was at the time War Minister, thought of Miss Nightingale and wrote her requesting that she organize and take a band of nurses to the Crimea. His letter crossed hers on the way asking permission to undertake such a task under the protection of the Government.

In October, 1854, they set out and reached Scutari early in November, and within two days the barracks were crowded with wounded soldiers after Inkermann. At Scutari and Crimea she spent a year and eight months, nor did she leave the scene of her heroic labours till peace was declared. She returned home, travelling under an assumed name to avoid a public ovation, and again took up her home at Lea Hurst.

As a token of their deep gratitude, recognizing her heroic self-sacrifices, the people contributed £48,000 as a monument for her, which she immediately used for the establishment of the Nightingale Home, the pioneer training school for nurses.

Miss Nightingale was the only woman on whom the Order of Merit has been conferred and the second to receive the freedom of the city of London. No other subject of the King was more tenderly enshrined in the hearts of the people. In accordance with her own wish—though a place in Westminster Abbey was offered for her shrine—she was buried quietly beside her parents in the secluded churchyard of the small Hampshire village of East Willow.

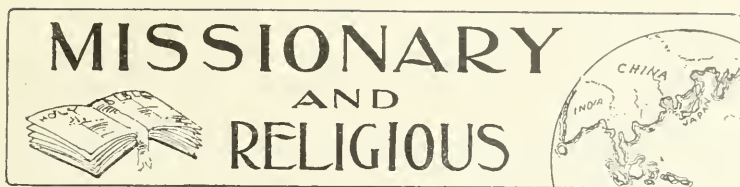
Holman Hunt

The world of Art has recently sustained a great loss in the death of one of its celebrated artists—William Holman Hunt. For over half a century his name has been one of the most familiar and influential in artistic circles. He was born in old London in 1827 and exhibited his first picture, "Hark," in 1846. From this time his reputation steadily grew, and he

soon gained universal fame. As he developed in art he became increasingly dissatisfied with the principles which at that time guided and ruled it, and along with Millais, Rossetti and other young painters, who shared his convictions, he began a new style of treatment, known as "Pre-Raphaelite." This term was employed by Hunt and his friends to indicate their predilection for painters who lived before Raphael, as Giotto and Fra-Angelico, but did not imply that they took the productions of these masters as their models. It was because of their truthfulness and earnest sympathy that they admired the fathers of Italian art.

The first of Hunt's productions which mirrored the new influence was his "Converted British Family Sheltering a Christian Missionary from the Persecution of the Druids" (1855). Among others, he produced "The Light of the World," the "Shadow of the Cross," and "The Finding of Christ in the Temple." These pictures produced an impression which for depth and extent has scarcely ever been equalled.

Everyone knows the story of his early difficulties, of the storm of bitter and scornful opposition which broke out against him; of the persistent way in which he stood out against the mercenary inducements which debase the highest art. His conquest, alike both of the public and the artistic world, of which the Order of Merit, conferred upon him by King Edward, was the sign, was above all due to his heroic and truth-loving personality. His life work appealed not merely to religious fancy, but to religious faith. His success as an artist can by no means be measured by popular applause or by honours, much less by financial results, but by the way he impressed his ideals of truth and beauty upon his age.



Impressions of the Alumni Conference

REV. C. A. SYKES, B.D.

After a fairly regular attendance at Alumni Theological Conferences during the past twenty years in different centres of learning, one wondered what this one in Victoria College would be like. It is very gratifying, therefore, to be able to carry away such favorable impressions as a faithful attendance at its sessions was bound to produce on a candid, judicial frame of mind.

I suppose it was only really Methodist and what one should have expected, but to hear such strong, clear, pungent teaching on the Spiritual Life, calculated to reach the inmost of every life present, to have the "precious deposit" of Scriptural holiness brought forward in a University and so faithfully and lovingly expounded, and to have this done by the Chancellor himself and to so well-filled a room, is a refreshing sight indeed.

To those who know the beloved and honoured Chancellor, it probably was by no means a novel sight. Nevertheless it is just what one has longed for many a day to see, viz.: to have such a doctrine set up by such a leader, in such a place and in such a spirit. Truly this is what we have sorely lacked, and consequently this glorious doctrine has languished and has been abused. Is it not time to have the whole subject reinvestigated and restated and retaught? We naturally look to our leaders and teachers and divinity students to show the way.

Talk about Evangelism! Why, for those three high days the Chancellor himself was our "Evangelist," and he could have had us all on our knees in penitence and consecration on the spot. Perhaps that was what should have been done. We were in the grasp of the Spirit of Truth, and he could have

led us whithersoever he would. And the whole Conference was of a similar temper and spirit. The papers and addresses and discussions were uniformly of a superior order—critical, exegetical, historical, literary and philosophical to an unusual degree, and “there was *life* and there was *spirit* in them.” This was that “added something” one found lacking in every other Alumni Theological Conference he had seen. Who that heard it, for example, will forget the vitality and evangelistic power of Prof. Bowles’ lecture on “The Bible and Revelation”? And he told us apologetically that it was “one of a course he had given to his students last year in the class room!” Then

“Away my needless fears
And doubts no longer mine,”

for one need only have the very brightest hopes for a ministry thus trained, and we older men may well-nigh envy those who have the privilege of such inspirational advantages. One wonders that more pastors do not attend these Conferences, especially with such excellent arrangements for board and lodging in Annesley Hall.

But, of course, the chief benefits accrue to those who are willing also to have their names go down on the programme for papers or lectures. What a knowledge of Butler and his Analogy, for instance, Bro. Johnston, of Galt, now enjoys. But such is only possible to the man who will give himself to a subject in the same thorough-going manner as Mr. Johnston’s able and brilliant paper demonstrated he did. I have heard criticism of the programme because so many professors’ names appear on it, but the reason is plain—*so few others are willing*. Oh, how it would help to save us from utterly losing our souls in the petty details of “the daily round and the common task” were we to devote ourselves each year to the mastery of some great book or thesis and then consent to appear among our fellows with the tabulated results of our toil. In such a way has many a man found not only his true life, but also his true life work.

Northfield

Northfield Student Conference, held at Northfield, Mass., in June, was attended by over 600 delegates, undergraduates of the large universities and colleges of the Eastern States and Canada. Toronto was represented by a strong delegation elected from the various faculties and colleges of the University. It was indeed a privilege to spend ten days in association with so many students representing as they did the various centres of education of the East.

Northfield is situated in the Berkshire Hills, on the east bank of the Connecticut River, whose course is marked by a beautiful fertile valley, winding through the mountains. Here Dwight L. Moody laid the foundation for the Students' Conferences which have commanded such widespread interest throughout the United States and Canada. Here one catches a glimpse of the influence of the founder of one of the strongest student movements ever inaugurated. Besides student representatives, many hundreds of visitors gather annually to listen to the various conference leaders who are conversant with the great political and social problems of to-day.

The Conference programme was divided into two distinct parts. The mornings and evenings were occupied by religious studies, while the afternoons were given over to recreation. In the morning, groups met for Bible and mission study and the discussion of life work problems; immediately before dinner, all delegates met in the auditorium for the platform address. The first evening session was held on the famous "Round Top." Here in the open men of wide experience in various forms of service told of the opportunities in their respective fields. A second platform address concluded the general services of the day.

The afternoon recreation consisted of bathing, boating, tennis, baseball and general athletics. The Toronto baseball nine gave Harvard a hard run for the honours. Victoria was well represented by three stalwarts. Mack Smith made several sensational catches in centre field, while Bruce Hunter's base running was a feature of the game. With so many forms of amusement it

was not hard for one to get exercise, and this part of the programme was enjoyed by students and teachers alike.

One of the most pleasant remembrances which the Toronto men have of the Conference is of their association with the West Point delegation. These army cadets were quartered in the same corridor in Marquand Hall as the Toronto delegates, and a very close friendship between the two resulted, so that at the end of the Conference the Toronto delegation was accused of attempting to seduce the American soldiers.

Elgin House Echoes

"The Vic. girls would to Elgin House go." So ran the oft-repeated line of one of our popular delegation songs. We may well repeat it here, for truly the Vic. girls *would* to Elgin House go, there to attend the second Conference of the Dominion Y.W.C.A., held early in July; for ten days to be away from the world in this quiet spot, and with the advice of our leaders to study and plan methods for a successful year; to gain inspiration by meeting fellow students from different parts of our country, and more than all to come in personal touch with God as perhaps never before and learn His plan for our individual lives.

Our greatest expectations of what the Conference would mean to us were more than realized. Apart from the meetings, we enjoyed to the fullest extent the beauty of scenery and the boating attractions. At times it was impossible to remember anything but that we were college girls "out for a lark." College yells and songs would be heard at any time echoing over the water as some merry launch party started off. Often there rang out the jolly chorus—

"We're twenty-three in all, you see,

And we're the greatest sports can be."

Then everyone knew that the largest delegation, Victoria, was near. But when our afternoons of fun were over we were always ready to obey the summons of the none-too-musical gong

calling us to the services in the little open-air chapel by the lake side.

Time and space do not permit us to give any detailed account of what took place in this little chapel at the evening meetings or at the mission and Bible-study classes held every morning. Neither can we dwell upon the student conferences, but shall mention very briefly a few of the addresses.

Mrs. Kilgour, President of the Dominion Council, explained at the opening of the Convention our individual responsibility in making it a success. She wished us to have a good time in the deepest meaning of the phrase and urged upon us the importance of individual thought and prayer. President Falconer addressed the first evening meeting, telling us how Christianity satisfies all types of men. Let us give here one of his thoughts—"With the lapse of centuries Christ stands out who does not weary, who does not reveal flaws, the One who is being better understood." Dr. Rose preached at the two Sunday services from the text—"If any man would come after me let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me." In each of us there are two natures struggling for supremacy. We practise self-denial when we say to our evil self, "I do not know you; I shall never acknowledge that you have any claim upon me." Canon O'Meara, in his powerful address, gave a vision of what is possible for the Christian Church of to-day to attain. We have equipment, membership, money, everything necessary to work with, yet the mighty manifestation of God's presence with His people is not felt as it was in earlier days. God's power is unchangeable; it is our own fault if we do not keep up by prayer the sympathetic current between our lives and the Source of our strength. Mr. MacNeill spoke on the perfect Christian life as described in the words, "Faith, hope and charity," faith representing depth or the foundation of our convictions; hope representing height or the crowning of our aspirations, and charity standing for length or the power to endure, abide, project and serve.

Missionaries were present who brought before us the problems of many countries. Men and women who had been and seen present conditions and who brought their appeals direct from the foreign field could not but deeply impress us with the great

calling need everywhere. Mr. Woodsworth, speaking of conditions in our own country, said that something *had* to be done and that something *immediately*. He said that we had not even begun to waken up to the Canadian problem; that in view of what had to be done we were doing approximately nothing. "And who is to do it?" This is the question which none of us dare to avoid. It deeply impressed itself upon the Convention and we believe is being fairly faced and answered by many of its members.

Throughout the Convention the key-note seemed to be the necessity of complete surrender to God. We were led to see that God cannot make mistakes, and when we are led entirely by Him we cannot go astray. Hence, interwoven with the necessity of surrender, we find joy and the only perfect happiness.

Professor Law gave the closing address, a plain, simple explanation of what the Christian life should be to each of us. When, as we sat with bowed heads, Miss Doak sang "Hold Thou my hand," we felt that we needed to be kept very close to God. It is feelings such as these which prove the success of the Convention. They will ever be part of the individual life, even though our songs and delegation "stunts" have long since been forgotten, for we shall never lose that strength and inspiration gained there "on the mountain top"—at Muskoka.

E. B. BARTLETT, '11.



Reforestation of Waste Lands in Southern Ontario

The disappearance of the forest in Southern Ontario is a topic which has been widely and frequently discussed. For several years the Provincial Government has been issuing reports calling attention to the necessity of preserving and re-planting forests in this region. No definite policy for reforestation was adopted, however, until it was discovered that most of our hardwood supply for manufacturing purposes was being imported from the United States.

In a country such as Ontario is, those lands only which are unfitted for agriculture can be set aside to rear the forests of the future. There are two classes of non-agricultural lands in the Province. First, small isolated patches found throughout otherwise good farm lands. The reclamation of these must be left to local initiative. Second, the large waste areas found scattered throughout the Province. It is the intention of the Government to manage these, and with this in view, experimental stations are being established in some of the waste regions.

One of these stations is situated about a mile north of the village of St. Williams, in Walsingham Township, Norfolk County. There is a waste area here of about 10,000 acres, running through the contiguous townships of Walsingham and Charlotteville. In some parts of it there is no vegetation at all, while in others there are found scrub oak and a few scattered white pine. The farm spoken of consists of about 400 acres, and here may be seen a countless number of tree plants growing

in beds. Although the soil is a light, shifting sand, whole fields have been set out in young pine trees about one foot high, and these seem to be doing well. This is not surprising, as the land at one time produced splendid white pine, oak, chestnut and other valuable hardwoods.

A second growth in a waste area simplifies the problem of reforestation greatly. Frequently fire protection is all that is necessary to insure natural reproduction. This is the case with part of the Norfolk County waste area. If the ground fires were prevented from running over it, there would be natural reproduction of white pine.

In Lambton County, along Lake Huron, there is a non-agricultural area several miles in length and varying from one-half to two miles in breadth. As in the case of the Norfolk desert, the sand is of the light, shifting variety and dunes are continually forming. As these kill the trees, it is urgent that measures be taken at once to keep the sand from shifting. This can be done by increasing the vegetation. There is at present enough second growth to insure good forest conditions; for although red and white pine soon die, white cedar, dwarf juniper, balsam, poplar and sand willows seem to be able to exist. Another plant which aids greatly in holding the sand is a certain beach grass.

Of great importance to Durham and Northumberland is the proposal to reforest the waste lands within their boundaries. An elevation known locally as the "Oak Ridge," or "Pine Ridge," runs through these two counties. Since the removal of the forest on it, 75 per cent. of the land has been found to be unfitted for agriculture. Many streams which flow through agricultural lands have their origins on this ridge and the cutting down of the trees has caused a very marked decrease in their flow. These streams are important to the towns near them as a source of water supply in the future. It is said that these waters were once well stocked with brook trout and this in itself should be a strong argument in favour of protecting their sources.

We have spoken only of the waste lands found in Norfolk, Lambton, Northumberland and Durham. Other areas in Simcoe, Bruce, Prince Edward and the eastern counties might have

been described, but the above will give a general conception of existing conditions.

"Is there a financial possibility of reforestation at a profit?" has often been asked. In answer to this question, the Ontario Department of Agriculture has issued a report dealing with the subject under the following headings: Rate of Interest, Cost of Land, Cost of Plant Material, Cost of Planting, Cost of Management and Protection.

We shall give some estimates from the report, but before doing so must say a few words in explanation.

It is taken for granted that all expenditures in replanting should be made only where there is reasonable fire protection, and that at present replanting should be done only where there is not the slightest chance of natural reproduction.

As the forest crop takes many years to grow, the initial outlay and the recurring annual expenses must be placed at compound interest. All expenditures must be charged against the crop. As the work is to be under state management, the rate of interest will be $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., as that is the rate at which the Province of Ontario is able to obtain money.

Land, such as that mentioned above, can be purchased at from two to five dollars per acre.

One man can look after a large territory, so that the cost of management and protection for large areas is very small. Obviously, this item of expense would be much larger proportionately for small isolated patches of non-agricultural land. So it has been decided that the state shall not attempt the reforestation of small areas.

Ontario Crown Lands are exempt from taxation. Because of this, the regions set aside for reforestation would not be taxed were it not for the fact that the roads running through these must be maintained. So, in estimating the expenses, a tax of seventeen mills on the dollar has been charged against the forest crop.

Taking one acre of white pine as a unit, it will be interesting to sum up what it will have cost at the end of forty years:

Cost of land, \$5.00, at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for 40 years	\$19 80
Cost of plants and planting, \$10.00, at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for 40 years	39 60
Cost of management and protection, at 15 cents per year, at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for 40 years	10 95
Taxation (rate 17 mills on the dollar would give an acreage charge of 8.5 cents on \$5.00 land) 9 cents per year, at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for 40 years	6 57
Total	\$76 92
Less original cost of land	5 00
Total expense	\$71 92

After harvesting the forest crop, we would still have the value of the land.

It is estimated that this acre of forty-year-old pine would produce forty cords of wood, which would be worth only \$4.00 per cord, as it would not have reached saw material size. Thus our acre of pine would sell for \$160.00. Deducting the total cost of \$71.92, there would be a net profit of \$88.08 after paying $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest on all money invested.

Although the above is a good investment, it would pay better to leave the pine growing for sixty years. Estimating in exactly the same way it is found that the total expense would be \$160.38 and that the timber would sell for \$800.00. This leaves us a net profit of \$639.62 after paying $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on all investments.

These estimates, which are given by Prof. E. J. Zavitz, of the Ontario Agricultural College, show that reforestation is an extremely good financial investment when carried on under state management.

Another argument in favour of this policy is the necessity of securing a wood supply for industrial purposes. Northern Ontario does not furnish the hardwoods necessary in the arts, and the southern part of the province has been denuded of them. Our chief supply is now imported from the United States and the tropics, but these sources will soon be closed.

We must do something to assist in insuring a wood supply for the future.

Another side of this question which should appeal to good citizens is the social condition of the people living on these waste areas. Many estimable families have mistakenly settled on them and cannot leave. Social organizations, such as schools and churches, cannot be properly supported, and very often the settler degenerates with the land. Thus we are brought face to face with a sad problem. It is only by placing the non-agricultural regions under forest management that these unfortunate citizens can be relieved.

Thus the reforestation policy has many strong arguments in its favour. It will pay as a financial investment; will assist in insuring a wood supply; will provide a breeding place for game; protect the head waters of streams; provide object lessons in forestry, and prevent citizens from developing under conditions which can only end in failure.



Personals

The Personals and Exchanges Editor urgently requests that all those having information of the whereabouts and doings of graduates of Victoria forward the same for publication in ACTA. Such action will help to make the department a real success. Every little counts.

R. Pearson ('04), familiarly known as "Rugby Bob," is making things go at the East End Church, Edmonton.

Miss Sadie K. Bristol ('03), late of Vancouver, B.C., is teaching Moderns in Kineardine (Ont.) High School.

Roger Manning ('06, M.A. '07), is lecturing on Inorganic Chemistry at Queen's University.

Victoria is well represented in law students at Osgoode Hall. A list is attached of graduates at present in town: W. W. Davidson ('08), W. J. Cass ('08), R. P. Stockton ('08), J. H. Oldham ('08), H. E. Hemingway ('09), W. P. Clement ('09), M. A. Miller ('09), H. P. Edge ('09), W. H. Cook ('09), E. T. Coatsworth ('08), G. W. Adams ('10).

Word has come to hand that C. J. Ford ('07) took first place in the Senior Law Examinations of Alberta. He is still working with the firm of Howard McLane, Calgary.

F. S. Albright ('08) is with Walsh, McCarthy & Carson, of the same town.

Besides these two, J. A. Brownlee ('08), F. C. Moyer ('09), C. M. Wright ('08), are also located in Calgary. Rumour has it that they meet frequently to deliver once more the old Vic. yell.

Miss Reba Fleming ('09) is still living in Toronto at her home at the corner of Bathurst St. and St. Clair Ave.

Miss E. A. Clarke, ('09) is teaching Moderns in the High School at Picton.

Miss Hattie Pinel ('08) is teaching in the Friends' College (Pickering) at Newmarket.

Miss K. Lukes ('10) earnestly invites all Onety-Naughters visiting or passing through the neighbourhood to call at her residence, "Luxulyan," Bradford.

J. H. Arnup ('09) is travelling the country as Secretary of the Laymen's Missionary Movement. His headquarters are at the Methodist Mission Rooms, 33 Richmond St. W., Toronto.

N. C. Sharpe ('09) and C. F. Connolly ('09) are in their final year in the Faculty of Medicine.

H. G. Manning ('09) is filling the position of assistant on the Eng. and Hist. staff of the Lindsay Collegiate Institute.

Miss Pearl B. Faint ('07) is teaching on the English staff at Oshawa.

The College is glad to welcome back several old faces that have been absent for a year or more.

M. E. Conron ('06) is back for a final year in Theology.

Walter Moore ('10) has returned to complete his Arts course with '11.

Among those who have dropped out we are sorry to notice that '12 loses three of her best athletes, all of them popular men.

F. N. Stapleford ('11) resumes his Arts course with '12 after a year in Vancouver.

A. L. Smith ('11) continues his course in Arts with '13 after an absence of two years on a circuit.

A. L. Burt ('10) sailed for the Old Country late in September to take up his work at Oxford as Rhodes Scholar. ACTA wishes him every success in his work, and hopes that he may continue to distinguish himself and his Alma Mater while in England.

J. A. McCamus is teaching school near Pickering.

R. H. Ecclestone is holding down a homestead in Saskatchewan, north of Moose Jaw.

G. W. Gerrie has left College for good and gone into the drug business.

C. S. Applegath, C.T., was the recipient of a substantial purse of gold and an appreciative address on the occasion of his leaving Ryerson Methodist Church in Hamilton. C. S. had an unusually successful term.

A signal honour was conferred on the College and on Prof. Blewett, B.A., Ph.D. (Harvard), when he was chosen to deliver a series of four lectures before the Yale Divinity School on "The Christian View of the World." At the time of going to press, Dr. Blewett is about to leave for the States, and so it may be opportune to say something about the lectureship which he is to fill. The Nathaniel William Taylor Lectureship in Theology was created in 1902 in memory of N. W. Taylor, professor of divinity at Yale from 1822-58, to provide for an annual series of lectures in doctrinal theology. Among the distinguished men who have filled the lectureship are Prof. G. W. Knox, Pres. Wm. D. Mackenzie, Prof. Wm. N. Clarke, Prof. Samuel Sathianadhan, Pres. Henry C. King, of Oberlin; Dr. Gordon, of Boston; and Prof. Wobbermin, of Breslau. Dr. Blewett has a high reputation to maintain, but we have every confidence in his being able to do credit to himself and his Alma Mater.

Prof. Geo. Jackson, B.A. (London), has also been honoured with an invitation to deliver the Ferney Lecture before the Methodist Conference of the British Isles in the summer of 1912. The subject for the lectures has always been optional and a wide variety of themes has been discussed, but generally speaking some phase of doctrinal theology or church history has been discussed. Some idea of the undertaking may be gained when one knows that the thesis is generally published in a volume of some three hundred pages immediately succeeding its delivery. The lecture itself, which is annual, invitations being given two years in advance, generally occupies one evening, and is either in the nature of a summary of the whole book or a dissertation on some particular phase which the author desires to emphasize. The student body at large will be delighted to learn of the high honor which has been conferred on Prof. Jackson, whose work they so greatly appreciate.

Marriages

Coulter-Rowse.—Late in June the Rev. C. W. Coulter, M.A., B.D., was married to Miss Gladys Rowse, who entered Victoria with the class of '11, at her home on Huron St., Chancellor Burwash performing the marriage ceremony. Walter M. Howlett, B.A. ('09), acted as best man, a younger sister of the bride being bridesmaid. After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Coulter left on a tour for points west of Toronto and returned about the middle of July to their home at Oakville, Conn., U.S.A. Mr. Coulter is taking Ph.D. work in Sociology at Yale.

Waddell-Robinson.—On Wednesday, July 27th, a pretty wedding took place at the home of W. J. Robinson, Kingston, when Miss Lulu Robinson, daughter of the aforesaid gentleman, was married to J. A. Waddell, C.T.

Wilson-Sutherland.—At the home of the bride's father, in Bradford, on June 22nd last, W. E. Wilson, C.T., was married to Miss Gertrude Sutherland. The happy couple left for a wedding trip East in the afternoon following the ceremony.

after which they returned to Little Current, Manitoulin Island, where Mr. Wilson is stationed.

Edmison-Sutton.—On September 21st, Mabel Florence, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Sutton, Cavan, Ont., was married to the Rev. A. K. Edmison, B.A. ('09). Mr. and Mrs. Edmison will reside at Demorestville, Ont.

Honey-Totten.—June 14th, 1910, witnessed the marriage of another of the '09 class in Arts, when William Ernest Honey, of Melrose, Ont., was married to Miss Minnie Elora Totten, of Toronto, at the home of the bride's father. Miss Totten is a sister of John Totten, C.T.

To all these couples ACTA offers heartiest congratulations and best wishes.

From the far away land of Chengtu, West China, comes the news that the family of R. E. S. Taylor, C.T., has been augmented by the arrival of a son, Paul Gilbert. The happy event took place on May 19th last. ACTA offers congratulations.

Deaths

Almost every issue the Personals department has to take cognizance of the death of some of the Alumni of the University, and this month is no exception.

Morley Davis Madden (b. 1875, d. 1910), a recent graduate of Victoria, passed out of this life into the next recently. He early consecrated himself to the higher life, and after teaching school for a short time decided to enter the ministry. As a student Mr. Madden was popular, having been Vice-President of the Lit., President of his class in his third year, and President of the College Missionary Society in his final year. He was an all-round man of the type which the world can ill afford to lose. ACTA readers will be sorry to learn of his death.

At Leamington, Ont., on Sept. 11th, the Rev. Jasper Wilson, M.A., of Hespeler, was stricken with paralysis while conducting

anniversary services in the Methodist Church and died after a three-days' illness, during which he never regained consciousness. Mr. Wilson obtained his M.A. degree from Victoria in the seventies. He was a member of the General Board of Missions and also of the Board of Regents and Senate of his Alma Mater. His death is much regretted.

A very sad break occurred in the *personnel* of Class '11 when Arthur W. Burt, brother of A. L. Burt, the latest Rhodes Scholar from Toronto University, and himself a brilliant student, was drowned in the Humber early in July. It is almost needless to rehearse the particulars. Mr. Burt went up the Humber on July 4th in company with his brother and a little girl in a canoe. Deciding to go bathing, he got out of the canoe while the others went on up the river. Fifteen minutes later, when they returned, Arthur was nowhere to be seen, and it became apparent that he must have been drowned. The funeral took place several days later from his home, 31 Howland Ave., six members of his year at College acting as pallbearers.

Arthur Burt was born in 1890 in what was then West Toronto. After a brilliant career in High School he came to Victoria, entering in the fall of '07 with Ninety-one in the six-year Arts Medicine course. He always ranked high in his work and twice captured scholarships, taking first place in his department both in his first and second years. Apart from his academic work, Mr. Burt stood high in College circles, having held several important positions in spite of the fact that his course did not bring him much into contact with the other students of the College. He was at one time pianist of the Lit., performing his duties very acceptably. In athletics he was one of the best handball players in the College, having been elected Handball Representative on this year's executive. Mr. Burt was also a faithful and earnest church worker, being an energetic member of the Trinity Methodist Bible Class. It is needless to say how deeply his classmates and those who knew him were shocked and grieved to learn the fate of one whose future seemed so bright and with whom they had but lately parted in the best of spirits and good fellowship. ACTA offers its most

heartfelt sympathy to the stricken parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Burt, and to his brother.

Canadian literary circles suffered a serious loss when Lady Edgar (*nee* Matilda Ridout), widow of the late Sir James Edgar, K.C.M.G., P.C., Speaker of the House of Commons from 1896 to 1899, and mother of Dr. Oscar Pelham Edgar, of Victoria College, passed away recently in London, Eng. Lady Edgar was a brilliant letter writer and has also written several books, notably "The Life of Brock," in the Makers of Canada Series. She took a prominent part in women's societies, being President of the Woman's National Council and Honorary President of the Woman's Canadian Historical Society. ACTA wishes to offer its sincerest sympathies to Dr. Edgar and the other members of the family who survive her.

Exchanges

The May 14th issue of the *Notre Dame Scholastic* has an eloquent portrayal of the evils of warfare from the economic, social and moral viewpoints which is well worth reading. It furnishes interesting material for thought in connection with the recent Fisheries Arbitration Case at the Hague.

The same journal on May 28th has an interesting article on college debating, emphasizing the need for a thorough grasp of the facts. It is just precisely on this point that our own Inter-year Debates have been most lamentably weak. It is time that we had a higher standard of preparation in the Literary Society. There is no reason why our debates should not be highly successful if those undertaking them would only read up their subjects more thoroughly.



Tennis

Owing to the erection of the new residence the tennis conditions have suffered seriously. The new building has destroyed three of our courts. It was difficult last year to run off the tournament with five courts, and the problem this year will be no less. However, in spite of handicaps a tournament will be held. The management has decided that all games must be played at appointed time or the players will be defaulted. *Be prompt.*

J. R. R.

Association Football

Here we are at the beginning of another football season, and as it has been customary for this department to sound a note of exhortation to lovers of this sport, let us not depart from the custom. It is not our purpose to discriminate between the respective merits of Rugby and Soccer, nor to induce Rugby men to play Association. Each game has its followers, and if this is your preference, play it. Without presuming to sound our own praises, let us merely state that in the last three years the Victoria College team has won the Intermediate Inter-Faculty Championship in Association Football. That is the past, but that is not enough for the present. It ought to be an incentive for both new men and former players to get into shape to maintain the record of past years. Many faces which we have been accustomed to see on the line-up will be missing this year. It is a little early yet to give any "dope" on the

new material, but here's to hoping. The intermediate schedule is published, and Victoria, along with Dents and McMaster, form Group B. The first game is called for October 22nd against the Dental College. In all probability the team that is in the best condition will win. The only way to gain this result is consistent training and hard practice. Do your duty.

J. R. R.

Handball

Once it was held that Handball was a game for theologs and Freshmen, but the general interest in the game has refuted that statement. Last year Victoria battled for the Handball cup against St. Michael's College and were defeated in the last game, 21-20. A change is due for this year.

J. R. R.

Rugby

All those interested in the famous college game, Rugby, will, no doubt, know by this time that Victoria was successful last year in capturing the coveted Mulock Cup. This is the first time that the Inter-Faculty Rugby Championship has ever been held by Victoria, and we do not think that it will be the last. Practically all of last year's team will be available, and with a few of the promising Freshmen old Vic. ought to shine again at the end of the season.

Now to do this every man in Victoria should take an interest, buy a suit, etc., and get into the game. If he does not make the team the first year out, he will altogether likely do so in the near future. A little practice on the campus will fit him for his work far better than a walk down town or standing around talking on the side lines, etc.

We want to win the old cup again, and it's up to the men of Victoria. We are assured that if the interest is as keen this year around the campus as it was last fall, our team will once more be victorious.

Of course this cannot be done without practice. There will be regular practices every Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoon at 4 p.m. So there's no excuse for anyone not knowing when to "turn up." As the schedule will be out in a week, let everybody "get busy."

If you can't play come out and show an interest in the game by coaching those that are trying to bring honour to their Alma Mater.

Those wishing any further information along Rugby lines



WHAT WE HAVE WE'LL —— (?).

kindly speak to our manager, H. Guthrie, '12, who will be only too pleased to assist them in any manner he can.

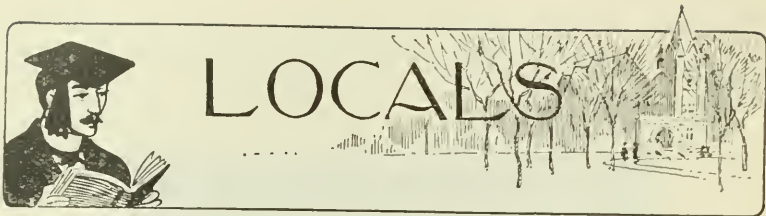
F. J. LIVINGSTON, '11, *Captain*.

Notes

Now is the time, Freshie, Soph., Junior, Senior, "to get busy" and turn out to Soccer and Rugby practices every night. You have to get into condition. Don't wait till the night before the scheduled games.

Last year was a glorious year for Vic. in athletics, but it is only by each one of every year feeling a personal responsibility in the matter of sport that we can hope to make a success of it.

Remember: Good, clean sport is what Vic. has ever stood for.



As work progresses within the high board fences which at present adorn our campus, the highest student dreams of days gone by are more than realized. For years the pressing need for a men's residence where every detail of a perfect college life might find expression has been felt around Victoria; but never, even in our most optimistic moments, did we anticipate a building of such architectural beauty and satisfactory equipment as is planned in the splendid gift of the Massey Estate, soon to be realized by the students as Burwash Hall.

The new residences, extending along the entire east limits of the campus, will consist of a series of houses, each with three flats of student apartments, between which there will be no indoor communication. A splendid and capacious dining hall, with kitchen and servants' quarters, will form the Charles Street elevation. The building throughout will be of gray Credit Valley sandstone, in straight Gothic architecture to harmonize with our much-admired library.

The students of to-day cannot adequately express their appreciation of so fine a gift, strengthening the weak link in our College organization. The students of the lower years and of years to enter, will have every opportunity to derive maximum benefit from College days through the intimate and favourable associations which will be formed and fostered amid such admirable surroundings.

The Y.W.C.A. held its first meeting on Monday afternoon in Alumni Hall. Miss Cowan ('11), Miss Trimble ('12), Miss Blatchford ('13), welcomed the freshettes. Miss Edge ('14) replied in behalf of her year. Mrs. Graham, Honorary Presi-

dent, and Mrs. Burwash gave brief addresses. At the close of the programme, refreshments were served in the anteroom, which was decorated with fall leaves and flowers.

The delightful series of autumn social events around Vic. had a very splendid inception on Friday evening, Oct. 7th, when the Y.W.C.A. and Y.M.C.A. held their joint reception. A novel and commendable feature was the use of the chapel for the programme and the two floors for promenading, thus relieving the congestion which has formerly existed in Alumni Hall. The "woodland" decorations were quite unique and the entertainment excellent.

"The progress of religion is the history of heretics."

Resolved: That all boarding house mistresses be invited to see the "Passing of the Third Floor Back," *pro bono publico*, at the expense of the department of Morals and Reform.

The Belt Line car passed by a gospel hall from which was suspended a sign: "Where do you expect to spend eternity?"

Miss Findlay ('12): "Oh, what an inquisitive question."

Miss Stitt ('12): "I am sure you will like College very much. Where is your home and what course are you taking?"

Miss Deacon ('07): "Oh, I am no freshie!"

Mrs. Raff (to Miss Crawford, '11): "Skating engenders heart activity in more ways than one."

Miss Hamer ('12): "I have been living in hopes that when I was a Junior I would come in for the good things."

Miss Findlay ('12): "Hopes are a poor thing to live in."

Levi Lawrence, B.A., B.D., though usually assisting the department to round up "blind pigs," was summoned to appear before the police magistrate in Matheson the other day for unlawfully carrying and firing a revolver. As a tribute to theological dignity, he was let off on suspended sentence.

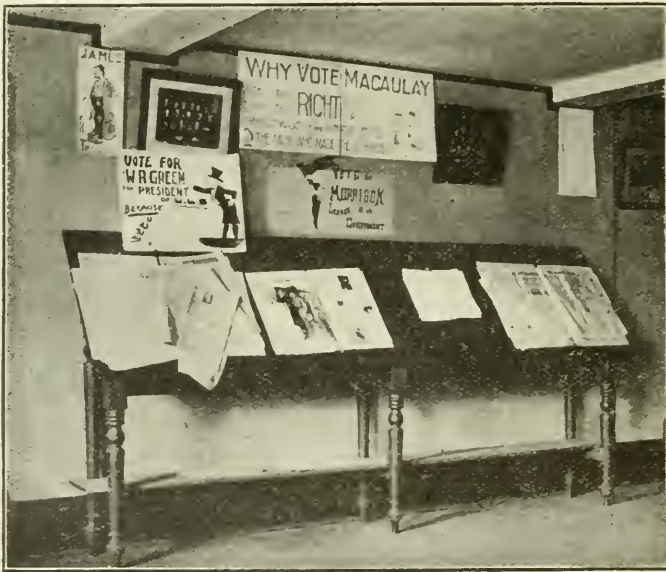
Secretary of ACTA Board: "There is a correspondent who wants to know how long girls should be courted."

Literary Editor: "Tell him just the same as short girls."

A number of the girls are wearing sailor suits this fall.

Freshette: "Why didn't they let me know that the Hall girls had a uniform?"

Washington, B. A. ('10), is growing somewhat tired explaining to all enquirers his authority for the revised edition of the alphabet as it appeared in June ACTA.



AN ECHO.

Now is the time to prepare for Honours to grace Burwash Hall in the form of the Inter-College Debating Shield. "Come out to Lit. all ye freshmen and others and let us have words concerning certain subjects."

Miss Edge ('14), at Lit. meeting: "Is this to be a prayer meeting?"

Miss Hamer ('12), to Junior friend, after knocking at Dr. Horning's door and hearing a cheery "Come in":

"Oh, there's the dear old soul."

Door opens. Mr. Owen sole occupant of the room.

Morrison ('11), having found his way to a wholesale boot and shoe warehouse down town to get an outfit.

Salesman: "What size, sir?"

Morrison: ——— (mumbled something.)

Salesman: "Oh, we haven't anything so large in stock. You will require a special order."

Miss Hay ('14), while enrolling in Classics: "Dr. Bell, I can't hear what you are saying with your back to me."

An English Church clergyman (after inspecting the new Vic. library): "Strange that Victoria College should have the statue of the Virgin Mary."

William: "Strange that a devout English Church clergyman should not know the difference between the Virgin Mary and the Queen."

Beynon ('13), at Y.M.C.A. Information Bureau: "I want an invitation to the first reception. I wonder can I get my card filled now?"

Junior, writing from Saskatchewan school, says: "'Kid-punching' is plain 'kid-punching' now; away with your missionary and political problems, your assimilations of heterogeneous masses, etc. I tell you the greatest problem is how to endure the heterogeneous odour in the school-room of unwashed youths who have arrived from the several 'Vaterlands' of Europe."

Atkins ('14): "Prof: ———, M.A., D.Sc., Ph.D. What does D.Sc. mean?"

Rutherford ('14): "Doctor of Sanetification, I suppose."

Junior: "Dr. De Witte is smiling; he sees something funny."

Miss Baker ('12): "Yes, he sees me."

Beaton ('12): "Morrison is not coming back to College."

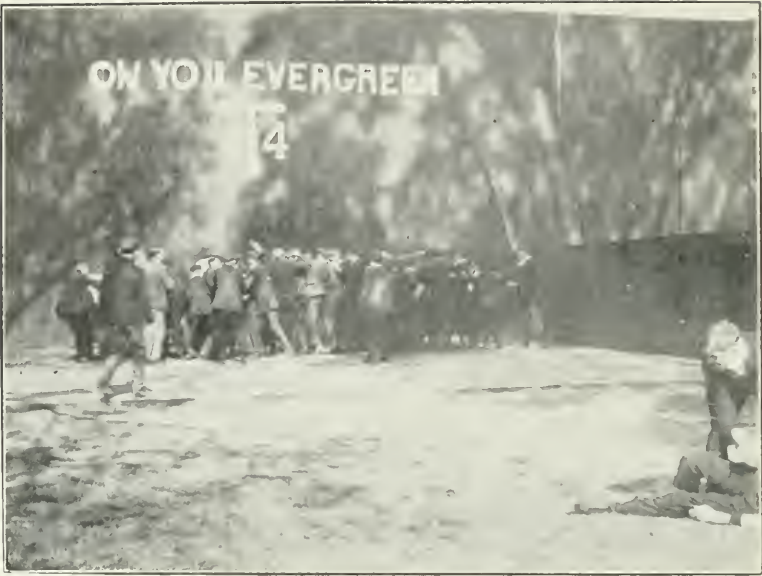
Junior: "Why; has he stars?"

Beaton ('12): "No, a threshing machine."

A Junior was paid a little bill the other day while in Miss Kelly's room.

Miss Kelly ('12): "Won't you stay for a while?"

Junior: "No; I want to go home before I miss my money."



"TELL US ALL ABOUT THE WAR—



AND WHAT THEY FOUGHT EACH OTHER FOR!"

Acta Victoriana



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No 2

The Choice

HELEN DAFOE, '11.

For the two preceding nights the doctor had had no sleep. And now his mind, painfully alert, was going over every detail of these two days. The first night he had driven ten miles through the drizzling rain in darkness so intense he could scarcely see his hand before him. When he had reached the wealthy farmer's house the patient, suffering from hysteria and sympathy, was already better, and he had to face the drive back.

His village practice had kept him busy all the next day, and then at midnight had come this call sixty miles north, the latter part of the way over corduroy roads or through clearings still smoking from the recent forest fire. For a moment he had hesitated. This was more than should be expected of any man, and he was already tired out. But the child was dangerously ill, the anxious father was waiting his answer only to hurry on still farther to the flour mill, and there was no one else to go.

Along the way horses had been changed twice, but the man must go on. The first part of his drive in the early morning had been through the prosperous "Fox Settlement." The farmers at their milking and the "wimmen-folk" at the windows had been quick to recognize the horse of the early traveller. He knew his passing had given rise to prolonged discussion throughout the day as to "who was ailing up yon at The Flats." It

couldn't be Big Jack's mother, nor Red Mike, either, for they had both been well enough to go to meeting on Sunday. Queer they hadn't heard something about it. And so curiosity had grown till they had likely found out that it was "shiftless Bill Syke's boy that lived back at the Log Clearing."

Gradually the country had become rougher and more broken. He had left the settled part and had come into the rocky alkali district known curiously enough as "The Flats." All growth here was stunted, and a uniformly gray tone seemed to stretch from earth to sky. The trees, the shrubs, and even the lichen on the rock were curiously like the little one-story houses clinging doggedly to the side of the wind-swept hills. They all had a part in the fight to wring a meagre living out of the sour earth. Even the root fences with their gaunt arms outstretched gave witness to the mute, unconscious heroism of these settlers who had given, and were still giving, their life and strength in a struggle that would never grow easier. Such thoughts had often been the doctor's companions on his long drives, but to-day he had only felt a weary resentment against the never-ending bump, bump, bump, as his horse instinctively picked its way over the rocks and roughly-hewn logs of the corduroy road. The bright eyes of a mink had twinkled at him daringly from the roadside; the quick rustle of the leaves had betrayed the flight of a startled deer; even a big, brown bear had lumbered across the road in front of him. But nothing had aroused his usually ready interest. He was tired, tired of it all.

At last he had entered the final stretch of his drive. The horse had sniffed uneasily; the strip of woods swept by the fire was still smouldering dangerously. He had forced himself to guard against any chance spark, and breathed a sigh of relief when he came into the little clearing with its ploughed fields surrounding and protecting Bill Syke's log cabin. Then a dog had barked, and a woman had come running towards him. She was still young in years, he had judged, but toil and anxiety had set their mark deep on her face.

"Hurry!" she gasped; "my little boy!"

Then all fatigue had been forgotten. The man had become the surgeon once more, keen, self-reliant, skilful. Quickly he had worked with the rude means at his disposal. The rough

table had to do duty as so many times before. There was no one else to depend on: the mother in the presence of one she could trust had collapsed. He was alone, and a fierce joy arose within him as he worked. He had always been a fighter, and here was something dark and threatening that rose before him as a challenge. This was his work, his life, and he loved it.

At last all was done, and he could only await the result. Night had come on; the smoky lamp threw a dim and unsteady light over the pale features of the unconscious child and softened the pitiful face of the sleeping mother. He looked around at the bare furnishings of the little home—the rude beds built in the wall; the table heaped up with the various articles in one confused shadow; the chairs still keeping their original bark; the rough brick fireplace in which the dead coals, the crane, and the big iron pot were vaguely suggested; the box-cupboard; the log walls inlaid with mud, and the long rafters with their queer sweet-smelling burdens.

The reaction had come from his former tense excitement. He was tired, but he could not sleep. His brain was active, and he must think, he must decide. He had been putting off the choice, and now there was barely time to send a reply. Would he accept the offer he had received through the kindness of one of his former professors, an offer that promised him a city life of comparative ease, with an assured income and certain fixed hours for work? It would mean money and time for his beloved surgical experiments, time to study and keep in touch with the latest developments of science; time, in fact, for him to be his own master.

Now he was leading nothing but a slave's life, hurry and work from morning till night and, for aught he knew, from night till morning. And what did he get for it all? So many of his cases were just like this one; the people could not afford to pay, and he would not ask it. He was the only doctor available, and he could not refuse his aid. But a man could not live on thanks merely. He was young now, and did not need luxuries. But what of the time when the wear and tear of his life, the irregular hours, the long drives in every kind of weather, would tell even on his strong frame. Ought he not to provide for the most comfortable old age possible? And then his family had to be con-

sidered. Surely it was his duty to do everything in his power to benefit them, and to provide for their future education.

He recalled his college life, his stirring ambitions, the eager and intense delight he took in his work, and all his plans for the future. Then came his brilliant graduation and the year spent in the Old Land. On his return he had taken this village practice for a short time, as he thought, to gain experience. But his partner, the old doctor, had died, and he had stayed on. It all followed so naturally. He had never meant to stay, but there was so much to do. His early enthusiasm had many a strain as it came face to face with all the grim realities of life. He became the confidant and adviser, as well as the medical attendant, of half the countryside. In the absence of the lawyer he made their wills. He knew the secrets of their past history, and was even beginning to overcome the prejudice some held against him because he refused to give orders for whiskey.

But were all his ambitions to end in this? He felt a sudden hot wave of resentment sweep over him, rebellion against it all—the narrowed, cramped opportunities; the isolation from intellectual stimulus; the prospect of spending his future as an obscure country doctor, with a never-ending round of duties to be laid down only with his life. No! no! he would end it all. Surely he had given promise of greater things than this. He would go back home in the morning and write accepting the offer. There would just be time. He would have to leave the child, but he assured himself impatiently that it couldn't be helped. He could not be expected to sacrifice his career for the possible safety of a boy who, ten chances to one, would never grow up. If he did he would probably be no more use than the father. He would leave the mother full instructions, and then—well, he had done his best.

The sound of a team driving fast aroused his attention. It was the father coming home, half hoping, half dreading, what he would find. He hurried into the house through the door already opened to him. His eyes met the doctor's in a mute appeal.

"Sleeping," answered the doctor, briefly; "feed my horse, for I must leave early."

The mother awoke in time to catch the last words. They brought back all the nightmare of the last few days. Forgetting all else in her anxiety she cried out:

"Oh, you cannot, say you will not, leave my little boy! He would die!"

Just then the child moved, and a little hand struck aimlessly against the doctor's. He started; a sudden thrill ran through him. Instinctively his hand tightened over the little fingers. He paused. The gray dawn was just beginning to steal in through the window, and the first twittering of the birds was heard outside. The doctor gently loosened his clasp of the unconscious child.

"Yes," he said, "I will stay."

And he lay down and slept.

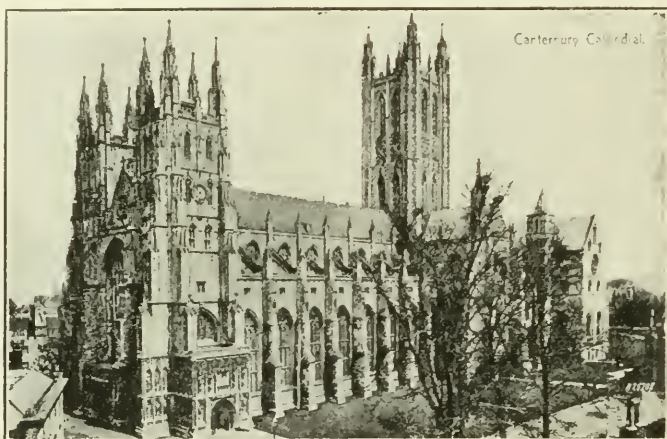
A Day in Canterbury

CARL Y. CONNOR, '11.

But for the unusual garrulity of a guide, I very probably would never have had the opportunity of visiting Canterbury Cathedral and the subsequent privilege of writing this short account. It was during a winter spent in London that my mother and I visited one day the remarkable building on the bank of the Thames known as Lambeth Palace, which has for over seven hundred years been the London home of the Archbishops of Canterbury. We had been shown through its stately halls and chapel to the accompaniment of the usual memorized recitative when our conductor was led to remark upon the beauties of Canterbury. One may say that this is rather unwonted in guides, for unless the book from which they have learned is unusually informative, they confine their eloquence to the subject in hand. But at all events this guide was most enthusiastic in his praises of the country church, as well as the city home of the archbishops.

Consequently one bright summer morning found us comfortably ensconced in one of the diminutive compartments for which English railways are noted, swiftly speeding toward

Canterbury. The whole country lay radiant in the warm sunlight. The verdant fields, the well-clipped hedge-rows, the smooth, gray roads, and the substantial farmhouses passed swiftly by our carriage windows. There is no questioning the genuine beauty of the English country. The scenery of other lands may be more inspiring, more grandiose, more gorgeous, but it is with awe that we behold such. It is impossible for most people to feel perfectly nonchalant in the Trossachs, or at Interlachen. But in the English country one is pre-eminently at home—the happy witness of a rural panorama as beautiful as it is domestic, as charming as it is orderly. And that the journeyer may not grow surfeited with a succession of vine-



elad hills and green valleys, there rise now and again from amidst the surrounding trees a tall cathedral spire or the battlemented towers of some gallant castle. Such is the case at Rochester, where the train, skirting the river, places between us and the Norman castle only the placid waters—waters which, one remembers, have reflected for many a century the rounded arches and massive stonework of the pile. For the most part English scenery is characterized by a lack of industry. A sweet peace reigns over all, and somehow I imagine this characteristic must have affected the mental attitude of those who dwell therein. I shall always remember the English schoolboy who shared our compartment for some time after

leaving Rochester. Clad in the usual long trousers, short coat and Eton collar, he sat stolidly gazing at the landscape. After many minutes of silence we ventured a few remarks, to which he made monosyllabic replies. Attempts at continued conversation were unsuccessful, and the undoubted escapades which would soon have been related by an American boy will never be known, for he left us at a point near Canterbury. From there our attention was drawn to the great Bell-Harry Tower of the cathedral which, rising aloft, dominates the countryside.

Perhaps the chief charm of travel in England, or in any land for that matter, whose heritage is one of song and story, is that every nook is made sacred by the former association with some illustrious man or event. The air is never free from mighty memories. When one stands beneath the thatched roof of a humble cottage near Ayr, and feels that in this very room the poet of a nation once lived his life; when one sees the very parchment to which King John affixed his seal, thus proclaiming the liberty for which England's name is to-day a synonym; when one does these things he is silent. In such an attitude did we approach Canterbury, the scene of Christianity's birth, of a great churchman's death, and the goal of Chaucer's pilgrims, who came that bright morning so long ago:

“The holy, blissful martyr for to seek,
That them had holpen when that they were sick.”

The town of Canterbury is not large, and the presence of the great church in its midst seems to make the houses look more sober and mellow as they cluster about its base. And the narrow, cobble-paved streets seem even more close and tortuous. It is one of these, namely, Mercery Lane, which leads to the elaborately carved sixteenth century structure, called Christ Church Gate. We pass beneath. Before us stands the abbey. It is supremely beautiful. At last a bit of architecture which is, indeed, “frozen music,” a true poem in stone. The immense edifice, constructed, as is usual, in the form of a cross, is surrounded by an ample churchyard. From the western end, or foot of the cross, rise two graceful towers; but one's attention is directed chiefly to the huge central one, whose

faultless proportions and exquisite carving make it one of the finest examples of perpendicular architecture in the world. The whole building is made of stone, whose soft, cream color suggests old ivory, and is in striking contrast to the blackened beauty of London's famous church.

If the first view of the cathedral from without has been a revelation, the interior is no less so. The nave is overpowering in its immensity. The great piers rise like rows of giant trees to meet overhead in Gothic arches of surpassing grace and lightness. One can scarcely imagine what a scene of splendor this must have presented in times past, when every available space was covered with color and gilding; when the sunlight from the gorgeous windows shone down upon the bright robes of the clergy, mingled with the russet gowns of pious pilgrims.

But if Canterbury is interesting for its beauty it is also interesting for the historical memories which cling about its walls. A short walk across the marble pavement of the echoing nave brought us to the saddest spot in Canterbury. Here one December evening in 1170 vespers had just begun when suddenly all was thrown into confusion by the arrival of the Archbishop, Thomas à Becket, pursued by four knights of Henry the Second, seeking his life; here in the twilight he defied them and here after attempting to drag him from the sanctuary they slew him. Shakespeare has reminded us that "the evil that men do lives after them," but whatever we could have found amiss in the character of Becket, here at the scene of his death there was naught but compassion.

Our thoughts, however, on the nature of the great churchman's end were sadly interrupted at this juncture by the appearance of several very pompous individuals in black gowns, who were busily engaged in clearing the church. We were alarmed. We expostulated; entreated. We had come all the way from Canada. No matter, the church must and would be cleared. Our disappointment would indeed have been bitter had we thus been forced to leave, with the treasure only half explored, had not a verger, younger and more kindly than the rest, consented to aid us. Very quietly he informed us that he would later grant us admission at a certain small eastern door. The novelty

of the situation was appealing. It needed only a clouded moon rising o'er the ivy-mantled tower to complete the alluring picture. But we were very glad to accept the more prosaic, if less romantic, hour of five.

When the church clock struck the hour we found our verger at the appointed place, and he at once admitted us to the eastern portion of the church, or the head of the cross. This is called Becket's Crown, because here his bones were laid to rest. It is reached by flights of steps which in themselves are most interesting, for in them are worn grooves made by knees of the motley hordes of pilgrims which visited the place from the time of the Archbishop's death till the ruthlessness of Henry VIII. scattered abroad his bones and despoiled the lovely chapel of its gold and jewels. But though the shrine has disappeared, one noteworthy tomb still exists. It is that of Edward the Black Prince. No such universal sorrow and mourning has since been seen in England as on that day when they laid to rest the great soldier and hero—a winner of past victories, the nation's hope for future ones. Above the tomb hang parts of his accoutrement worn at Crecy—the iron gauntlets, the helmet with its leopard crest, the now faded and tattered velvet coat, the wooden shield and the empty scabbard of a sword carried off by Cromwell—a group of some of the most interesting relics in England.

As the shadows lengthened upon the stone floor, reluctantly we left the church. Without was the pensive beauty of approaching evening. The slanting rays of ruddy light shone upon the green lawns, the pale gray walls, upon leaded windows, while above the airy bulk of Bell Harry reared itself in the full splendour of the setting sun. Every pinnacle and spire stood out in gilded beauty against an ashen sky. Out from the open windows floated the sound of boys' voices as they sang the evening vespers. And so we left; their music in our ears and in our hearts the happy memories of a day in Canterbury.

Alfred H. Reynor, M.A., LL.D.---An Appreciation

BY JUDGE HUYCKE.

It is with pleasure the writer responds to the call of the Editor of ACTA for a few lines of appreciation of the life and labor of Alfred H. Reynor, for so many years a prominent figure in Victoria, who is now about to shed part of his burdens and seek in semi-retirement a well-earned rest. To many of us, especially of the Old Victoria, the College, its halls and its associations, will never be quite the same without the presence of Dr. Reynor, and the inspiration arising from that presence.

His were the days of a Nelles and a Haanel, a Wilson and a Bain, but, alas, of all these and their contemporaries, he and he only, with the Chancellor, are left in the active service of the College.

As student, lecturer, professor and Dean. Dr. Reynor has spent a half century within the halls of Victoria, and no man has been more closely identified with its history or more loyal to its interests than has the subject of our sketch. When a mere child, the writer first heard and saw Dr. Reynor, then a young man of striking appearance and intellectual countenance, and even then conceived for him an admiration which has but grown with the years and strengthened with the association of later days, first as his student, and then for so long his fellow citizen, neighbor and friend.

Dr. Reynor is a Methodist Minister, sane and sympathetic, cultured and catholic. Strangely enough this apostle of peace and piety was ordained to the ministry by Dr. George Douglas, then President, in St. James Church, Montreal, in June, 1866, literally "in the midst of alarms," when all Canada was in the throes of suspense and danger over the Fenian invasion. Perhaps this was at least one cause of the sturdy Canadianism of his later life, and of his devoted loyalty to the throne and institutions of Great Britain.

But it is as a professor that we must now regard him, for in that sphere has been the chief usefulness of his long and faithful service; as both professor and friend the "old boys" will all remember him with love and gratitude.

Though his scholarship was sound and deep and broad, a living fountain at which his students were ever able to drink and be refreshed, still his *idea* and *ideal* of scholarship was as a means only to the end of culture and strength, the ultimate objects of education.

According to De Quincey's classification, he was the embodiment and exponent of the literature of power, rather than that of knowledge. As a teacher, he led rather than drove, perhaps suggested rather than taught, inspired more than educated, and who shall say, in the light of later years, that his was not the better way? Quiet in speech and unassuming in manner, his convictions were strong, and in matters of principle he "stood four square to all the winds that blew." Expecting forbearance from others, he was most tolerant of the views and opinions of others, even when wide as the poles from his own.

An optimist by nature and choice, his faith in a Divine directing Wisdom has been most strong and beautiful, even child-like in its simplicity.

At the funeral of the late Chancellor, Dr. Nelles, when the days were dark for Victoria and threatened to be darker, when many of its best friends were discouraged and hopeless for their Alma Mater, left leaderless, I remember quite distinctly Dr. Reynor saying quietly to a little knot of us, disconsolate, all Victoria men together, "Ah, well, there's One above, He is not dead."

Subsequent events have shown the truth of the saying, and justified the faith and wisdom of the speaker.

Who shall compute the power of his influence and the extent of his inspiration throughout his fifty years of service?

It is such men as he, such lives and work as his, that can never die; that live in lives made better and stronger by teaching and example, that constitute actual present living types of the highest form of immortality.

The writer most gratefully acknowledges his personal indebtedness to Alfred H. Reynor for help and inspiration and knows in so doing he but speaks as one of the band of his contemporaries, and what Dr. Reynor was to those of 25 and 30 years ago, he was to the students of the sixties and seventies as well as to those of the present century.

His personal life and character are most pure and beautiful and to many of us he has been a beau ideal, the living embodiment of the cultured scholar and Christian gentleman.

"Serus in caelum redeas."

May not we who know his exquisite taste in literature cherish, and even express the hope, that at least some of the years of leisure we trust await him, may be devoted to writing, and that the retiring professor of to-day may be the author of to-morrow.

E. C. S. H.

17th Oct., 1910.

Rev. John Burwash, M.A., D.Sc., LL.D.

Professor Emeritus.

AN APPRECIATION.

The many friends of Professor Burwash, and the many former students of Victoria and Mount Allison Colleges, who have known and honored him as a teacher, will be sorry to learn that he is retiring from the active duties of the professoriate. Failing health in recent years seems to have rendered this necessary. We all hope that rest and freedom from the arduous work of the College, in which he has never spared himself, will restore much of his wonted health and vigor.

It seems appropriate, at such a time, that a few words of appreciation should be written. We look back with admiration and with thankfulness upon nearly half a century of eminent service to the Church and to education. We would pay our tribute of well-merited praise to a noble and generous leader, a beloved and trusted comrade and friend.

John Burwash was born at Lachute, in the Province of Quebec, in the year 1842. His early life was spent at Baltimore, near Cobourg. He entered Victoria College in 1859 and took his degree of B.A. in 1863, four years after his brother, the Chancellor. Four years were then spent on probation for the ministry, three at Canton, Colborne and Barrie, and the fourth in teaching in the Victoria College preparatory school at Cobourg, where his colleague was the late Dr. H. R. Bain.

He was ordained in 1867, and was stationed for two years in Belleville, and one year in Parkhill.

In 1870 he was called to the chair of Chemistry and Physics in Mount Allison University, New Brunswick, and served also, for a short time, as principal of the academy. He returned to the pastoral work in Ontario in 1872, and spent a year at L'Original, but was then recalled to Mount Allison, where he spent many years of happy and successful labor. Always in demand as a preacher of great ability, he was invited in 1882 to Charlottetown, P.E.I., and served as minister of the Methodist Church in that city for three years. He then returned to his chair in Mount Allison, from which he was called in 1890 to succeed Dr. Eugene Haanel as professor in the department of science in Victoria College. Upon the removal of the College to Toronto in 1892, he was transferred to the Faculty of Theology, and became Professor of Homiletics and English Bible. It is in this relation that he is best known to the people of Ontario, but he is remembered in the Eastern Provinces both as a preacher and as a scientist of high repute. It is a remarkable testimony to his varied powers that he acted for several years as provincial analyst in New Brunswick, and was also examiner in elocution for the Normal Schools in that Province. He was honored by Mount Allison University with the degree of D.Sc., and, in 1900, the University of New Brunswick conferred upon him the degree of LL.D.

Dr. Burwash has been, throughout his long and active career, a man of high ideals and of unswerving fidelity. He has been a notable worker in the cause of temperance, and took full part in the series of reform movements which led to the establishment of prohibitory laws in the Maritime Provinces. Temperance workers in Toronto know him as a valued counsellor and friend. As a preacher he speaks with the sincerity of strong conviction, with clearness, with dignity, and always with a strongly evangelical purpose. More than once, since his return to Ontario, he has been sought for the pastorate of large and influential congregations, but he chose to remain in the work of the College to which he was deeply attached. He loved his students, and spared no pains or time in his effort to help them.

Twenty hours a week in the class-room was no unusual thing for him, and until two or three years ago, he never had less than sixteen or seventeen hours.

While essentially conservative in his sympathies, Dr. Burwash has preserved an open mind, hospitable to whatever new light has been cast by modern research upon old problems. His scientific training and long years of science teaching have fixed his habits of thought. I had the great privilege of meeting him first in Faraday Hall, at Cobourg, in 1891, and of being associated with him in the teaching of Biology and Chemistry during the last year previous to federation with the University of Toronto. His friendship, his sympathy, his patience with my infirmities, his readiness of resource and wide knowledge of every department of natural science, as well as of mathematics, placed me under a debt which has increased with the years of our association. His colleagues and his old students know Dr. John, as he is familiarly called, to be a hater of shams and of injustice, a lover of fair play, a good sportsman, and a true friend. He is too strong for affectation, too sincere and candid for pretence. We may fairly apply to him Steele's description of "the heart of a gentleman," "firm and intrepid, void of all inordinate passions, and full of tenderness, compassion, and benevolence." None are more attached to him than his humble neighbors in Muskoka, where he has spent many happy summer months.

It is a matter of joy and satisfaction to us all that, although retiring from active work, he will still retain his place in our councils and upon our Faculty.

J. F. McLAUGHLIN.

¹T³ and ¹T⁴

"Boys will be boys." It's been proven true a hundred hundred times. "Sophomores will be Sophomores." It's proven true with each recurring year at Vic. And we suppose that as long as Sophomores are Sophomores the alley board will be painted with white paint darkly at some 'witching hour, and in the morning sun there will stand out some inscription of adorn-



" 'S BLOOD!—



'T WAS TIME TO COUNTERFEIT!"



"THE TUMULT AND THE FIGHTING DIES."



"LEST WE FORGET! LEST WE FORGET!"

(Photos by Acta's own Special Artist!)

ment intended to illuminate and electrify the Freshmen, for them and all the world to see.

This year some brave spirits of IT3 met and painted the board on the night of the 11th of October. With their fellow classmates they guarded it until nearly noon of the 12th. Not so much as the foot of a Freshman appeared on the campus. Not until 11.30. But at 11.30! Shades of Rome, of Hannibal, and Pompey in his day! Stocky set, half-crouching, compact, knotted handkerchiefs about sturdy necks; oncoming, implacable, irresistible, awful! The IT4 class had gathered. They mustered 46. They burst out from the west door, seized the ladder and charged across the campus. Laggards answered to the call of battle. The earth trembled with the onset of their phalanx. The Sophomores looked and stood. The phalanx surged up, rose, towered for an instant, paused. Then broke. And the noise of hoarse shouting, scraping feet, thumping bodies and heavy breathing filled the air. The fight was on. Men on their feet, men on their heads; men upside down, men right side up. And both without care. Men returning from the tap with their clothes dampened, but not their ardor; men hatless, coatless, collarless, some almost shirtless; men beneath three or four—men on top of three or four. That was the scene, kaleidoscopic, bedlamic; yet all of it with the spirit of a great big, kindly hug in it. And all of it good sport, cheered on from the balconies of Annesley Hall.

Of course the greatest fights are famous victories; and to the victor belongs the spoils. The spoils of war were the ladder and the paint pot; and the green paint brush was the palm of victory. IT4 placed the ladder—IT4 carried the paint pot aloft. IT4 wielded the palm of victory.

But who shall say that twenty men shall stand against fifty? Who shall say that Sophomores, who are learned men and not given to strife and the battle's grosser din; who shall say that these shall stand against the fresher, uncultivated strength of barbarous hordes?

For the Freshmen 'twas a famous victory. For the Sophomores a noble defeat. And the old alley board, when comes the day for it to talk, shall have one more glorious tale to tell.

Acta Victoriana

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EDITORIAL

The Bob

"To be, or not to be? That is the question."

Again another freshman class has entered Victoria College and has been subjected to the refining influence of a relic of the "Bob." The "monologue," which touched a few of the minor eccentricities of the gentlemen of the first year, was a mild and disappointing compromise—and the Bob Song, for construction, reminded one of the CXIX Psalm, where every verse presents the same theme.

Should the institution of the "Bob" be covered with the grave's merciful oblivion, or should it arise and shake mightily the dust from off its feet and assert its former position in the initiation of the freshmen of our college? This is the vexed question which has been hanging fire for some few years here and which has almost been answered by the present second year.

Many a human oracle has poured forth his unrelenting maledictions upon the head of the "Bob" and expatiated with powerful and profound wisdom upon its evils—and few have taken up the good. Yale University has said she would buy antiquity if she could, and an institution which is to our college not only a needed bit of real antiquity, but a characteristic feature of it alone—an institution which is looked upon by hundreds

of our graduates from sea to sea as a real landmark in their careers and which is a unique, interesting and peaceful initiation—is allowed gently, or otherwise, to die. In the last few years the “Bob” may not have been of as high order as it might have been—why? Has it been the fault of the institution, or has it been its unwritten (or written) constitution? Few initiation institutions can be made so great a success as this venerable and antique system. Somewhere it is written, “A rose by any other name would smell as sweet,” and an institution of initiation put upon any redeeming basis, but called the “Bob,” would preserve to us and the college this bit of real antiquity.

Some wise people say emphatically such a thing is beyond the realm of human intelligence. Well, perhaps. One has been tried—let us try another. Surely in a college the size of Victoria to-day there is enough genius and inventive skill in all the various courses that can devise a scheme where the characteristics of the “Bob” would not be lost—where ancient and modern join together in preserving an institution worthy of being preserved.

If not, what will take its place? What can? Certainly some system not quite as pleasing possibly, and more expensive, with less good result will come—and probably. Cannot the Literary Society take up this problem and once and for all settle the question, not hastily, but soberly and thoughtfully, so that from the cerements of the old be re-created new a better system but labelled still the “Bob?”



Bilingual Education

L. MACAULAY, '11.

The question of bilingual education in Ontario is *sub judice* at the time of writing, but one may venture to remark upon the broad principles of the question without trenching upon the ground which the Government report will occupy.

The question has been asked, Why do not the Ontario Germans demand and receive, equally with the French, public bilingual education? The answer has been made that the

Latin instinct in the French people prevents perfect, or even moderate, assimilation of Teutonic language or manners and customs. Therefore, 'tis said, the French people have remained segregated in our cosmopolitan population, uninfluenced by English speech and institutions even where they do have opportunity to work effectively upon them. It is difficult to estimate accurately the value of that argument. It is undoubted, for instance, that the French people in Canada do cling to their old system of law. How far their passion for it is due to artificial Canadian stimulation is a question which would be difficult to answer satisfactorily. They have taken advantage to the utmost of the exercise of the right given to them by the British Government on the cession of Canada by France. We honor them for so doing. But our Canadian Commonwealth and Provincial Governments have a different question to face now in giving governmental support to bilingual education.

We have over a score of languages spoken by our present immigrants as contrasted with the few foreign languages that were spoken by that class of people a century ago. The question of bilingual teaching has become a question of polylingual education. The solution of the problem calls for a courageous and wise statesman, a national mind with a national scope of vision. The decision that is now made will have a mighty effect upon the direction of our national growth. We would assume that each citizen (whether he be French or Anglo-Saxon, Slavonic or Bohemian, or what not) is seeking after a national ideal—the welfare of Canada. To such only can this article appeal.

Then, with that ideal in mind, what is to be the solution of the polylingual problem? Frankly, there will be difficulties in the least wise settlement; many and greater difficulties in the wisest settlement. The provinces, as outlined by the British North America Act, have supervision of education within their respective boundaries. Shall we have a national council to frame a national educational policy, or shall we seek constitutional amendment of the present powers, or shall we drift? The data that have been gathered by the Provincial Governments should provide grounds on which to decide the question wisely.

A Chair of Journalism in the University

*"But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."*

—BYRON.

The gifts of the rich in this great University are apparent on all sides to-day, and a man financially able, desiring to make an investment where no small amount of good will be the outcome, can employ his means in many worse ways than in founding a chair in Journalism.

The lectures given in such a department would not necessarily be for those exclusively who are about to make journalism their future work, but for all who will be entering public life in any capacity. Such a chair would broaden the horizon of thought and create ideals, made that much stronger and more practical by being winnowed in discussion.

Few forces are more powerful than public opinion well focused; and it is fair to ask the question, Can the University do anything to make journalism more effective in moulding and elevating public sentiment? Such a question, after all, is merely rhetorical.

The department of journalism could be made an annex to "English Literature," for it has a close affinity to that study. Many works which will live and go down to the generations following as gems of the language found their way first into the columns of the newspapers and magazines, and by this indirect way educated the multitudes by stealth.

What this department could do, would be to give the prospective journalist a proper idea of what journalism really means (and the prospective reader the same outlook). It would make journalists broader and more intelligent to become proper instruments for the opportunities such a calling affords. The chief work of an editor is not, perhaps, so much to write weighty articles on leading topics as, with a fair and sane mind, to give the public information with regard to the questions which present themselves.

Various points in the vast realm of journalism might profit-

ably be studied. For example, a session might be spent on the discussion, say, of the *London Times*, when copies of that journal could be placed in the hands of the students and enquiries be made concerning the characteristics which have made it one of the most potent forces in the journal world. When such a discussion would close each member of the class would have something vastly more valuable and practicable for his "real" life than a note-book full of hair-splitting abstractions which in "real" life amount to almost nothing, and to understand which would give a man an "intellectual squint."

The influence of a chair in journalism would correct much abuse. The newspaper *should* be a steadying force—it *should* see in a true and unbiased light both sides of questions—but it seems almost helpless sometimes against a storm of popular passion. It should, therefore, be made the means of educating the public into habits of straight thinking, not under the influence of unreasonable excitement. This department then would do much to accomplish such ends.

Again, a chair in journalism would cultivate a taste for the best current literature. The New York *Evening Press*, once conducted by William Cullen Bryant, is one of the most influential, moderate and best-written daily papers in the United States, and yet it is surpassed in circulation by many dailies of an inferior standard. The same thing may be said of the London *Spectator*, the ablest weekly newspaper, perhaps, in the English tongue, and also of the *Outlook*, edited by Lyman Abbott, and many other worthy journals.

A journalist-to-be, and in fact every man entering public life, should leave university with literary tastes and skill, a knowledge of history, both ancient and modern, and a capacity to grasp the pros and cons of political economy; but above all he should have a cultivated judgment, without which his literary attainments will be greatly reduced in value. Sir Joshua Reynolds said of Dr. Johnson, "He qualified my mind to think justly." The cultivation of a quick, sane and sure judgment is the qualification of chief moment in those who will be called upon to deal with important matters suddenly presenting themselves. These ends would be developed in a way that few other departments could equal by having a chair in journalism.

Portrait of Chancellor Burwash

A very interesting feature of the programme on Charter Night was the unveiling of the fine portrait of Chancellor Burwash. The picture is from the brush of Mr. Frank McGillivray Knowles, R.A., of this city, and proves that artist a master in his realm.

The picture was presented to the college by Hon. Senator Geo. A. Cox and was unveiled by his son, Mr. Herbert Cox, whose remarks were not alone appropriate and excellently arranged but were much appreciated by all present, professors, students and friends.

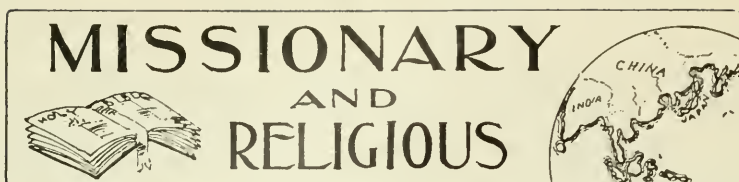
The excellence and workmanship of the portrait speak eloquently for themselves. The likeness is as life-like as is possible to place upon canvas. The expression of the face betrays the man as scholar, organizer and teacher, combined with the mildness of the friend and sympathizer. In the background are seen a Crusader's sword and a lamp, these being suggested by Mr. Chas. Corelli, M.A., the sword being symbolical of the work of the beloved President of this college and the lamp the symbol of enlightenment.

The picture is a valuable acquisition to our already fine collection and calls forth the greatest appreciation from professors and students for the generosity of the donor.



A Pipe Organ for Convocation Hall

The Board of Governors of the University, we are pleased to learn, have decided to devote the surplus revenue derived from the local examinations in music to the installing of a pipe organ for Convocation Hall. The surplus revenue amounts annually to about \$2,000, and an accumulation of \$12,000 is already available. A committee has been appointed to take the matter in hand and already several tenders have been received. The organ will probably cost about \$15,000 and will be a great aid in every way to the services of Convocation Hall.



The Y. M. C. A. in Japan

H. F. WOODSWORTH, B.A.

"Where are you going?" demanded a Japanese student of mine, as I was walking down a narrow street in Nagasaki one sultry day in June.

I had been long enough in the country to realize that no rudeness was intended by this rather abrupt rendering of a Japanese formality, and so replied, "To the Y.M.C.A.," and then, seeing the blankness in his face, added, "To the *Sienen-kwai*."

"To the church?" he questioned.

"Not exactly," and then knowing that with his limited capacity for English explanation would be futile, I added, "Would you like to come?"

"Yes," he replied cheerfully enough. "I am very wish to learn English." Then the conversation languished while he evolved some new idiom with which to surprise me. But this serves to show the idea of the Y.M.C.A. held by Japanese students not intimately acquainted with its scope. It is to their minds a kind of church where a good deal of English is taught, and perhaps they are not to be blamed for this view of the Association, for certainly the religious and English departments are those which are most highly developed. That the other lines of work have not been carried on as in this country is not the fault of the Y.M.C.A. secretaries, but because time, money and leaders have all been lacking.

The foreign secretaries are appointed by the International Committee and are supported by associations in the United States and Canada. They are men who by their leadership in the colleges of America have proven themselves worthy of positions of trust among the students of Japan. They are practically responsible for the work in the cities to which they are sent, though they have the aid and advice of Japanese

colleagues. At the present time this staff consists of only half a dozen men, the most recently appointed secretary being Mr. G. E. Trueman ('06), who, after a year in language study, will take charge of the work in Nagasaki. As yet there are modern buildings only in Tokyo and in Nagasaki, but others are in course of erection in Kobe, Osaka and Kyoto. These are the centres from which the work will be extended throughout the empire and from a strategic standpoint each is of great importance. They are cities varying in size from one hundred and seventy-five thousand to a million and a half or two millions, so it is easy to understand that the secretaries have their hands full. Few of the Japanese Y.M.C.A. workers have had experience and it often falls to the lot of the foreign secretary to train his colleagues as well as to organize the work. He must get out and secure members to sustain the work, be responsible for the religious services, take charge of the night school and teach in it, and aid struggling associations in the city schools and neighboring towns. Much of this work could be done as well, and perhaps better, by the Japanese secretaries, if there were suitable men available to carry it on.

Nowhere is this lack of trained men felt more than in the physical department. There are gymnasiums in all the newer buildings, but these are used largely for other purposes than the one for which they were intended. Students probably get enough exercise in the military drill and other forms of athletics to which much time is devoted in the schools. But many other young men might become interested in Y.M.C.A. work if leaders were to be had who could open classes in the sports and exercises peculiar to Japan. Among students, perhaps the famous wrestling *Jujutsu* and the no less interesting fencing called *Kenjutsu*, are the favorite recreations. Archery, too, is much practised, and if the long-bowmen at Hastings were anything like as skilful as some of the young Japanese their notoriety is not greatly to be wondered at. These sports, together with baseball and tennis, have many ardent followers, and there is no reason why they should not be encouraged by the Association. Athletic clubs are not numerous outside of the schools and it is to be hoped that the Y.M.C.A. will take a prominent part in organizing Japanese sport.

Nor does sociability seem to flourish in the foreign buildings, which the Japanese have as yet hardly learned to use. Go in any evening and you will find a few playing crokinole, ping-pong, billiards, or a kind of interminable chess; but they are not wholly comfortable over it. The Japanese have not yet learned to be quite at ease with their shoes on or when seated in foreign chairs. They lack the easy formality which makes them such perfect hosts in their own homes. Perhaps they miss the little charcoal *hibachi* and the ever-present cup of tea. Sometimes they have social evenings, but generally these are for members of a Bible Class and are not general affairs. At these functions they have what is called music, speeches, some rather clever guessing games and finally tea and cake, the latter generally wrapped in paper and intended not for immediate consumption but to be carried home and shared with one's household. But there cannot be festivities every night, and often the social rooms present a rather deserted appearance.

The night school is an important department in city Association work in Japan. Generally, English is the subject which receives the most attention, and the fact that foreign teachers take charge of some of the classes attracts many students eager to attain perfection in pronunciation. These are not usually from the higher social circles but are shop boys and apprentices who are eager to obtain better positions where a knowledge of English is required. The fee charged is a nominal one, and aside altogether from the Christian influence which is exerted the work is a worthy one in that it gives a chance to boys who have had no opportunity of higher education. Of course the secretary or teacher cannot always glory in the thought of higher education for the young, especially when the night is hot and the little fellows murder the King's English in the way peculiar to the Mikado's subjects. But it's all in the day's work, as Kipling says, and the instructor gets his reward when he measures the progress by months rather than by days.

This educational work is closely related to the religious work of the institution. Often half an hour of Bible study is given between two classes in English, and men and boys are thus reached who otherwise might never come under Christian influence. In Nagasaki the secretary had a business men's

class made up of lawyers, judges and merchants, who met two nights in the week for English and on Sunday for Bible study. When foreign teachers in government schools have Bible classes they also usually bring their students to the Y.M.C.A. building, and thus help to link them to the wider Christian work. Men's meetings are held on Sunday afternoons and these are addressed by prominent native Christians or missionaries. The Association is a common centre about which young Christians of all denominations may rally and serves as a kind of neutral ground where adherents of widely-different creeds may meet and discuss the interests which are common to them.

Under the supervision of the secretaries are the dormitories erected by the Y.M.C.A. in connection with government schools. The directors of these institutions, which are generally what we would call colleges, give every encouragement to the Christian workers to multiply these buildings. Their erection helps to solve the problem of housing the students and their contribution towards the elevation of the moral tone of the schools is everywhere acknowledged. In these buildings the Christian students live, and it is here that they hold their prayer meetings and organize for Christian work. The faith of too many of the Japanese Christians is of the hot-house variety, and the stimulus received from communion with fellow believers is absolutely necessary if this faith is to be preserved. The buildings themselves are severely simple and are mere shacks compared with the palatial residences which Victoria students do, or are soon to, enjoy. In many of the mission schools there are thriving associations which contribute largely to the religious life of the student body.

Of a rather nondescript character is that person known in Japan as an Association Teacher. He is a missionary and not a missionary. Nominated by the Y.M.C.A., he is employed directly or through the Association by the middle or higher schools of Japan. There are twenty-five or thirty of these teachers at the present time instructing the young manhood of Japan in the rudiments of the English tongue. They come from Canada, the United States, England and Australia, most of them staying for a period of two years, a few remaining

permanently, and a very few becoming disheartened at the end of a few months. It is in the interests of the schools to secure properly qualified instructors. It is in the interests of the Y.M.C.A. to have teachers of good moral character who are sympathetic towards Christian work, bringing their influence to bear upon the students. In their spare time these semi-missionaries teach Bible classes, night schools and generally further the work of the Association. This work is purely voluntary and some among these teachers work as hard and effectively as many of the missionaries who are supported by Home Boards. As a permanency, the work will hardly satisfy anyone desirous of doing definite Christian work, but it affords a splendid opportunity for studying missionary work at close range. That the study is satisfactory is shown by the large numbers of these teachers who return to the field as regularly-appointed missionaries. Some of the men take positions in towns where they have ample opportunity for experiencing the joys of solitude. One of the favorite jokes of Mr. Homer Brown ('06) was that when he went to Kyoto half the foreign population had left the province of Echigo. The other half was an American teacher who lived in a town several hours' distant by train. Sometimes tragedy touches the lives of the workers even in peaceful Japan. Out in the town of Hagi, far from his fellow countrymen, one of these solitary teachers was drowned last year. He was a big, kind-hearted Southerner, a man who spoke seldom and did much work. The people bowed before his body and wept as it was carried through their streets.

In the summer secretaries and teachers gather for a conference somewhere up in the mountains. There, methods are discussed and plans made for the year. For the last two years the meetings have taken place in Buddhist monasteries, a truly remarkable example of religious toleration. Such beautiful spots they were, too! Approached through deep ravines, they nestled among the cliffs, and the stately groves of cryptomerias surrounding them seemed "breathless with adoration." We were often reminded of Wordsworth's lines—

"They dreamed not of an earthly home who thus could
build,"

for truly these temples of an alien religion seem to possess something of the peace of God.

But a company of twenty-five or thirty college men, none of them very long away from halls of learning, are not apt to let either the solemnity of the place or the importance of the work dampen their spirits. Many a good "rough house" we had, and these encounters were watched by the priests, first with a measure of alarm and then with a dawning enthusiasm. From these outbursts the men turned quite readily to more serious duties, for the inspiration received at these conventions was needed to carry them through their work on the hot plains below, where the moral atmosphere is poisoned and each man must walk alone. But these men, secretaries and teachers, are doing great work, and in the years to come will exercise a profound influence upon the students and young men of Japan.

International Y. M. C. A. Convention

The International Y.M.C.A. Convention, held in Toronto during the last week of October, was proof that the movement is losing none of its vitality and aggressiveness. Taking the convention as an index, one must be convinced that the Young Men's Christian Association has become a great world force. Very remarkable was the combination of intense evangelistic spirit with business-like methods of meeting needs and opportunities. The wonderful unity and reach of the Association was evidenced by the energetic co-operation of so many diverse races, classes and creeds.

The newly-elected president is one of Toronto's most active Y.M.C.A. supporters—Mr. E. R. Wood.



The Pollution of Waterways

In glancing at the map of Canada, one at once notices the vast areas of fresh water which lie scattered throughout the land. This is one of our greatest natural resources, for it makes such industries as inland shipping and fishing possible and renders much more profitable such others as agriculture, lumbering and manufacturing. But in all discussion and work having in view the development of these pursuits it must be borne in mind that the people of this country are dependent, to a great extent, upon these waters as a source of water supply. The problem which is to-day puzzling sanitarians is how to ensure the purity of this supply and at the same time not restrict commerce.

As towns increase in population the question of a water supply becomes more and more important. The "old oaken bucket" system can be used no longer, and it is to be expected that wherever possible these great natural reservoirs should be made to serve. However, if prompt action is not taken to prevent the wholesale pollution which is at present going on, it will be dangerous to use them for this purpose.

The lakes and rivers of the Dominion may be divided, for purposes of description and consideration, into two classes, viz.: The non-navigable and the navigable. The former are either directly or indirectly tributary to the larger bodies of water. Where they flow through an agricultural district they are subject to pollution by the drainage from the fields and farm buildings. Into these bodies of water we frequently find factories discharging their waste in an untreated state. Fortunately, the small lakes and rivers are rarely used as sources of public water supply and the discharge of a relatively small amount of sewage into them brings about no serious conditions. But with the increase in population and the consequent increase in manufacture, the waters and beds of these streams or lakes

become befouled and a public nuisance is created. Not only is this a danger to the people living in proximity to these bodies of water, but also to those at a distance who take their supply from the larger bodies to which the smaller ones are tributary.

But this is not the only cause for the impurity of the large lakes and rivers. The chief source of contamination comes from the cities and towns on their shores. These daily deposit in the waters enormous quantities of waste material. Take, for example, the chain of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, which is about 1,500 miles in length. Many millions of people live along the shores of this great waterway. Besides this, hundreds of vessels ply on its waters for seven months of the year. No one can say with certainty that water free from contamination can be taken at all times from any point in this great tract of water; for it is well known that currents of considerable velocity may be expected to arrive from almost any direction at any point near either shore. From this it will be seen that to merely extend the intake pipes further out into the lake will not ensure a pure water supply. The only way in which this may be secured is to include in the system some means for ridding the waters of their impurities.

It is stated on excellent authority that most of the sickness in large centres of population is due to an impure water supply. Of the many diseases brought on in this way, typhoid fever is the most prevalent. It is almost a general rule now to consider that a continued typhoid death rate of over 20 per 100,000 of population indicates a fault in the water supply.

If this be true, it is time that Canada roused herself to the danger that is confronting her, for of 24 of the largest cities in the Dominion, 15 were found to have a higher typhoid death rate last year than that given above. It will be of interest to know what the rates were in some of these places. Fort William headed the list with 94 deaths per 100,000 of population; Sherbrooke came next with 78; Edmonton had 76, while Toronto was away down on the list with only 25. Thus we see how necessary it is that our legislators should enact adequate laws to save the great loss of life, time and money which is caused by the careless pollution of our waterways.

“What about our present laws?” may be asked. If these were rigidly enforced, conditions would be much better. But at the present time it seems to be the general rule to ignore them to a great extent. The powers of most Provincial Boards of Health are only advisory and the municipal authorities can accept or reject their advice as they see fit. In some cases systems have been in actual operation before the plans for them were submitted to the authorities.

But this question has an interprovincial and also an international aspect. No matter how efficient the laws of one province are, safety is not secured if an adjoining province has not equally efficient laws. It does not follow that if the people on the Ontario side of the Ottawa River obey the laws of sanitation that body of water will remain unpolluted. Those living on the Quebec side of the boundary must do their share. Also, if the waters of the Great Lakes are to remain pure, the residents of the American States bordering on them must unite with those of Ontario in an endeavor to free these sources of supply from contamination.

Turning for a moment to Europe let us compare the typhoid death rates of countries where the population is and has been congested for centuries, with those of Canada and the United States. The statistics given below are the latest obtainable.

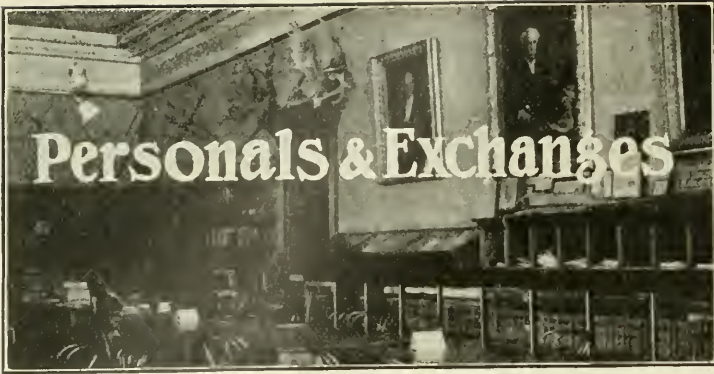
TYPHOID FEVER.

Death Rate of nine countries per 100,000 population.

Year Group.	Countries.	Rate per 100,000 of population.
1901-1905.....	Scotland.....	6.2
	Germany	7.6
	England and Wales . .	11.2
	Belgium	16.8
1901-1904.....	Austria	19.9
	Hungary.... .	28.3
	Italy	35.2
1901 (census)	Canada	35.5
1901-1904.....	United States	46.0 (estimated).

This table goes far to show what these countries are doing to protect their water supplies. It is surprising that with such populations and the consequent poverty health conditions should be so good. The reason, of course, is that for a great number of years the ways and means for the disposal of waste materials have been closely studied. Although the death rate has been kept down fairly well, as yet no permanent policy has been adopted. Indeed, it is a case everywhere of study.

Coming back to our own country again, we see clearly that the obstacles which we have to overcome are not so great as those confronting the authorities on the other side of the Atlantic. We have vast natural reservoirs of fresh water which, if given a little protection, will provide us with a pure water supply for all time to come. We have a small, scattered population. The amount of waste material which is now poured into the waterways is comparatively small and the task of disposing of it in such a way as to banish the possibility of infection is thus fairly simple. But every year hundreds of thousands of settlers are pouring into the country and every delay means that the work of cleansing the waters is made more difficult. Just how this work shall be done remains for those in charge of it to determine. But who shall have charge of this department? The Government of one province can not frame laws for another province or state. It requires some other authority, viz.: That of the Federal Government, to deal with the matter, particularly the part which is of an international nature. It will be necessary to collect much data in order to estimate the character, quantity and variety of the pollutions at present existing and to consider ways and means of abating these nuisances. And although it must always be borne in mind that it is necessary to foster and develop manufactures, it must be remembered that the health of the citizens of this country is paramount.



Personals

Muriel J. Hockey is to be found under the paternal roof in Waterloo, though she is teaching in the Berlin Collegiate Institute.

Pearl Davidson, Alma Stanley, Lucy Ghent and Constance Brewster are taking the F.O.E. course, as well as doing M.A. work.

Kate Campbell is acting as assistant in the Household Science Laboratory.

Mae Bowers has accepted a position as assistant secretary in the Brantford Y.W.C.A.

Kirk Grayson is again in Toronto taking M.A. work.

Guelph College claims Mabel E. Crews, who is taking P.G. work in Household Science.

Lilian Smith is taking a course in the Carnegie Library Institute at Pittsburg.

Nellie Clark is spending the fall months in Picton.

Mabel Jamieson is at home in Hamilton, but expects to teach for the winter months in the Collegiate Institute.

The remaining members of the class of 1910 are at home:

Miss Ruby Mills, 33 Nanton Crescent, Toronto.

Miss Lollie Henry, Thornton.

Miss Keren Lukes, Bradford.

Miss Bertha Archibald, 273 St. George Street, Toronto.

Miss Mabel E. Hay, 550 Palmerston Boulevard.

W. P. Thompson is at Harvard working under Professor Jeffries along botanical lines. His address is 42 Wendell St., Cambridge, Mass.

A. L. Burt is at Oxford, registered in Corpus Christi College.

J. J. Pearson is studying theology in Glasgow. Address, 29 Park Road, Glasgow, Scotland.

Roy Crocker is preaching at Esmond, Ill.

George Buchanan is teaching at Saskatoon, Sask.

R. C. Coatsworth is taking his second year in medicine. Address, 296 Parliament Street.

A. R. Cooper is back with a fellowship in biology. Address Biological Building.

R. L. Horning is teaching at Nokomes, Sask. He has a principalship there.

W. Howey is preaching at Eugenia, Ont. He has been ill for some time; not better yet.

O. V. Jewitt is teaching, a professorship-to-be, in Columbia College, New Westminster, B.C.

H. F. Johnston is with the Carnegie Institute on their magnetic survey. Address, 1321 Columbian Road, Washington, D.C.

L. H. Kirby has had a fellowship in the Chemistry Department here, but has just left for Torreon, Mexico, where he will exchange the academic for the industrial chemistry.

I. V. Macklin has been swallowed by the great west; homesteading, we believe, but do not know where.

R. F. Meadows is evidently working, not talking; at least we haven't heard him. His home address is Fairfield Plains, Ont.

W. J. E. Meredith is supposed to be at his home in New Westminster, B.C.

C. G. Robertson has been at home on the farm at Morrisburg until recently. If he is not there yet he has gone to Ottawa.

R. J. F. Staples is attending to the making of Freshmen for Vic. at Albert College, Belleville.

A. J. Watson is teaching at Last Mountain, Sask.

H. A. G. Willoughby has a fellowship in chemistry in the University.

A. E. Allin and A. B. Hobbs are around the city somewhere, but have succeeded in keeping themselves hidden so far.

Fred Barlow is digging up silver on his claim at Gowganda at present.

C. F. Connoley is in his fourth year medicine.

Charlie Bridgeman, D. W. Ganton, G. I. Stephenson, F. L. Tilson, E. H. Toye, H. E. Walker, C. C. Washington, are all at Vic. taking theology.

G. W. Adams, W. H. Cook, C. G. French, F. C. Gullen, are at Osgoode.

C. P. Brown has a fellowship in Biochemistry in the University. He will be pleased to receive news of the doings and whereabouts of the members of the class of '10. Address, Medical Building, University of Toronto.

The following is a partial list of '06 graduates, with their addresses:

Miss F. M. Ashall is teaching in the Trenton (Ont.) High School.

Miss E. L. Chubb, permanent secretary of the class, is teaching in the High School for Girls, Philadelphia, and taking graduate work at Bryn Mawr College. Her address is Denbigh Hall, Bryn Mawr College, Bryn Mawr, Pa., U.S.A. Members of '06 are requested to send information as to their whereabouts to her.

Miss K. E. Cullen is teaching in Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pa., having spent last summer abroad on the Continent.

Mrs. W. S. Connolly (*nee* Kate Thompson) is in Tokyo, Japan.

Miss A. E. Deacon is attending the Faculty of Education, Toronto.

Miss E. M. Keys is studying at the Normal College, Calgary, Alta.

Miss O. G. Patterson is instructor in Physiological Chemistry in the Household Science Department of Toronto University.

Miss M. A. Proctor is junior bursar of Bryn Mawr College.

Miss E. J. Williams was teaching in the Paris High School when last heard from.

The last year's addresses of three others are to hand:

Miss F. D. Morden, Athens High School.

Miss B. L. Scott, Renfrew High School.

Miss K. Rice, Albert College, Belleville.

Mr. Homer G. Brown, president of the class, has returned after several years' work in Japan, and is taking up post-graduate work in theology in New York.

Mr. A. M. Harley is practising law in Brantford with the firm of Harley & Sweet.

C. D. Henderson is with the National Trust Company, Toronto.

E. E. Ball was teaching last year in the Hamilton Collegiate Institute. Present address unknown.

A. B. Fennell holds the position of fellow in mathematics at Toronto University.

H. L. Woodsworth has returned from Japan, and is taking up further work in theology at Victoria.

J. H. Adams was teaching in the Peterborough High School when last heard from.

J. C. Knight ('05), ex-President of the Lit., was back at College recently renewing old acquaintances. His present address is Dawn Mills, Ont.

A. W. Shaver ('06) was also in town. His winter address is Pasadena, Cal.; summer, "anywhere in Europe."

C. E. Mark ('06) is engaged as critic teacher in the Normal School at Ottawa.

Ralph Edmison ('07) is teaching continuation work at the Ryerson School, Toronto.

E. J. Halbert ('08) teaches chemistry at the Jarvis Collegiate Institute, Toronto.

Miss Frances Crane ('08) is teaching at the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.

Miss Irene Hyland ('09), head dietician in one of the New York hospitals, was in town recently.

George Dix ('08) is at Prince Albert, Sask.

J. Vernon McKenzie, B.A., '09, spent September and October holidaying in Calgary, Edmonton, and other places in the North-West. Mack is to be news editor of the Lethbridge *Daily News*, beginning November 5th. He's changed his politics to Conservative.

Miss M. H. Phillips ('09) is assistant librarian at the Reference Library, Toronto.

J. K. Oekley ('09) is working in Meaford, Ont., with a lumber concern.

The many friends of Gordon V. Thompson ('11) will be glad to learn that he has so far recovered from his recent illness as to be able to leave the hospital at Guelph, where he has been for some time confined.



Marriages

HODGETTS-BIRNIE.—We are sorry that in the last issue of ACTA we omitted to mention the marriage of Miss M. E. Birnie ('07), of Collingwood, to Mr. Alfred C. Hodgetts, of Toronto. The ceremony took place in Collingwood on June 2nd last.

DINGMAN-SPENCE.—Saturday, October 15th, witnessed the marriage of two Victoria graduates, when Miss A. G. W. Spence ('05) and Mr. R. G. Dingman ('03) were united in matrimony. After the ceremony was over Mr. and Mrs. Dingman left on a three weeks' wedding trip down East, returning to Toronto, where they will reside on Albany Avenue.

Rumor has it that J. C. McLelland ('09) is now married and living in Kitscoty, Sask. Further particulars are lacking, save that the ceremony took place in June.

To all, ACTA wishes the old wish of "all kinds of luck."



Exchanges

We beg to acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges: *The Martlet*, *Queen's University Monthly*, *O.A.C. Review*, *University of Ottawa Review*, *Trinity University Review*, *The Varsity*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *The Argosy*, *The Student*, *Edinburgh*, *Oxford Magazine*, *Oxon*, *Eng.*

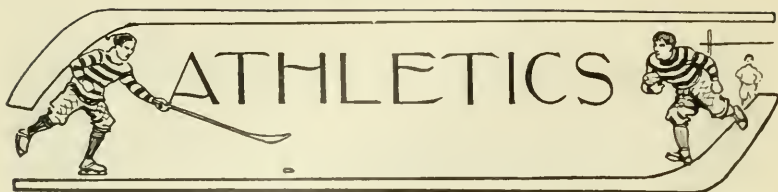
The Martlet continues to be a bright and interesting periodical, devoted mainly to college affairs, athletic and social. There are also a few very interesting character sketches and short stories. We are always delighted to sit at our editorial desk for a quiet half hour with the McGill *Martlet*.

The *Trinity University Review* for October publishes a strong article on the recent controversy over Father Vaughn's utterances with regard to Protestantism made during the Eucharistic Congress, held in Montreal a short while ago.

An instructive description of life at Cambridge, and of the various forms of student activities in that famous university forms an attractive feature of the May, 1910, number of *The Argosy*, which has just come to hand. One of the main advantages of reading the exchanges which come to our library is the getting an intelligent insight into the spirit of other universities. This is not an original remark, but it is one that should be emphasized. We venture to say that the average student reads the exchanges solely for the purpose of reading the jokes that are to be found scattered through their pages.

Somewhere in the *Notre Dame Scholastic* we came across an editorial on the impropriety and discourtesy of talking during the progress of a concert, and it brought to our mind the possibility that the same thing might be appropriately said at Victoria. During the concert at a recent reception it was a question whether the most prominent feature was the quite audible remarks of those who were supposed to be listening, or the work of the artist performing. It seems to us a rather ironical procedure to vigorously encore a selection to which, so far as appearances go, no one has paid anything but the most casual attention. It is, to say the least, highly discourteous, and the discourtesy is not in any way lessened, but, to our mind, rather heightened, by the fact that our entertainers are themselves members of the student body.

An Englishman while dining in a New York restaurant had an oyster patty placed before him. It was the first of the species he had ever seen, and after regarding it curiously with his eyes and nose, he called the waiter. "Waitah," said he, "something nawsty has died in this bun."—*The Martlet*.



Field Day, October 12, 1910

A bright day and keen contests combined to make the Second Annual Field Day a success. Attendance perhaps was a disappointment, but there was every sort of enthusiasm and interest to make up for that deficiency in numbers. The events were run off promptly, consequent on the thorough preparation and good organization of the committee.

The theology class carried off premier honors by a good margin. They brought out several classy performers who helped pile up the score, but chief among them was H. C. Burley, who won the individual championship and the gold medal that goes with that honor. A glance at the winners in the different events will show how large a part he played, not only winning many, but breaking the record in the 440 event.

The tug-of-war aroused keen interest, the seniors winning out in the final pull with the freshmen, proving, of course, to the satisfaction of the seniors that brain as well as brawn is necessary.

The results:—

One hundred-yard dash, Burley, C. T.; high jump, Burley, C. T.; broad jump, Flood, '14; hop-step-and-jump, Burley, C. T.; 440 yd., Burley, C. T.; 1 mile, Bartlett, '13; kicking football, McKenzie, '14; pick-a-back race, Johnson and Latimer, C. T.; tug-of-war, 4th year; pole vault, E. C. Hunter, '11; hurdle race, Burley, C. T.; putting shot, Daniher, '11.



McMaster, 2---Victoria, 0

The Association football season, as far as Victoria was concerned, opened on Saturday, October 22, when we were scheduled to play McMaster in the Inter-Faculty series. The score, as indicated in the head line, gives a fair idea of the

respective merits of the two teams on that day. We are not saying what we ought to have done or what we would do on another occasion, but in this game McMaster had a decided advantage. It is not our intention to make excuses for defeat. That, we believe, is a mistake into which too many writers of games for this paper have fallen. Several new faces appeared on the line-up of the Victoria team. Wilder, '12, in goal, needs no introduction to the followers of the sporting column of ACTA. For his work between the posts we have nothing but favorable mention. Sanderson, '14, played full-back and did well considering that he is a forward by nature. McCulloch at half-back played a hard game, though he was handicapped by an injury received in the Rugby game the night before. Smith, '14, at centre-forward, is a promising player, very aggressive and ought to be heard from in future. The complete line-up for the game was:

Wilder, Smith, Sanderson, Moorhouse, Gundy, McCulloch, Haddon, Clements, Smith, Livingston, Rumball. Spare, Griffiths.



Victoria, 3---Dents, 0

Despite the fact that our aspirations towards the Inter-Faculty championship were somewhat quenched by the game with McMaster, new vigor and life were inspired into the men and the result was quite an easy victory in the game against the Dents on October 25th. The team showed quite a reversal of form; the defence played a much better game and the forwards developed an aggressive combination unheard of in the previous game. It was not long after the opening of the game that Haddon scored on a pass from the left-wing. After half time Moorhouse added another through a penalty kick. The third was made shortly before time by Livingston on a drop on goal from Haddon. It seems part of the irony of fate that we aroused to our need a game too late, but by this next year's team can profit and get into shape earlier. The line-up was: Wilder, Bishop, Smith, Moorhouse, Gundy, McCulloch, Haddon, Clements, Smith, Livingston, Rumball.

Victoria, 19---Senior School, 15

On Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 1st, Vic. played her first Mulock cup game with her old-time rivals Senior School. The play was very strenuous throughout, and it wasn't until the last quarter that our boys had the best of it. Here, with the wind in their favor, and by kicking at every opportunity, they cinched the game.

In the first quarter School had the wind and after about ten minutes' play managed to get a rouge. Several times they were within a few yards of our line, but the great work of the wings held them from scoring. By nice following up and a fine kick by Rumball, Vic. secured a rouge a few minutes later. The only other score in this quarter was a safety touch for School, making it 3 to 1 in their favor.

During the second quarter each team managed to get a try. It was by fast following up and hard tackling that our boys piled up their points. Campbell for Vic. got over for the first try after receiving a pass from Patterson, who had made a fine 40-yard run. Half time ended with the score of 10-6 against Vic.

After a few refreshments and a little rub our boys came out with the determination to win and in a few minutes Campbell fell on a fumbled ball behind School's line, giving Vic. another 5 points. About ten minutes later Patterson got a try from an onside kick by Guthrie. Just then the whistle blew.

The last quarter Vic. had it all her own way. Here, Rumball, with his heavy booting, kept piling up the points until, when the scorers yelled time, the game had been won by the score of 19-15.

We must say as a sort of criticism that the wings worked together wonderfully well for the first time. The freshmen, McDowell, Church and Burt, are certainly "comers" and a lot may be expected of them in the future. Rumball, although it was the first real game he has ever played in, was a star. With more systematic practice it looks as if the tinware would stay in the same old place as last year.

Line-up: Fullback, J. R. Rumball; halves, Duggan, Burt, Livingston; quarter, Guthrie; scrimmage, Van Wyck, Me-

Culloch, Morrison; inside wings, Newton and Church; middle, Slein and Patterson; outside, McDowell and Campbell; spares, Griffiths and Brown; officials "Jimmy" Bell and "Charlie" Gage.



An abundant supply of raw material is rapidly being moulded into a speedy second team under the management of H. E. Manning and captainship of D. B. Leitch. Everybody is expected to turn out as this team will challenge the first team if they win the Mulock cup.



Tennis

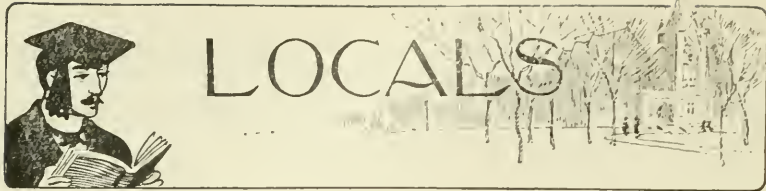
We are glad to be able to report that progress in the tennis tournament is so good that we can announce in this issue the results of the handicap series, a condition made possible by the energy of the secretary, K. B. McLaren. Good judgment in the assignment of handicaps was shown by the close contests throughout. The open and mixed doubles are now well under way.



The Handicap Series

PRELIMINARIES.

— 15Moorhouse } Moorhouse.	— 15Moorhouse .. } Moorhouse..	} McLaren....	} McLaren.	} McLaren 6-2 9-7, 6-2.
Ser. Little }	— 15Reid }	— 30Maclaren.... }	Maclaren....	
— 15Reid }	Reid.	— 15Jones..... }	Morrow	
— 30De Beck .. }		— 30Morrow }	Morrow ...	
— 30Maclaren... }	Maclaren.	— 15Mackenzie .. }		
— 30Runball... }		— 15Allen	Dobson	
— 15Connor.... }	Jones.	Ser. Dobson..... }	Dean.....	
— 15Jones }		— 15Tilson..... }	Dean.....	
— 30Morrow }	Morrow.	Ser. Dean }	Allen	
— 15Murch..... }		Ser. J. Allen }		
		— 15Van Wyck .. }	Robertson ..	} Hetherington
		Ser. Robertson... }	Hetherington }	
		— 40Wiegand.... }		
		— 15Duggan }		
		— 40Hetherington }		



"THE RAID OF THE MIDNIGHT SONS."

The epidemic of crime now sweeping over our land has claimed as its victim a hitherto docile, harmless and quite inoffensive organization, the Union Literary Society. No one for a moment suspected that the Lit. would do anything either good or bad without long deliberation, and if premeditation can be proved it will remove all hope of clemency. The annals of



"Lay on, Macduff;
And damned be he that first cries: "Hold, enough!"

Canadian criminal courts fail to reveal any parallel to the action of the Society, when through the criminal negligence of its servants or agents on the night of Saturday, October 8th, it allowed to be placed before a certain individual or individuals, and tempted such individuals to consume abnormal quantities of indigestible matter, thereby endangering their internal welfare

and rendering such society culpable of an indictable offence, subject to an action both in criminal and civil courts.

The details of the case are exceedingly difficult to ascertain. According to a detailed report prepared by a most skilled and conscientious committee as a result of their investigations carried on at the request of the aforesaid society, it is believed that the victim or victims of this outrage have since been ferried across the River Styx by the divine boatman Charon, where they are now carefully guarded by the dog with the triple mug and muzzle, Cerberus. A single and unsupported clue, in the form of a painting, elsewhere shown, leads to a different conclusion, which for want of verification must be abandoned.

The undesirable situation which is to be faced by the unfortunate society will call forth genuine sympathy, as the offence is of an exceedingly serious nature. The Crown has taken no action as yet, but it is expected that proceedings will be launched in a few days against the president, leaders of the Government and Opposition, as well as a civil action against the society as a body corporate.

The Speech from the Throne, delivered by his Honour the Punjab of Calcutta for His Imperial Majesty, commented most favorably on the class of immigrants secured by the Government from Winnipeg, Vancouver, Hamilton and other rural districts—all men of sound learning and great wisdom. . . . "His Most Gracious Majesty doth rejoice that the footnote has been abolished, and hopes that the weather may be fine for Field Day." These are the greetings from our noble Sovereign, delivered by my humble and dignified self, which I extend to you in a magnificent and delightful demeanour and trust that God will save the King, but before he saves him, I wish to confer the following degrees:

W. R. Green—T. on B. (Ticket on Back).

A. L. Phelps—P. L. to G. (Poet Laureate to Guardian).

F. Buchanan—D. F. (Disturber of Freshmen).

L. Macaulay—S. S. A. H. (Shining Success at Annesley Hall).

Many members of our embryonic Glee Club who think they are vocalists might have made good as auctioneers.

Most profuse were the complaints poured forth by the Editor-in-chief, as with others he made his way to the Medical Building to take a lecture in history.

W. S. Bradley, B.A.—“Yes, if it were only constitutional history it wouldn't be so bad.”

Thursday, October 13, was the seventy-fourth Charter Day of Victoria College. In the evening a large number of students and friends attended the chapel to honor the Chancellor, who has been associated with the college for twenty-five years. After the distribution of prizes, scholarships and medals, Chancellor Burwash delivered an address on the history and place of Victoria College in the University. Professor Robertson gave an interesting account of his visit in Europe. Dr. Reynar introduced the son of Senator Cox, who unveiled the portrait of Chancellor Burwash, which has been presented to the college by Mr. Cox. At the conclusion of the programme refreshments were served on the main floor of the college.

Prof. Langford (when distributing the prizes on Charter Night)—“Mr. Emory, I may say, has made a record which is entirely satisfactory to himself.”

Prof. Robertson—“Dr. Bell and Dr. Horning left larger gaps in the faculty than did Dr. Edgar and myself.”

Robertson, '14—“You know I wrote pa's speech for Charter Night. I travelled on the continent this summer. Berlin riots not in it with freshmen serap.”

“Were you up the Rhine?”

“Oh, my, yes. I climbed up there one morning before breakfast. Scenery great, let me tell you.”

The Y.M.C.A. offers to be unusually successful this year under the capable supervision of President Hunter. On Tuesday evening, the 18th, the chapel was comfortably filled to listen to excellent addresses by the speakers, Mr. W. A. Cameron, B.A., of Bloor Street Baptist Church, and Mr. Warburton, B.A., of the Central Y. M. C. A. Much disappointment was

felt by many of the boys when it was learned that Dr. J. A. Macdonald, through illness, would be unable to attend. We are always anxious to hear the optimistic and inspiring words of the great editor. After the addresses refreshments were served in abundant style, some of the C. T.'s not yet having recovered.

(Mrs. P. had been nominated as Honorary President of the Women's Lit.)

Miss Dawson—Yes, she would make a good centrepiece.

Junior—What for?

Miss Dawson—For the executive picture.

Miss Hubble, '14—Do you wear those mortar-boards only when you get scholarships?

For the first time in 38 years the venerable freshmen of our college have been initiated into the mysterious rites of undergraduate life by a process other than the historic "Bob." The class of 1914 stands at the parting of the ways. If they fail to reintroduce the "Bob" next year there is little doubt that Vic.'s most popular and widely-known institution will be forever lost in the traditional maze of pleasant college recollections. The freshmen this year were tendered a gentle and loving reception by their wise friends of the second year on Friday evening, October 14th. Their appreciation of the hospitality was most genuine and prompt, for they on that very night entertained the president of '13 at luncheon and later at the Royal Alexandra theatre.

The chapel, Alumni Hall and the corridors were burdened with their verdant decorations, arranged in ponderous style of a country squire's home in Elizabethan England. In the absence of the second year president, who, it was explained, had been unexpectedly called out of town, Dr. Horning presided during the programme in the chapel. In his "words of advice to the freshies" he expressed great regret that the present freshman class had been unable to maintain the prowess of previous years, and had allowed the athletic championship to pass from the Arts students. To redeem the lost reputation, the professors in Arts

had held a special and solemn convocation, where it was at once decided to organize an Arts' Faculty Rugby team to meet all competitors. Dr. Bell, Dr. Horning and Prof. De Champ were to form the scrimmage, but on investigation it was found that the Arts Faculty "hadn't anything good enough for wings." However, Dr. Robertson's address on Charter Night was long-winded enough to qualify him for the mile race.

Refreshments were exceedingly apropos. Pumpkin pie, with spoons, and milk, must have awakened many tender emotions in the minds of certain freshmen for home on the dear old farm.

The latest addition to the curriculum in Arts (which we trust will be in time to be inserted in next year's calendar, if it has not already gone to press) is a splendid new course requiring two sessions for each year—the "S. and A." course (Society and Athletics).

Wake up, freshies! An exchange reports that one professor with ardent enthusiasm to instill the principles of word formation into his class declared: "A machine with two wheels we call a bicyele, a machine with three wheels we call a tricycle. Now, what would you call a machine with only one wheel?"

A Freshman—"A wheelbarrow."

The "Lit.'s" Reception was a splendid success. Miss Addison, Miss Dawson, Dr. DeWitt and Mr. W. R. Green received at the entrance to Alumni Hall, which was attractively decorated. Dr. DeWitt, Honorary President of the U. L. S., gave an exceedingly witty address. The chief change in college life since he was an undergraduate, he remarked, might be summed up thus: "Now there are fewer speeches and more ice-cream."

Hulbert, '12—"I see I have Miss Cinnamon for the next prom. By the time it is over I'll be pickled."

A well-meaning maiden on the Reception Committee beholding a forlorn freshman, leaning against the wall, approached him with the sweet inquiry: "Have you any proms. left?" "Yes," eagerly answered the youth; "do you want one?"

Miss Gibson, '11—They are going to have a quotation from Homer on the programme card.

Miss Flanders, '14—Oh, in the original Latin!

At Lit. Reception someone seeing Zimmerman lined up for last number cruelly remarked: "Oh, there's Zim. back in the old stand."

The second meeting of the Women's Literary Society was held in the Alumni Hall, Wednesday, October 26. The programme consisted of the first of the inter-year debates, the subject being: "Resolved, that employers should be held responsible by law for accidents to their employees in their employment." The affirmative was taken by Miss Trimble, '12, and Miss Pettit, '12, the negative by Miss Denton, '11, and Miss Pennington, '11. Both sides were complimented by the judges for the excellent manner in which they handled the subject, but the decision was given in favor of the affirmative.

Student, showing father through library—"How do you like the library, pop?"

Father—"Do you mean to tell me this is all you have left of those books I've been sending you money for?"—*Exchange*.

The spiral of human advancement is getting into cooler air. Formerly they burned, now they only roast, heretics.

On Saturday night, October 22, the sophomores entertained all the girls of the College in Annesley Hall gymnasium. Miss Merritt, '13, was chairman for the evening, and she announced that the girls of the second year had deemed it wise to publish a Freshettes' Number of the Ladies' Home Journal, that the freshies might see themselves as the others saw them. Miss Finch, '13, read the first part of the journal, which contained articles on "Shall freshettes be systematically chaperoned?" "Fashions" (which were illustrated by living models), "Ideas of a plain country woman." During the intermission Miss Kelly, '12, sang and South Hall gave their stunt, which was a burlesque on the Lit. reception. Miss McCamus, '13, read the second part, which dealt with "Engaged girl sketches," "That

Reminds Me," "Good Manners and Good Form." The freshies then displayed their dramatic ability by presenting a scene from *Lochinvar*. Refreshments were served, and after the various year songs and yells had been given the social gathering broke up, and all agreed that a most enjoyable evening had been spent, thanks to the hospitality of the sophettes.

Dr. Reynar (In Third Year English)—A word to the wise is sufficient. As for fools it doesn't matter.

Miss Pettit—It is mean of him to disregard me like that.

Climb a little higher than the crowd and you will be a target for the Knockers (and the orthodox people).

The first paper chase of the season was given by University College on Saturday, October 22. The weather was cool enough to make the run enjoyable, and a large number of girls gathered at the corner of Glen Road and South Drive. The hares were given ten minutes' start and led the chase down beside the second bridge, on through the woods and the Don Valley to the end of Broadview Avenue. The hounds after following a while, unfortunately got off on the trail of another chase, and none of them came in at the intended destination. After the run refreshments were served at Queen's Hall, and the social time broke up with the singing of college songs and the giving of college yells.

Taylor, '14—May I have this prom. with you?

Miss Addison—Oh, I am just an onlooker. You had better fill your card with freshettes.

Taylor, '14—Well, say, you're not so bad.

First Freshette—Did Pope write Gray's *Elegy*?

Second Freshette—I am not sure, but I think he did.

Many a budding genius has developed into a blooming idiot. Freshies, beware!

Miss M. E. Lowery, '12, was elected Women's Athletic Editor of *ACTA VICTORIANA* by acclamation. Congratulations.



Frontispiece. Photos by A. O. S. A.

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No. 3

A Christmas Wish

"Glorv to God in the highest-
and on earth peace good
will to men"

Can I wish one and all
any better thing than to
join with heart-and life
in this angel song?

H. Burwash

Some Features of Swinburne's Later Work

W. J. SYKES, B.A.

It is hard for a man to live down an early indiscretion. Though it be followed by years of exemplary conduct, most people will still suspect a taint, or, having once classified the man, will pay no further attention to him. To some extent these remarks apply to Swinburne. His early indiscretion was, of course, the publication of *Poems and Ballads* in 1866, or, to speak more exactly, the inclusion in this volume of a few poems that should not have been printed. But the uproar that followed was out of all proportion to the fault, and from the heated discussion of those days arose a conventional and unfair view of the poet that unfortunately persists. Even to-day many of the limited public that care for poetry think of Swinburne as unsafe or even immoral: they ignore the work of the greater part of his life. In a letter published in one of our critical magazines a few years ago the writer of a widely-used history of English literature begins by admitting, "I have no especial knowledge of Swinburne's work," and goes on to argue for the common view that his poetry is chiefly sound and fury and debased sensualism. The attitude is characteristic: ignorance and prejudice go hand in hand. Now, it is not the purpose of this article to be controversial, but, admitting his early fault, to show that in the poet's later work (and by that we mean his work since 1866—probably nine-tenths of his work) there is much that calls for recognition by those who value high thinking, noble enthusiasms, and poetic beauty.

If we consider the form of Swinburne's poetry we are at once impressed by his wonderful technique. That command of rhyme, of melody and rhythm, of stanza form that attracted attention in the early choruses of *Atalanta in Calydon*, he has retained throughout his life; though in his later works it is not forced on our notice as in *Poems and Ballads*. No *tour de force* of verse is too great for him to attempt and achieve. Indeed, in some difficult and limited forms, the roundel, for example, he seems to have won the greatest success, just as Wordsworth found in the narrow compass of the sonnet a plot in which his flowers of

poetry reached their greatest beauty. Some readers of Swinburne, carried on by the strong tide of his rhythm and music, have asserted that he lacks ideas. This is probably an error. While at times the music may impress us most, yet if we fix our minds on the idea, we shall always find a solid structure of thought. A good test of this might be found in the poems, *Astrophel, to Sir Philip Sidney* and *Songs of Four Seasons*, with their varied rhythms. As an example of this command over the roundel we may quote one of the series on *A Baby's Death*:

- “ The little hands that never sought
 Earth's prizes, worthless all as sands,
 What gift has death, God's servant, brought
 The little hands?
- “ We ask: but love's self silent stands,
 Love, that lends eyes and wings to thought
 To search where death's dim heaven expands.
- “ Ere this, perchance, though love know nought,
 Flowers fill them, grown in lovelier lands,
 Where hands of guiding angels caught
 The little hands.”

This roundel suggests another feature of Swinburne's later poems, his love of children. To one who knows Swinburne only by common report as the poet of passion and revolt, it may come as a surprise that he should be called a poet of child life. Yet, having in mind Wordsworth, and Blake, and Longfellow, we may say with some confidence that no English poet has written of children more purely, more tenderly, more reverentially. Of this side of his genius illustrations may be found in abundance in the volumes after 1880; for example, *A Baby's Death*, *Benediction*, *Etude Réaliste*, *Babyhood*, *First Footsteps*, *A Ninth Birthday*, *Six Years Old*, *Not a Child*, *Herse*. The opening of this last poem is characteristic:

- “ When grace is given us ever to behold
 A child some sweet months old,
 Love, laying across our lips his finger, saith
 Smiling, with bated breath,
 Hush! for the holiest thing that lives is here,
 And heaven's own heart how near!”

And again in "Eight Years Old" his spirit and attitude is well shown :

" Ah! child, what are we that our ears
Should hear you singing on your way,
Should have this happiness? The years
Whose hurrying wings about us play
Are not like yours, whose flower-time fears
Naught worse than sunlit showers in May,
Being sinless as the spring, that hears
Her own heart praise her every day."

Furthermore it is not speaking too strongly to say that Swinburne is one of our greatest elegiac poets. Milton's *Lycidas*, Shelley's *Adonais*, Arnold's *Thyrsis*, are but fitting companions for *Arc atque Vale* on the death of Charles Bandelaire, or *Memorial Verses* on the death of Theophile Gautier, or the splendid sonnet sequence on the death of Robert Browning. One of the most generous of admirers, ever ready to appreciate the literary merit of others, he neglects not to pay a tribute of song to the work of a fallen comrade. And a more splendid tribute than *Arc atque Vale* it would be hard to find. In classic restraint, in stateliness, in solemn music like some great requiem, it reaches the high-water mark of elegiac verse. The sonnet sequence on the death of Browning is different. Its tone is vigorous and triumphant rather than mournful, as if the writer had caught the spirit of the great poet who was the subject of his song :

" He held no dream worth waking: so he said,
He who stands now on death's triumphal steep,
Awakened out of life wherein we sleep.
And dream of what he knows and sees, being dead.
But never death for him was dark or dread:
' Look forth! ' he bade the soul, and fear not. Weep.
All ye that trust not in his truth, and keep
Vain memory's vision of a vanished head
As all that lives of all that once was he
Save that which lightens from his word: but we,
Who, seeing the sunset-coloured waters roll,
Yet know the sun subdued not of the sea,
Nor weep nor doubt that still the spirit is whole,
And life and death but shadows of the soul."



WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE, 1910-11.

Miss F. E. Kelly, '12,
Rec. Sec.
Miss H. F. Dufoe, '11,
Literary Editor "Acta"
Miss N. Merritt, '13,
Pianist.

Miss S. E. Dawson, '11,
President.
Miss H. Farley, '12,
Locals, "Acta."
Miss E. M. Cakes, '12,
Asst. Critic.

Mrs. P. Parkes,
Hon. Pres.
Miss M. Lowry, '12,
Athletics, "Acta."
Miss O. I. Whitney, '13,
Recording Sec.

Miss R. C. Hewitt, '11,
Vice-Pres.
Miss E. G. Gibson, '11,
Critic.
Miss B. Clark, '14,
Treas.

Swinburne was a poet of peculiarly ardent temperament. His nature was intense in its hates and loves. Is it a question of children? He adores them. Is it a question of liberty? He is (until his last years) radical and revolutionary. Is it a question of clerical influence? He becomes blasphemous. Is it a question of great men? He worships them. When other men, other poets even, feel the divine flame, he glows at white heat. Of the men of his time who were the special objects of his hero-worship, three stand out most prominently: Walter Savage Landor, Joseph Mazzini, and Victor Hugo. When he addresses these men he shows a curious blending of personal affection with reverence for literary excellence and for service in the cause of liberty. The story of young Swinburne's visit to the aged Landor in Florence is told in memorial verses in *Poems and Ballads*:

"I found him whom I shall not find
Till all grief end,
In holiest age our mightiest mind,
Father and friend."

And thirty years later, in another poem to Landor, we find an expression of love and reverence as strong as ever. To Victor Hugo he paid many tributes. "To the greatest man of France; to the chief of living poets; to the first dramatist of his age; to my beloved and reverent master, Victor Hugo . . . I dedicate this play," he wrote at the beginning of *Mary Stuart*. Again he addresses him in stirring and noble verse:

"Praised above men be thou,
Whose laurel-laden brow,
Made for the morning, droops not in the night;
Praised and beloved, that none
Of all thy great things done
Flies higher than thy most equal spirit's flight;
Praised that nor doubt nor hope could bend
Earth's loftiest head, found upright to the end."

But it would seem that Mazzini more than anyone else influenced the poet's thought, and was in the realm of world politics his master. No doubt there were differences in their views. Mazzini, while not orthodox, was deeply religious; Swinburne was an open foe to established religion. Mazzini was more philosophic than the fiery enthusiast who hailed him as master. Yet

they were alike in their thorough-going republicanism, in their acceptance of the law of self-sacrifice for the good of the cause of liberty, in their hope of a future when all shall possess and enjoy freedom. And when the biography of Swinburne comes to be written we may quite probably find that the friendship of Mazzini was one of the sobering and ennobling influences of Swinburne's life.

“ Italia, mother of the souls of men,
 Mother divine,
 Of all that served thee best with sword or pen,
 All sons of thine,

 “ Thou knowest that here the likeness of the best
 Before thee stands:
 The head most high, the heart found faithfulest,
 The purest hands.”

To say that Swinburne was a lover of liberty is scarcely to assert a distinctive characteristic. All poets, it may be broadly said, are lovers of liberty: “Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us; Burns, Shelley were with us,” sings Browning, himself a steadfast liberal. But Swinburne, in this respect as in others, was more passionate, more intense—he was until his old age a radical, a republican. France, Italy and Russia were the three nations that in particular enlisted his sympathies. France and Italy during his prime of life achieved their liberation, Italy from the oppressive yoke of a foreign power, France from the rule of the usurper and reactionary, Louis Napoleon. Of Russia, the down-trodden people appealed to his pity, while its rulers called down his curses. Many poems might be quoted to show how Swinburne followed with varying emotions the varying fortunes of France and Italy. Despair, hope, faith, exultation succeeded one another as the cause of liberty fluctuates and at last triumphs. One of the most direct expressions of his worship of freedom is found in *Thalassius*. The old sage is teaching the young poet:

“ One fairer thing he showed him, and in might
 More strong than day and night,
 Whose strengths build up time's towering period;
 Yea, one thing stronger and more high than God,
 Which, if man had not, then should God not be:
 And that was liberty.”

This serious note leads us to ask whether Swinburne has any message on the deeper problems of existence. The answer to this question is found in such poems as *Hertha*, *The Altar of Righteousness*, *The Pilgrims*, and *Super Flumina Babylonis*. The conception at the base of *Hertha* seems to be a sort of pantheism; all things together make up God. Yet here he insists more on character than on speculative views:

" But this thing is God,
To be man with thy might,
To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit,
And live out thy life as the light."

This insistence on the greatness and permanence of the law of right is set forth most strongly in one of his latest poems, *The Altar of Righteousness*. Behind all the shifting phenomena of the material world and the course of history, the one thing he finds to be permanent is the law of right in man's heart. Conceptions of God change from age to age, truth may appear clear or vague, "death may live or death may die"; but

" Not for gain of heaven may man put away the rule of right."

This high ethical position is identical with Tennyson's:

" Because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

What place among English poets will be given to Swinburne in the future it is hard to say. One thing is certain: it is not fair to judge him hastily or without taking into account all his work; it is not fair to place the emphasis on his early poems. It seems, on the whole, not unlikely that he may come to be ranked near Shelley, possessing, as he does, a lyrical faculty that may fairly be said to equal that of the earlier poet, holding somewhat similar views that have undergone a like development, fired by the same enthusiasm for liberty, fed by the same hopes for mankind.

IN MEMORIAM

By HELEN M. MERRILL.

About thy grave white cedars I shall plant,
And pines, and by a fountain little ferns
And flowers, maidenhair and violets;
Larches and lindens, and the lowly yew---
The linden blossoms for the golden bees,
The linden branches for a singing bird;
And by the green pools in the grassy stream,
Where amber sunlight sifts the leaves between,
Wild bergamot and balm and mint and musk,
As sweet as ilex groves in summertime,
As sea winds blowing from the Isle of June;
And vines as lattices to veil the light,
Where mosses grow, and scarlet dryads' cups,
A bosky place where falls the forest peace,
Whereto a solitary bird will stray,
Nor know that thine is not his ancient grove,
And so will sing on many opal, autumn eves.

And mine will be deep sighs of mingled pain
And pride and pleasure. You will come at morn
Or eve, and I shall know when you draw near
By many secret tokens. The shy bird
His mellow, lone, impassioned song will sing;
To its enthrallment I my soul shall yield,
And all of life still be illumined by thy love.

And when of earth the last white star has set,
In after years we twain shall loiter there
In the green gloaming of the lonely pines,
To hear the hermit thrush which still will sing,
While we forget that once we suffered death,
Only remembering we ever live and love.

The Maid and the Minister

JEAN BLEWETT.

The door of Squire Hammond's office was opened without ceremony to admit of a head, a pair of broad shoulders, and a breath of November air which fluttered the papers littering the desk, and sent chills up and down the back of the portly squire. "Come out," called a big, cheery voice, "come out, and enjoy the beauties of nature. A nice host you are, stealing off to an office and shutting yourself in with a rusty box stove and a tortoise-shell cat instead of showing me the town. Get into your overcoat and come along."

"Now, why the mischief do you want to go promenading the muddy streets of a little town with the wind knocking the breath from your body, and the sleet tickling your cheek?" growled the Squire with an irritability which affected the other not at all. "Sit down and smoke a pipe in peace and comfort."

"Here's your overcoat; judging from the smell your rubbers are under the stove. That's right. Later you'll bless me for luring you from your stuffy old den."

"Someone may want me," urged the Squire. "On these sort of days the farmers come in to get law, and—"

"So much the more reason you shouldn't be found. When they can't get law they'll be content to settle the matter by common sense. Come on, sir, no shirking."

"I told you on my arrival last night that I came on a mission," the young man continued, linking his arm in the Squire's and forcing that worthy along at a high rate of speed, "and now I'll enlighten you as to its nature. Do you know, I'm going to make this out-of-the-way country town immortal."

Temper and speed combined to keep the Squire silent, and the other went on, "Yes, sir, immortal. Naturally you're curious to know how I propose accomplishing this. Here's the secret, old friend: I'm going to lay the scene of my novel right here. It's to be a Canadian novel—the Canadian novel," modestly. "Behold me burying myself alive in Allanton for the purpose of

getting local color, atmosphere. What the world wants is originality."

"It bids fair to keep on wanting it," commented the Squire drily.

"You're going to be indispensable to me," sinking his voice to a confidential whisper, "you know the place and the people thoroughly, and can tell me all about everything. Have you many interesting, uncommon characters hereabouts? No, no, not freaks—persons who say and do things out of the ordinary. Originality, as I said a moment since, is what the world wants."

"It strikes me," returned the blunt old Squire, "that the author ought to stock up with a little of it on his own account, and not be dependent on what he can scare up among other folk."

"Sure thing," agreed Roger. "I'm nothing if not original. What I want in your old town is atmosphere, and—hello! who comes galloping madly on the gallant roan? Is it—yes, it is a woman as I live, and a young one at that. Who is she, Hammond? Where does she hail from?"

Horse and rider went past with a great spattering of mud and water, and the Squire, replacing the glengarry cap on his grey head, turned to Roger with: "Her name is Bell, and she doesn't hail from any place, she's the village doctor."

"Surely not! I was in hopes I'd found my heroine—beautiful, daring child of nature, and all the rest of it." Roger was plainly aggrieved. "What business has a woman who looks like—Berengaria of Navarre to be anything so commonplace as a village doctor, I'd like to know?"

"No business at all," cheerfully, "but since she insists on following her own sweet will I don't see how you can change matters." The Squire dodged behind his companion, who was enough taller and broader than himself to afford a shelter, and lighted his pipe. "I don't want to grumble at Providence," he resumed between the puffs of smoke, "but I will say that things get pretty well muddled sometimes. As an instance, we have a doctor of divinity and a doctor of medicine in our town. The first-named is a timid little spick-and-span chap—polished finger nails, not a hair on his head criss-cross, patent leathers clean all times of the year. He never said a word to hurt anyone's feel-

ings, or did an unconventional thing in the whole thirty-three years of his life. Good as gold, but too gentle for a man. He has sort of dainty ways that grate on you; you'd swear if you watched him walking down the street that he ought to carry his coat-tails in his hand as a woman does her skirt."

"I can't go that namby-pamby sort." Roger shook his head solemnly. "A man ought to be—well, a man, and not an apology for one."

"I don't say he's namby-pamby," put in the Squire, "my own opinion is he's gritty as a bulldog, but he's queer."

"Does Berengaria—does the little doctor see much of him?" The question was put with a fine show of indifference.

"Naturally, since the sick have souls as well as bodies. Well, I was going to remark that I never see him without thinking that Nature fully intended him for a woman, but somehow mis-managed the job."

"Then," after a pause, "there's Dr. Dorothy Bell. When she goes spinning along in that red cart of hers, or riding the roan at break-neck speed, you realize that she's a girl by accident, not by design. Her face is the face of a handsome boy, short curls pushed back from a big brow, and red mouth set in a firm line. It's a boy's spirit, bold, venturesome, that looks out of her dark eyes. You notice she wears a divided skirt, and rides astride. I'll wager she quarrels with the Lord every day of her life because of her sex."

"I'll wager she laughs in her sleeve at Miss Betty, the minister," said Roger, squaring back his broad shoulders, and thinking complacently of his six-foot of stature. "Could she be induced to take an interest in me, do you think? She might give me material for my book, and—"

"Young man," interrupted the Squire, "she won't care the snap of her fingers for you, or your book—she's the busiest person in the whole of Elgin County, and unless you can manage to fall desperately sick, or break a limb, you needn't hope to claim any time or thought from her."

"Something may happen." Roger's tone was distinctly hopeful. "I'll trust to luck."

Something did happen—the Squire took down with bronchitis. This event did not bid fair to advance the cause of the ambitious.

youth, owing to the fact that his unreasonable old friend insisted on blaming him for the attack, and during the visits of Dr. Dorothy Bell spoke most disparagingly of young fools who, in a search for material for novels which nobody could or would read, lured kind-hearted, long-suffering, unselfish old men out into wind, and rain, and mud, and slush, and brought about their death—or tried to. Dr. Dorothy smiled at Roger, and Roger smiled back at her.

“The ambitions of youth are underrated by the old and wise,” said her smile.

“Right you are,” said his, and the friendship began.

He made a devoted nurse. The doctor never called but she found him on duty. He was over-anxious if anything. If the patient's fever rose ever so little, or the cough grew troublesome, he was off after advice as fast as his long legs would carry him.

“A most exemplary young man,” said the Rev. John Reynolds on one of his visits, “as kindly as he is good to look at.”

“He doesn't fool me,” clucked the ungrateful Squire, “it's Dr. Dorothy he's working for, not a bald-headed bachelor like myself.”

“I hadn't thought of that,” the little minister's voice was gentler than usual even, “but it is only natural. Both are young, happy, full of life and vigor. There is mutual attraction.”

“Mutual attraction be hanged,” growled the Squire with the crossness of a convalescent, “one can understand him, or any other man, admiring her, but what she sees in him puzzles me.”

“His splendid physique, his manliness,” suggested the little minister.

“Manliness means more than physical perfection. I wish—” a pause. “You see the lad has no stability,” he resumed, “and he's eaten up with conceit.”

“Let him but fall deeply enough in love and he will rise above his faults.” The minister stood up to go. “The man who loves Dr. Dorothy Bell is sure to love her with his heart, Squire. Good afternoon.”

“Now I wonder—stranger things have happened,” muttered the Squire, “and he's a man, every inch of him, in spite of his finicky ways. As for Roger,” with something between a

laugh and a groan, "he loves and admires himself more than any other living creature—and always will, always will, his dad did it before him."

After the cold and sleet came golden days filled with sunshine, and the breath of russet leaves and dying flowers. A blue haze half hid Harper's forest, the great wood skirting the river for some seven miles, banked itself in the valleys, climbed half way up the hills. The glory of the Indian summer was on everything.

Dr. Dorothy walking out to enjoy it all met the little minister on the outskirts of the town. "Is it a holiday?" he asked with a smile as they shook hands.

"No, it came to me that I'd like for this long golden afternoon to forget about pills and powders, aches and pains, forget about work and ambition, and be a girl—just a girl." Her big brown eyes looked into his almost timidly. "No matter how dearly one loves work one tires of it sometimes."

"Instinct conquers training, eh? It is so with man, I presume it is so with woman. He shuts himself in his den and reads and smokes, or goes tramping till the fit is past; she dons her purple and fine linen, and goes forth to exact her just due of homage and happiness."

"You are laughing at me," she exclaimed, a thrill of anger in her voice; "because I have the fancy to wear one of the pretty dresses I used to wear you think me frivolous and vain. As for happiness, I have it, Dr. Reynolds, and as for homage I exact it from no one. What do I care for any man's homage?"

"Nothing at all," quietly, "but you cannot prevent his paying it. White is your color, Dr. Bell, you should wear nothing else."

She knew that the dignified thing to do, the right and proper thing to do, was to bow and go her way, but something held her feet, something made her say, still with that quiver of anger in her voice, "You so rarely approve of me, that I should be grateful for this mark of your favor. Let me thank you for thinking the gown all that it ought to be"—with a sweeping curtsy.

"You take me up wrong, you usually take me up wrong," not looking at her, but at the golden-rod bordering the roadside, "I pay you an honest compliment and—"



U. L. S. EXECUTIVE, FALL TERM, 1910-11.

D. E. Dean, '11, H. O. Hutcheson, '13, W. E. MacNiven, '11, F. G. Buchanan, '13, J. R. Rumball, J. R. Laycock, '11, M. P. Smith, '11, W. J. Little, '13,
Councillor, Curator, Asst. Critic, Sec. Councillor, Marshal, Asst. Critic.
H. L. Roberts, '12, R. M. Edmanson, '12, W. R. Green, '11, Dr. De Witt, C. Bishop, C.T., W. J. Morrison, '11, A. H. Plant, '12,
2nd Vice-Pres., Leader of Opp'n., Pres., 1st Vice-Pres., Leader of Gov't, Treas.

“Don’t! Keep your compliments for those who value them so highly, for the dear good ladies of your flock who live, move and have their being for the sole purpose of pleasing you.” With her own ears she heard a voice she knew to be her own, though she longed to deny it, saying these foolish, childish words. Of a sudden a hot blush dyed her cheek, and the eyes were not the eyes of a boy, but of a girl shamed and shy.

“There, it’s over.” Shaking herself till the white gown with its silken petticoat rustled softly, and a curl slipped from under the hat brim and lay a shining ring on the wide brow. “Think I must have caught it from the wife of a lumberman at Harper’s Corner. The poor man, when he came in to consult me, said she was ‘took with tantrums, and spoke and did outrageously contrary.’ Put it down to tantrums, Dr. Reynolds.” She held out her hand. “I’m going to turn over a new leaf—from this time forth Dr. Dorothy Bell is a changed person.”

“I do not want her changed,” he answered lightly. “She has been a bit of brightness in the dull lives of the Allanton folk, and when she goes her way to the very highest sphere of all, her husband’s fireside, we are going to miss her greatly.”

“Thank you,” turning to go, “you are very kind.”

The little minister watched her as she walked away, tall and lithe and strong. His eyes said many things, his lips but one, “She’s not for me. God bless her!”

And Dr. Dorothy taking the path on the hill, pausing now and then to adorn herself with a scarlet leaf from the blackberry bushes which clutched her skirts as she passed them, wondered why she had lost her temper, called the minister a dainty old dear, and assured herself that more than anything else in a man she admired strength, and the fearlessness which strength begets.

At this stage fate led her into the soft shadows of the wood, where Roger, a splendid young giant in a grey tweed hunting suit, a gun on his shoulder and a red setter at heels, met her, walked with her, and talked with her. He was not one to let the grass grow under his feet. When the twain shook hands at her office door, as the hazy day deepened into a hazier twilight, and a slim moon sailed on a silver cloud straight over the bald hills lying all about the town, he had managed to convey to her the intelligence that he admired her beauty, her cleverness, her

charming womanliness—that if he failed to win her the probabilities were he would die a bachelor; and she had promised to give the matter her consideration.

The next day Dr. Dorothy Bell held a conversation over the 'phone with the foreman of the Harper lumber camp. She was extremely busy for some two hours after, packing her medicine chest afresh, writing letters, sending telegrams, and visiting the few patients needing her care. It was not till the roan was hitched to the red cart that she rang up Squire Hammond.

"I wish to tell you something," she began, on recognizing the Squire's "Hello!" "Three of the lumbermen at Harper's Corner have fallen ill of some epidemic—the foreman fears smallpox. Mrs. Masson of the boarding-house is prostrated with nervousness, and, as none of the men will act as nurses, the poor fellows bid fair to suffer from neglect. I am going down—no, don't interrupt me—oh, for shame! the Rev. John shall preach a sermon on the sin of swearing. I feel I ought to go—no, not foolhardiness, dear old friend, just firmness," with her old laugh. "I've wired up to the city for a couple of nurses. In the meantime I hope that Mr. Roger Grant will come to the front. He studied medicine for two years, and has a good knowledge of things—besides, he is so big and bold, he'll see that none of us lose heart."

"Listen to me, Dr. Dorothy, brave little woman," the Squire answered with an earnestness which disquieted her, "he won't go. I'll give him your message, but he won't go."

"Why won't he?" she asked sharply.

"Because he's a coward, that's why."

"You don't understand him," she returned proudly, "he does not know the meaning of fear."

But out at Harper's Corner doubts began to assail her. The place was the essence of loneliness, some half-dozen rough shanties occupied by the lumbermen at work in the great wood skirting the river, a barn-like structure known as "Masson's Meal House," and a shed for stores. In the latter was the foreman's office, and from this office ran telephone communication with Allanton. There could be no putting her hand to the plow and looking back, the desolate place held her. Two of the patients were but slightly ill, the other was in a critical condition.

All that first night the wind wailed among the trees, and next day the first real snowstorm of the season set in. She could see nothing from the window but a drifting sea of white. In spite of herself she grew more and more depressed. Part of the road to Harper's Corner was little more than a trail; a few more hours of wind and snow and the nurses would not be able to get to her assistance. Roger had not hastened to the scene, and as yet no word of encouragement had come in answer to the note sent the little minister from her office in Allanton.

Mrs. Masson was too frightened to be of any use to her, and old Granny Masson, who insisted on bearing her company, told such gruesome tales when awake, and snored so loudly when asleep, that Dr. Dorothy wished her anywhere else. The foreman watched with her the second night. Coming in about ten o'clock he handed her a folded paper. "Message from Allanton," he said. Ah! Roger's explanation. She spread it out with some eagerness. It was from Squire Hammond and read:

"Roger left for home this A.M. Feels he shouldn't take any risks until such time as the great novel is finished."

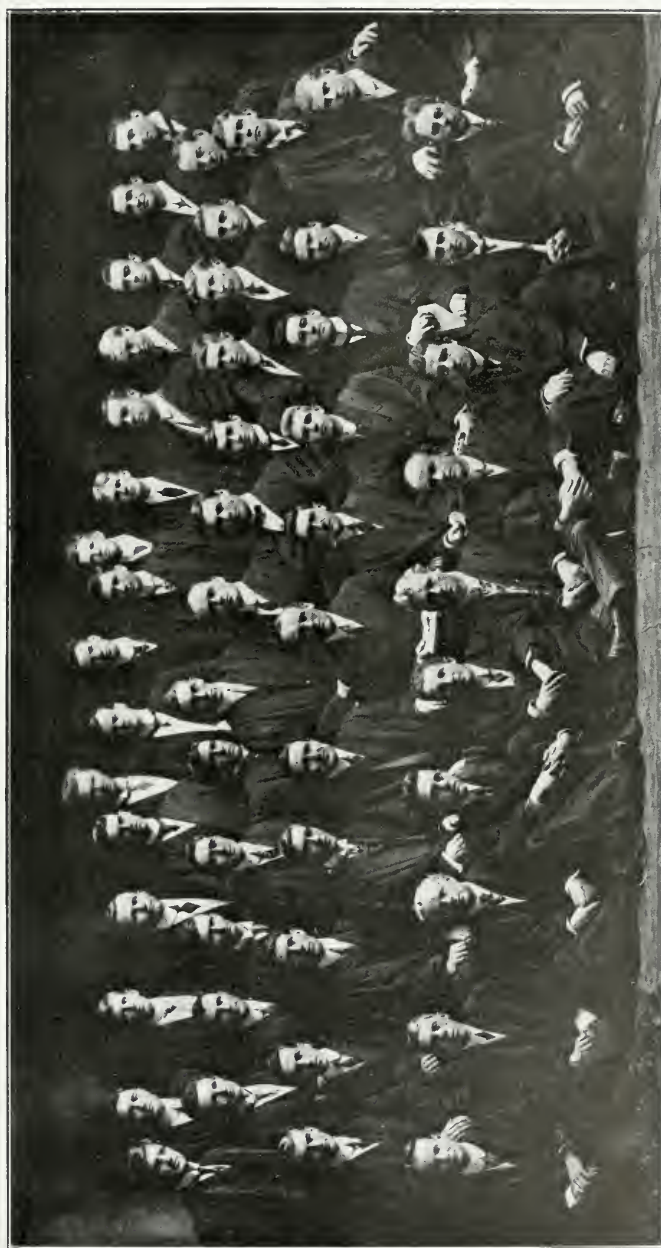
Her lip curled, then she laughed—so much for that specimen of manliness.

She was all physician through the long hours of the night. At dawn, a misty, silvery dawn, the sickest of the three men died. Then she was a woman shivering partly with the cold and partly with the dread that she was not equal to her task.

Battling with a wild desire to break into sobbing, she stepped out into a snowy world. There was a ribbon of rose in the east, one lone star still shone, but 'twas pale and dim. Someone was making up a roaring fire in the "Meal House," she could see the glow through the uncurtained window. Presently this "someone" opened the door and walked toward her. He picked his way among the drifts with a certain daintiness, and, yes, without a doubt, he held the tail of his best overcoat in his mittened hand. A moment later she was pillowing that haughty head of hers on a rather meagre shoulder, and whispering over and over:

"What made you come, John, what made you come?"

"I came to take care of you," he told her cheerfully, "would have been here sooner only that I went to town for my sister, a



VICTORIA COLLEGE GLEE CLUB, 1910-11.

W. R. Green, Bus. Mgr., W. P. E. James, Treas., H. L. Roberts, Pres., J. M. Sherlock, Conductor, G. I. Stephenson, B.A., Hon. Pres., C. E. Locke, 1st Vice-Pres., F. T. Graham, Sec., W. E. Sloane, Pianist.

trained nurse. She's over at the house, and breakfast waits. Come along, little woman."

"John," with a wave toward the shanty, "there's a man dead in there. Aren't you afraid of infection?" John lifted a pair of eyes radiant and steadfast. "I was never afraid in my life," he said quietly.

"I was, last night," nestling closer, "horribly afraid."

"You frightened yourself. God never meant man, woman or child to be a coward. It's over now, you are your old brave self. We'll have better conditions here, and get the disease checked. You're going to do your work in a way to make us all proud of you, going to prove that you deserve the title Bob Town gave you when you set his leg, 'Dr. Dorothy, the best ever!'"

Dorothy stood up grandly. "Until this business is ended I promise you to forget that I'm a girl, promise to be Dr. Bell—without the Dorothy."

She did it, too. The task was not so hard as she had feared. The patients improved, only one case developed, and it proved a light one. There could be no going home for Christmas, but what of that? In addition to all the Christmas cheer which the Meal House boasted—and never had Harper's Corner known the like of it—came a huge hamper from Dr. Dorothy's proud parents, and another from the Squire.

With the latter came a characteristic letter apprising Dr. Dorothy of the fact that she was worth her weight in gold, also that she was a headstrong young fool, and ending up with:

"But Providence certainly watches over people of your order, and sees that you get the best going—witness the events of the last three weeks. The best day's work you ever did was when you won the little minister. A Merry Christmas, and congratulations to you both."

After the signature was a postscript which made Dr. Dorothy laugh till she cried.

"Have just heard from Roger. He has gone into the millinery business. Couldn't find enough originality floating 'round to make the great novel interesting."

WIND AND WAVE

By F. OWEN, B.A.

What says the wind,
As it soughs and sighs,
As it sweeps through the trees
With sobs and cries?
Whispering secrets none may know
But those who see where the breezes blow,
Rustling, flustering the clustering leaves,
Storming, blustering, it sorrows and grieves,
With wails and with moans its soul overflows,
As it howls and shrieks and whistles its woes;
 Soughing and sighing,
 Sobbing and crying,
Ever the sad wind mourns in the trees.

What say the waves,
As they roll and roam,
As they rage at the rocks
With fury and foam?
Rushing along with lingering plaint,
Like souls of sin that are hungry and faint,
Whirling, swirling the curling seas,
Rending, hurling, it surges and flees,
It throbs in its throes again and again,
As it lashes and swishes and hisses its pain,
 Rolling and roaming,
 Raging and foaming,
Ever the lost waves heave o'er the seas.

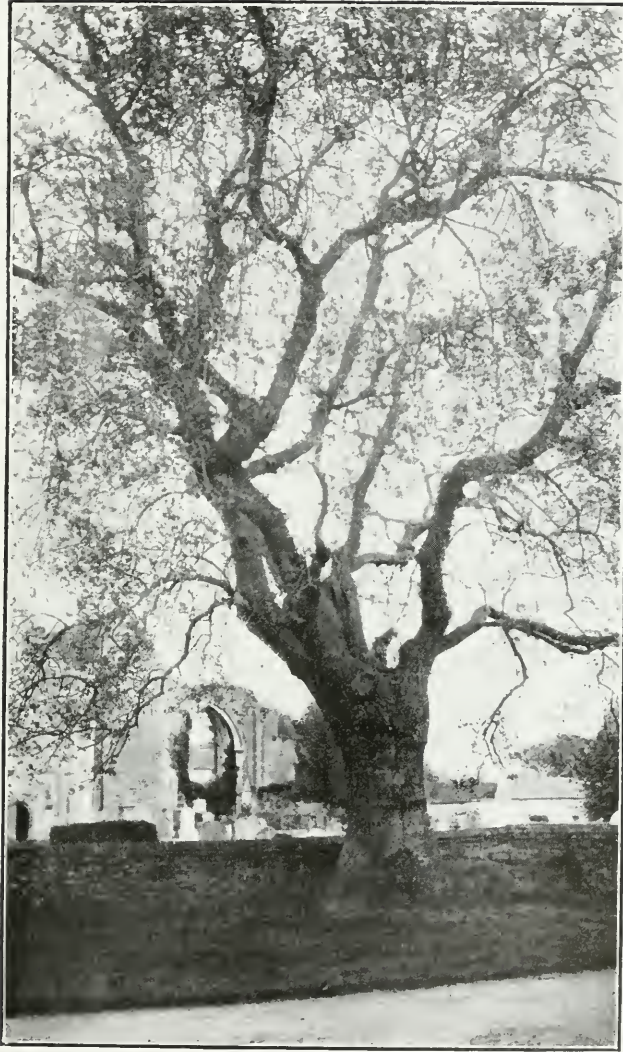
Three of My Snapshots

J. C. ROBERTSON, M.A.

Of the various articles I have written for ACTA during the past decade and a half, none has ever yet attained to the dignity of being illustrated; from their nature none could be. So now, when I am asked to contribute an illustrated article on something of what I saw while abroad last year, the temptation is irresistible to follow the fashion of certain American magazines and to subordinate what I may write entirely to the pictures. The Editor may perhaps object to having ACTA thus lowered to the level of *Munsey's*, but the writer's task will be so much lighter that his own conscience is not likely to upbraid him.

Landing at Southampton on April 21 of last year, we spent the next seven weeks before going up to London in the South-eastern counties, passing from the Isle of Wight and the New Forest by way of the downs and the sea coast of Sussex to the cliffs and countryside of Kent. Spring was unusually late in the South of England, and we were thus fortunate enough to see during these weeks the whole progress of the advancing springtide, from the first leafing out of the hedges to the time of roses. On our first arrival the rathe primrose, with its pale, inimitable delicacy, was everywhere along the lanes and banks, while before we reached London the rhododendrons were out in all the glory of their crimson bloom. But as late as the 26th of May, when we visited Winchelsea, the ash and the oak, always the most deliberate of trees, were still showing only faint signs of green.

Few towns in England have had so melancholy a history as Winchelsea. Under the earlier Plantagenet kings it was one of the most notable and prosperous of English towns, a busy seaport ranking with the Cinque Ports. But three times within fifty years the town suffered heavily through inundations from the sea, and after the last of these (in 1287) it was decided to rebuild the town on a hill close by. Two miles away across the meadows lies its sister-town, Rye, also in its day a great seaport, and, like Winchelsea, built for safety on a hill. Each had, and



WESLEY'S TREE, WINCHELSEA. SUSSEX.

still has in part, its city walls and towered gates, for in those days French and English were continually harrying each other's coasts. Rye is built on a small conical hill, and thus is very compact; from every point of view the red-tiled roofs rise one above another, clustering thick about the fine old church which tops the view. Winchelsea's hill forms a plateau, and the new town was planned on a correspondingly extensive scale. A vast church (one of three) was to occupy the centre, in a churchyard of huge proportions; while about it the town was divided into forty ample rectangular squares by streets of a generous width unusual in England. But the nave of the church was never built, the transepts were left half finished and are now in ruins, and the only part completed was the choir, which now serves as the parish church, and even so is all too large for a cure which has dwindled to 500 souls.

In the fourteenth century, while the new town was building, with every prospect of future greatness, disasters came thick and fast upon its energetic citizens. It had been an important factor in both the French and the Scotch wars of the Edwards, furnishing, for example, 600 sailors and a score of ships for the siege of Calais in 1347. But in 1349 came the Black Death and depopulated the town, and ten years later the French, not for the first time or the last, landed and took vengeance on Winchelsea. The town was set on fire and pillaged, and many of its inhabitants slain. The following year, and again twenty years later, these attacks were repeated. Under these successive blows of fortune Winchelsea sank, until early in the fifteenth century its ruin was completed by the receding of the very sea which had driven it from its ancient site. Long stretches of marsh now separate it from a shallow roadstead, fast silting up; a tiny tidal river allows diminutive coasting vessels to come up to its walls, but all its trade has vanished. To-day the very wideness of its streets and the thinly scattered dwellings suggest a loneliness such as one seldom realizes in an English village.

Of personal associations Winchelsea has but little to boast. One interesting and still beautiful sign of its ancient importance is the fine Gothic tomb in the choir, where lie the remains of Gervaise Alard, who in the time of Edward I. was the first Englishman to bear the title of Admiral. A less permanent



FROM THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA.

abode is that of Ellen Terry, who has a small and cosy-looking cottage on the brow of the hill, where one can look out past the remains of one of the city gates and over the level meadows to the distant channel. John Wesley also visited Winchelsea (where in England did he not go?) and under a tree close by the churchyard he preached on October 7th, 1790, what was fated to be his last out-of-door sermon. The tree, still known as Wesley's Tree, is a magnificent ash, standing just outside the churchyard wall and directly west of the church. An arch of the ruined south transept may be discerned in the background. Wesley's entry, one of the very last to be made in his journal, reads thus in part: "I went over to that poor skeleton of Winchelsea. . . . I stood under a large tree on the side of it (i.e., the church square) and called to most of the inhabitants of the town 'The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand; repent and believe the gospel.' It seemed as if all that heard me were, for the moment, almost persuaded to be Christians."

* * *

Everyone is familiar with the aspect of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. The accompanying view, taken from one of the upper stories of the tower, shows rather strikingly the degree of inclination. To the west of the tower lie first the Duomo or Cathedral, with a dome supported on richly carved pillars, and farther off the Baptistery, an immense rotunda crowned with a noble dome. Both are built of white marble ornamented with black and colored marbles in varied geometrical designs, and seen under the clear Italian sky the three buildings form a group of dazzling brightness. The tower itself is six or seven stories high, each having a circle of pillars around the central core, from which they are separated by a narrow walk, unprotected by any outer railings. The guide books had spoken of the peculiar sensation of looking down from the overhanging side: this I did not myself find so noticeable as the sensation of walking around the slanting passage just inside the pillars—an operation perhaps not without its danger in the high spring wind blowing over the Tuscan plains that day. The picture was taken standing near the central core, a few feet away from one of the pillars, and looking past this down upon the Duomo and Baptistery.

* * *

If in all Greece one can visit but two places, these should assuredly be Athens and Delphi. To reach the latter the best, or rather the least bad, way is to take steamer from either end of the Corinthian Gulf and land at Itea, a squalid port on the north shore, whence carriages take one in about three hours to Delphi. First one is driven for half an hour through a wide plain, filled as far as the eye can see with olive groves, and then by a long, winding road up and up the mountain side, until finally, at an elevation of nearly 2,000 feet, one comes to the modern village of Kastri—a very modern one, indeed (though by no means up-to-date); for when, about twenty years ago, the French excavators began to dig out the site of ancient Delphi, they had to demolish a Greek village built on top of the site and rebuild it half a mile nearer the sea. But even when one has reached Kastri nothing can be seen of Delphi itself, until one comes to a sudden turn of the road as it winds along the hillside high above a gorge through which flows a mountain torrent far below, and there on the left or northern slope of the mountain side lies all that remains of Delphi. Although one has been travelling steadily toward the summit of Parnassus, its snowy peak is lost to sight behind the nearer heights as soon as one leaves Itea. But as one climbs and winds up the hillside he has, by way of compensation, a glorious view of the olive-covered plain immediately below, then the blue waters of the Corinthian Gulf beyond, and across it the Peloponnesus, a jumble of bare, rugged peaks, with the snowy summit of Mount Cyllene in Arcadia overtopping all its neighbors. As soon, however, as one turns the corner of the road and comes in sight of Delphi this view is completely shut out. Delphi could never have been visible from the sea; the pilgrim, whether travelling from the north or the south, was close at hand before it burst in all its magnificence upon his vision.

The chief and central feature of ancient Delphi was its sacred preeinet, an irregular quadrilateral of about 600 feet by 450. This lay with its greatest length running steeply up the hillside, the great temple of Pythian Apollo in the centre. To this temple a road ran zig-zagging up from the entrance at one of the lower corners, and crowded close on both sides of this sacred street were the votive monuments and trophies erected by grateful

cities of Greece in honor of the god of Delphi. One of these, the building shown in the illustration, has been reconstructed out of the fallen materials lying *in situ*. Only about one-fifth of the original fragments were missing, and these have been replaced by tufa blocks; the original portions are of Parian marble.

This was the Treasury of the Athenians, a small Doric temple



IN DELPHI.

built by the Athenians after their victory at Marathon in thanksgiving to Apollo. In it, as in the treasuries of other cities within the sacred precinct, were guarded the various precious offerings from grateful citizens or from the state itself. On a narrow triangular platform close to the south (in the picture

the left) side of this Treasury were erected the trophies of Marathon, and along the base of that side of the temple there may be read to this day an inscription running the length of the building: "The Athenians to Apollo, the spoils of the Medes from the battle at Marathon."

The road seen in the background is that leading towards the Corinthian Gulf: the village of Kastri is around the corner. On the nearer side of the bend, and close to the road, but hidden from us by the Treasury, is the museum, where have been placed the chief finds from the excavations, the most famous of all being the bronze statue of a charioteer, clad in a long, close-fitting pleated robe, and standing watchful and calmly confident. If one stands on the spot from which this picture was taken he is close to the place where the sacred street reaches the great temple of Apollo. This itself would be just to the right hand, but of course on a higher level, as the hillside slopes up from left to right. Of this temple nothing remains but the foundation platform and the base.

At the right-hand margin of the picture may be seen a rough mass of native rock, which at once arrests the visitor's attention: for all else about is artificial and carefully wrought, and space for new monuments and trophies must have been hard to find and very valuable. Had the rock not been of special importance and sanctity it would certainly have been replaced by some monument or edifice. The testimony of Pausanias shows conclusively that this was the Sibyl's Rock. Here, in the early years before Delphi became a centre of Greek worship, there arose from among these rocks certain intoxicating vapors, under whose influence and spell the Sibyl (not to be confounded with the priestess of Apollo of historical times, but probably the priestess of an earlier cult) uttered her prophecies. The sanctity of this primitive place of the manifestation of divine power evidently remained inviolate to the last. Here too, among these very rocks, was the haunt of the dragon Python, vanquished and slain by Apollo, who thus obtained the epithet Pythian, always associated with the God of Delphi, and whose worship was thenceforth established in this wild mountain pass. The patron saint of Delphi he remains also to this day: for does not the

chief inn of the neighboring village, bare and simple and primitive though it is, bear proudly the resounding title of *Grand Hôtel d'Apollon Pythien*?

The Lake in November

Cold and gray is thy face, O Lake,
Gray and cold are thy waves,
And thy rock-strewn shore is as bleak and dull
And as chill as the water that laves.
Through the cloud-grey sky, the sickly sun
Weakly drops forth a few dull rays
That but heighten thy pallor, with mockery grim
Of the glory of summer days.
And thy voice, O waters, then soft and low
Or laughing in storm-tossed leap,
Moans forth its dull song in listless tone
—The autumn dirge of the deep.

W. C. G. ('12 .

I THANK YOU

By MERCY E. McCULLOCH, B.A., '01

Dear one, the roses that you sent to-night
Are rarer blooms than even you suppose,
For, in their perfumed hearts, the charms
Of nosegays long since faded, they disclose.

The daisy chains and dandelion curls
With which you decked me forth in childhood days,
The wood-anemones and violets
You sought for me in moss-grown woodland ways,

The "mums" I wore at the great football game,
The holly twined that Christmas in my hair,
Commencement roses, bridal lilies, too,
The hyacinths you tended with such care.

All these I find within the fragrant hearts
Of the rare roses pressed against my breast:
Dear one, I thank you doubly for these flowers,
Because once more in them bloom all the rest.

Christmas Soliloquy of a Down-Town Church

ADELINE TESKEY.

I have had a place in this world a number of years, I cannot say exactly how many, but the marks and scars of time, like the wrinkles on a human face, acquaint every one who looks at me of the fact that they are not a few. I have been silent all through those years, but this is a progressive age in which I find myself; animals of the lower creation, and even inanimate things have been allowed to speak—why should not a church?

No desire for display or spirit of rivalry prompted the laying of my corner-stone and the raising of my superstructure. No millionaire bore the "burden" of my construction. Neither was my advent made in poverty; wood and stone were in great abundance through the country at the time, and some of the best of those are incorporated in my bones and sinews. My window frames and doors are made of oak that has buffeted the storms of hundreds of years, my uncarpeted floors and pews are made of the same imperishable wood. It never occurred to my builders to cushion my seats—such an act of self-indulgence would have seemed almost sacrilege. I was built for a place in which to worship God, not to while away a luxurious hour listening to high-art performances in pulpit and choir-gallery.

It was said that I was a thing of beauty as I stood among the green trees which whispered around me, the birds caroling over my roof, or holding soft little colloquies from one treetop to another, as if passing remarks about me. My builders were very proud of me—my solidity of body, my heaven-pointing spire, my sweet-toned bell, my air of sanctity, which made people drop their voices to a whisper when they came within my walls—and one bright summer day it was with full hearts they consecrated me to the worship of Almighty God.

At my opening services a little baby girl was brought in to be christened; now she is a very old woman, and it is through her many experiences that my recollections have been kept fresh.

It was a proud day on which the music of my bell first reverberated through the streets of the village, streets without pave-

ments, electric lights, street cars, cabs, automobiles. I was the First Church, and the first people were to become worshippers within my walls, well-dressed men, softly-clad women, rose-bud children.

After the ceremony of dedication, work proceeded Sunday after Sunday within my walls without interruption. Deep passages of Scripture were learnedly expounded, sermons were preached, hymns and prayers ascended like incense to heaven. I seemed to have a place between the seen and the unseen; in my aura the good were made better, and, more mysterious still, in some cases the moral Ethiopian may be said to have changed his skin, and the leopard his spots.

There have been red-letter days in my experience. One of these was the day, when all dressed in virgin white, at the age of fifteen, the baby who had been christened at my dedication "joined the church." My anniversaries are never-to-be-forgotten days, when my builders rejoiced over me as a mother might rejoice over the birthday of a child. "Harvest Home" Sundays stand out vividly, when my congregation, having decked up with the sheaves of golden grain, the clusters of purple grapes, the corn and pumpkins, thanked God for an abundant harvest. Missionary Sundays are memorable days, when the people, having given a good subscription toward sending the Gospel to the heathen, sang with heart and voice,

" From many an ancient river,
From many a balmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain,"

until my very walls seemed to tremble.

Of wedding days there have been many, when my interior has been redolent with flowers and perfume. Pre-eminent among these was the day the "first baby" stood before my altar and placed her soft little hand into the clasp of one stronger; and the twain struck out on a new path together.

About this time some of my progenitors and staunch supporters, dear old men and women with furrowed brows and trembling hands, and that far-away look in their eyes which denotes that they are catching a glimpse of another shore, began to weary and

faint by the way. They were buried under the green sod in the plot of ground on which I stand. Those graves increased with the passage of time, until I was in the midst of a field of the dead.

Years rolled on, and the village grew to a city. The vacant land around my site began to be eagerly bought up and built upon, and it was thought necessary to the health of the new residents that the dead be taken from around me and moved to distant quarters. This was a great grief to many of my friends; and in some cases relatives of the deceased, when the sacred dust was carried away, placed tablets to their memories in my interior walls, tablets on which were inscribed their names and a few of their virtues.

The building in my immediate neighborhood increased rapidly, and what was called by some people the "better class" sold their property and moved farther up town. They said the only regret they had was leaving me, and some of them even shed tears at the parting.

My locality became more crowded; business houses, some reputable and some not so savory, became my near neighbors. The jangle of the world was at my very threshold; the sanctity of the place, to a superficial observer, was gone. But the "first baby," by this time a middle-aged woman, said that I seemed like a green, sweet oasis in a desert among the down-town din, and she hoped nothing would induce the church fathers to sell me, and allow me to be turned into a business place. "It seems as if I could not stand it," she added with a little sob.

In time large offers were made for me, because my site was considered very valuable, but some of my churchwardens, who *really* sought the kingdom of God before the dollar, maintained that I was doing much good in that locality, and should not be sacrificed for a mere money consideration.

By the time I had reached my golden jubilee, the well-dressed, comfortable-looking people were seldom seen within my walls. The peace-radiating trees which had once stood around me were all cut down, a bird-song was never heard in my vicinity. The sun by day, and the moon by night were the only outward and visible things that maintained their old relations toward me, and continued to shed the blessing of their presence upon me.



1911 CLASS EXECUTIVE.

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|-----------------------------------|------------------------------|---|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| E. J. Pratt,
Prophet. | Miss W. L. Colbeck,
Poet. | B. H. Robinson,
Historian. | H. B. Van Wyck,
Poet. | Miss E. A. Anderson,
Treasurer | E. A. McCulloch,
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Senior Stic. |
| | | D. B. Leitch, Secy. | F. J. Livingston, Athletic Stic. | | Miss E. G. Gibson,
Historian. |

A few more years, and for want of proper care my sweet-toned bell fell from its tower and was slightly cracked. Since that time there is a flat sound in the music I send out on the Sabbath air, which is far from pleasing to cultivated ears. It is a cause for thankfulness that few of the owners of these are within hearing distance.

At intervals of years some of the old worshippers dropped into my service, remarking with surprise at such times that, notwithstanding my many humiliations, the dust and grime around me, the thunder of the street cars, the vulgarity of the theatre bills, the maddening human crowd, I still retained that subtle, indefinable something which caused people to whisper when they came within my walls.

Children's children visit me, steal up my quiet aisle, and say in awed undertones, "My grandfather worshipped in this church."

As has been remarked, the rich, even the well-to-do, come no more as regular worshippers within my walls, but the poor, the people who live among the simplicities of life, and are nearer the heart of things, feel that I belong to them. The trembling inebriate knows that he can come in without being stared at, and the abandoned and forsaken seek my shelter in which to shed tears of repentance. I have many causes for thankfulness.

No paid soloist within my walls shakes the words of the sacred hymns until she shakes all the meaning and sacredness out of them. No high-salaried "doctor of music" plays his light, sermon-scattering ditties on my organ. No rich man dictates what the minister must say or leave unsaid. No silken-clad women frighten the poor and ill-clad from my aisles. No Higher Critic thinks it worth while to air his views in my pulpit. No Pharisees sit in my front seats. I am burdened with no church debt.

It is Christmas Eve again—how many of them I have enjoyed—and in the gloaming the "first baby," all dressed in soft black this time, has tottered in (her step has grown very feeble) and fastened a few bunches of holly around my pulpit. It is years since I have had any before. She bowed her head when she was through with the decorating, and whispered something about it being her last Christmas on earth. Then she called down bless-

ings upon me, and the years I had yet before me, and went out crooning an old hymn.

Oh! it is a glorious thing to live—to have the opportunity of leaving an impress on the world! Serving my day, and the present generation, quite as well as when I was the First Church, I would not exchange places with the most aristocratic cathedral in the city.



OUT OF PLACE, BUT INTERESTING—LONDON, 1909.

LULLABIES OF THE LAKE

F. OWEN, B.A.

Rock me to sleep on thy soft soothing swell,
Sing me the songs of thy soul;
Show me the mysteries tongue cannot tell
While on thy billows I roll;
Bring from the depths of thine infinite heart
Tales of thy gladness and pain,
Dreams of thy life that will never depart
Whisper again and again.

What dost thou hide in thy dark, restless deep?
Heaving and throbbing it grieves.
Whence are the shadows that over thee sweep
With ripples the light breezes weave?
Art thou so weary thou ever must sigh,
Weary yet never to rest?
Why with the winds can thy seeking not die,
Bringing sweet peace to thy breast?

List to the stars in their silvery dreams,
Lulled in thy watery graves;
Vastness above thee and mirrored there seems
A heaven asleep in thy waves;
What say the clouds as they gently caress
Thy brow with their diamond-like tears?
Why to thine ears do they always confess,
Their sorrows, their joys and their fears?

Rock me to sleep with thy soft lullabies,
Crooning the songs of thy soul;
Both of us long for the same Paradise,
Both of us strive for the goal.
Rest, it is rest from the fight and the toil,
Rest from the brooding that mars;
Peace, it is peace from the throng and the moil,
Calm as the infinite stars.

Some Aspects of George Eliot's Novels

(*From a Paper read before the Letters Club.*)

C. W. STANLEY.

Obviously it is a bootless task to quarrel with popular opinion on the merits of a novelist. For of all writers a novelist makes the most democratic appeal—he writes for the great bulk of the public who read at all; and the public, knowing this, object to being hectored into a like or dislike of any novel-writer. It is much easier to change the general criticism on Milton or Spencer, whom “the general” never read. With no attempt to proselytize then, I shall merely state that the grounds alleged by George Eliot’s detractors seem to me to be insufficient, and indeed, not to the point. She is blamed by most of her adverse critics for being too psychological—though the objection does not always involve that ambitious term—she pays too much attention to the inner workings of character, and is in consequence dull, or, at least, heavy. Whether she deserves these harsh names or not is not the question just here. The point is, is she dull *because of* devoting her attention to the inner workings of character? I hope not, for if they are not interesting I know of nothing such.

In a general way all novelists have concerned themselves with human character; and usually when we refer to a novelist’s work it is his “characters” we speak of. In the same way, in everyday life we are all concerned with men—but the tailor merely clothes a man; there are others who have an infinitely closer relation in humanity. Others again are related even more distantly. So it is with the novelists in their portrayal of character. Broadly speaking, what do we know of the heart of any of Scott’s so-called characters? It is undeniable that they are interesting. It is undeniable that we know them. But it is the external conduct of each that interests us. So it comes about that you can describe Quentin Durward, say, with two or three adjectives. Or consider even a novel like Reade’s *The Cloister and the Hearth*, where the whole story turns on the course of action that a character will take when tugged in various direc-

tions by diverse appeals. But a few epithets, or at most a few phrases, will describe Gerard, and indeed tell the entire tale. Jane Austen limited herself to depicting a narrow range of characters within a narrow sphere. But it does not follow that her analysis will be more minute. She labels one character Pride, another Prejudice, and is content with seeing how these predominant motives interact.

I am not finding fault with these authors because their analysis of character is not more minute. But I do think it a great blunder to decry George Eliot because she took for her field the inner workings of the human heart. I say "inner workings" because she frees herself more from externals than does any other novelist. *Romola* in mediaeval Florence acts much the same as *Maggie Tulliver* in modern England. Bratti, the pedlar, and Bob Jakin, the pedlar, might be interchanged. In any of the novels development of character is the predominant interest. It is frequently stated that this applies to all novels, but it can readily be shown that this is not the case. Dicken's work may be said to be the study of human nature under certain conditions. But it is the mud-colored surroundings more than the characters themselves that interest the author and his readers. In Scott's tales what holds our attention is the manners and customs of the times he deals with. When he tells of a tournament we never think of the emotions that surge in the breasts of the combatants. Even the present "problematic" school of writers, who tell us they must deal with conditions because those conditions have an evil influence on human nature, never get within a league of character.

As was said at the outset, whether our author is dull or not is another question. While I do not think she is, I admit that it is inevitable that she should be thought so by a very large proportion of readers. Nowadays American publishers are producing "expurgated" editions of Scott. In these there are no historical footnotes, the foreign expressions are translated into English, the old English phrases modernized. I suppose the term "expurgated" shows that these omissions and changes are as necessary as the abridgements in Boecacio. But George Eliot can never be expurgated in that way. The difficulties that repel the readers of American editions are imbedded in her

work. They do not consist of antiquarian niceties, or philosophic terms, or French phrases. It is not to the uneducated that she cries:

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.

Her work requires, however, a sustained attention, an appreciation of the more enduring things of life, a capacity for mounting now and again to the eminence whence all things human may be surveyed. To such demands not all readers, whether educated or illiterate, will or indeed can, respond. Upon whom then is the blame to rest? There is much in Browning's poetry on music and Italian art which many of us do not fully comprehend or appreciate. But we are not disposed to quarrel with the poet for our own deficiencies.

Despite George Eliot's skill in depicting character, in its workings and development, it seems to me that there is at least one serious objection to her whole conception of human nature. She makes it too subjective in its growth—there is not sufficient allowance made for environment. Take *Romola* for example. The scene is laid in Florence about the year 1492, the year that was one of the great turning points in history. And Florence was the focus of much that happened in that epoch-making year. Our author is fully aware of the stress of events, and in many ways she calls that stress to our minds. But it is not marked by any change in the characters we are dealing with. The characters slowly change, develop; but the development is the direct, undeviating result of the germ that is within them. Nello, the barber, does not talk quite the same at the end of the story as at the beginning—the talk is sillier and more inapposite; but at the beginning one could prophesy what his character will finally become, even if one knew nothing of the events that happen in the story. Tito becomes more selfish and hard, but the change would have been precisely the same had he married some other woman than Romola, had Baldassare never pursued him, had the French never entered Florence, nor Savonarola been excommunicated. Perhaps Silas Marner is the only exception to this rule in George Eliot's works. Yet even his case hardly contradicts the theory. We feel that Silas is developing along predestined lines rather than that his character is changed by an

accident. We are distinctly told that he is a miser because the accumulation of wealth is the only channel left open for his energies. His wealth is taken from him, so that he has no longer any gold to gloat over; and Eppie, the little foundling that comes into his home, reawakens the relationship to his fellow-men. The criticism that George Eliot's characters act too much on intellectual motives, too little as a result of emotional impulse, is not adequate. Tito, for example, is always acting upon impulses that result from the emotions of the moment. But our author constantly points out that these impulses are the result of motives that are not momentary. It seems nearer the mark to say that the mechanical nature of her work is due to the fact that she over-emphasized the germ in character, and paid too little attention to the environment, not only of events, but also of other characters.

It does not follow from what we have said of character being the predominant interest in her work that George Eliot's novels have no other features. There must be a setting for any character study. Nor, while the externals are subsidiary, are they without a fascination of their own: in three of the novels, *Adam Bede*, *Silas Marner*, *The Mill on the Floss*, the setting is of the highest excellence. She had essayed this field in her early work, *Amos Barton*, as a tyro; here she made it her own. She had been observing this uneventful Warwickshire life with a keen, sympathetic eye; and she now brought to bear on it the imagination that is the first requisite of a novelist. A romanticist's imagination is different. It carries him beyond the possibilities of human experience; it creates only. The imagination of the novelist is not less creative or poetic, and is really a much rarer faculty; it takes up every-day objects and subdues them to itself. (Here, by the way, is the reason why so many stupid people imagine they can write novels—as George Sand complains, modern “artists” give us the every-day things and leave out the imagination.) To return to the setting of our author's most successful books: it is the life of the midland counties, which she had known in childhood. Her imaginative clothing of familiar objects is excellently shown in the way in which she mingled and interfused the scenes, events and characters she had known so well. Often three or four prototypes are blended into one

character of the fiction. The background for all these stories is admirably done. The scene in the Rainbow Tavern is one of the best of its kind in literature. Mrs. Poyser's dairy is a creation that is unsurpassed. Few characters in fiction live in our imaginations as does Maggie Tulliver.

Of the many minor characteristics of these works one must not be overlooked. Many an author has made child characters interesting for children. No one has made them so interesting for adults as has George Eliot. It is not that we merely pity them for their helplessness, or love their innocence and winsomeness. *We know* them; their sorrows affect us as real tragedy; we are enabled to see their passions from their own standpoint, though we are never conscious that the author is reducing us to the child's level.

What is distinctly feminine in George Eliot's work? The most noticeably feminine trait is her ability to depict women, her inability to depict men. The terms employed are relative. Many male authors have drawn men much less convincing. But it was inevitable that a woman, so thoroughly womanly in private life, should have failed to fathom much in the character of the opposite sex. The most glaring incapacity I have noticed in her work is the account of the events after the fight of Arthur Donnithorne and Adam Bede. Arthur, we are told, recovers from unconsciousness and asks for the aid of the man who has knocked him down; of the man, too, who has detected him in a shameful deception. The aid is accepted very much as a matter of course. This bold statement of the situation may not make it seem an impossible one. But no man can read that chapter and not feel that Arthur is assigned an impossible part. Tito, it is generally agreed, is a successful character; but then, as has been pointed out, Tito is really feminine in all his qualities. Or if there is a male character that we feel to be convincing, he is an oddity—Bartle Massey, the lame school-master, for example; or the recluse weaver, Silas Marner, or Philip Wakem, the cripple.

In a really powerful writer, style is such a subtle, elusive thing that one hesitates to pronounce on any feature of it as feminine. Only one thing in George Eliot's style strikes me as distinctively so, and only a few examples of it are to be found in each book. I suppose everyone who has had the fortune (I

really do not think it a misfortune) to examine essays written by school girls will have noticed a strange propensity in all their descriptive passages. One gathers from them nearly always a strange confusion of ideas, and one looks long before the reason appears. It seems to result not so much from a confusion of ideas on the part of the writer as from an over-ready perception of associations. Women seem to be unable to describe a house, seen from the outside, without telling you something of the "spacious parlor" that lies behind "that bow-window," something of the carpet on the parlor floor, and you may think yourself lucky if you are not told the color of the carpet, and how much it cost, and how soft it is. This often results in a piling up of phrases and parentheses, and relative clause within relative clause *ad infinitum*. Take the following from Felix Holt:

"The rectory was on the other side of the river, close to the church, of which it was the fitting companion, a fine old brick and stone house with a great bow window opening from the library on to the deep-turfed lawn, one fat dog sleeping on the door-stone, another fat dog waddling on the gravel, the autumn leaves duly swept away, the chrysanthemums cherished, tall trees stooping or soaring in the most picturesque variety, and a Virginia creeper turning a little rustic hut into a scarlet pavilion." In this passage there is no complication of construction; but the confusion of ideas is apparent. The author tries to say too much in a short space. It would be well enough to talk of the great bow window, but to tell us that this opens off the library (which we cannot see) merely diverts our attention. She must even tell us that, though we cannot see any leaves lying around, they were there once, but have been swept away. To notice the absence of leaves on the lawn would be tolerable; but the words "duly swept away" are peculiarly distracting. And surely one fat, waddling dog was enough when one had to take in at a glance the river, the church, the house with its windows and door-stones, its gravel and well-turfed lawn, and the surrounding autumn scene—all manner of trees, chrysanthemums, Virginia creeper, rustic hut and scarlet pavilion.

Whenever I read George Eliot's description of the sluggish folk that peopled the Midland Counties where she was reared, the question rises to my mind: Is there not a little of this



CONFERENCE THEOLOGICAL CLASS EXECUTIVE, 1910.

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stolidity in the novelist herself? It is not shown where one might first look for it. There is no lack of imagination in her work; the dialogue is well continued; and where the humor of any character is oafish, there is considerable lightness of wit in showing us how oafish it is. The phlegmatic temperament, if shown at all, appears in the deliberateness with which every story is made sombre from the outset, sometimes almost hellish in the tragedy before its close. Among the Celtic peoples Anglo-Saxon indifference to pain is proverbial; wrongly, perhaps, for all Englishmen are not so unimpressible. Yet certain types are remarkable for this characteristic. Or we may adduce another reason for the melancholy of George Eliot. She was nearly thirty-eight when her first novel was written. Jane Austen wrote her first tale at the age of twenty-three. Dickens published his first great work at the same age. George Sand was famous as a novelist at the age of twenty-eight. Indeed, few authors' productions have been deferred to so late a period in life as George Eliot's.

These reasons for her melancholy merely as suggestions; we shall return to the subject later.

The question arises: Is the melancholy beyond the *ne plus ultra* of art? We must say that it is if the effect on us is a lasting depression. For the function of art is to please; and while an artistic work may distress us for the moment, the ultimate effect must be pleasure and not pain. It is extremely dangerous to be dogmatic on a point like this. Our feelings regarding happiness and sorrow change so from year to year, sometimes the tragedy of a single day in real life makes the darkest tragedy of fiction seem a melodrama. Yet one might say with regard to George Eliot's work, that it is too sad reading for very young people. A child with any imagination at all could not read *Adam Bede* without having a shadow cast over the rest of his life; unless, indeed, his life had hitherto been so care-free and joyous that he was incapable of appreciating in the least the sorrows of the book. Older people also choose well the time for re-reading any of George Eliot's novels, even more carefully than they choose the time for re-reading *Lear*.

Nothing is so sad as the sadness of George Eliot. Dante's pales beside it. Even Virgil is not so mournful. The quintes-

sence of Virgil's melancholy may be found in a single line:

Desine fata deum flecti sperare precando.

It is Destiny that weighs down mankind, and they, hapless mortals, cannot change it. But this seems a happy creed in comparison with George Eliot's. The men and women of her world are not less bowed down than were Virgil's heroes. But the cause is no objective Destiny. The fire that is not quenched is within men's hearts. That is the "sorrow's crown of sorrow"; it is men that make themselves and their fellow men wretched; there was no foreordination about it. How often our author shows, as in *Romola* and *Adam Bede*, the thin partition that severs right and wrong action, happiness and misery! Nor has any author elaborated a Nemesis so relentless.

Is it all then so supremely sad? No two men will answer alike. It is not altogether a question of the age of the author. Some of us learn how sad life is at a cruelly early age, some never learn. And a careful study of George Eliot's life does not leave one with the impression that her temperament was wholly responsible for her gloom of mind. Such a thing cannot be satisfactorily analyzed. Only we may say this: that wherever and whenever men grow up in an atmosphere such as surrounded the early life of George Eliot their outlook will be as sad. She early developed a proclivity for hard thinking, due partly to the fact that she was impressionable and intellectual, while her acquaintances seem to have been more or less bovine in understanding. The only people of intelligence she met with were fervent evangelicals; consequently this was the only channel for her feelings and aspirations. At the early age of twenty, when her evangelism was at its height, she happened upon the religious controversies of the day. A year later she fell in with the sceptics, and almost at once found her old faiths impossible. It is commonly remarked at the present day that nothing is so tragic in a person's life as the shaking of old religious beliefs. But it rarely comes about so suddenly and completely as it did in the case of George Eliot. And in our day evangelism is not so fervent, scepticism not so steel-cold. In 1840 the serious, meditative young girl passes at a step from the influences of an atmosphere like that surrounding Dinah

Morris, the Methodist preacher, to the numbing effect of a creed like Mill's.

It did not benumb her into torpor—that is to her credit. Nor was hers a spirit like Shelley's "beating its wings against the bars." If there were bars they were not to be broken by any poetic flutterings, however pathetic. The world, she thought, was a great hard fact, and only a stoical philosophy could cope with it. Frederick Myers relates how, when George Eliot was walking with him one night at Oxford, she said that of the three consolations offered to mankind—God, Immortality and Duty—the first was unknowable, the second a vain dream, so that only Duty remained. No Roman ever said anything so stern.

To conclude: George Eliot has upon her the mark of her times, as every author must have; but she was original in applying herself to a study which had hitherto been considered the concern of the dramatist—a study which will probably occupy more novelists in the days to come: in her own special field, the life of the lower and middle classes in the Midland Counties, her work possesses a wizard charm: her women characters, as Leslie Stephen says, are perfectly drawn so far as a man can judge: yet we shall hope that as great and greater work may be done by authors not so despairing of human life and the ultimate fate of men.

“One on the Kaiser”

No crowned monarch of the present generation has been so often made the target for the shafts of the humorists as the German Emperor. A few years ago the world laughed over a very witty caricature entitled “Me and Gott,” exhibiting the Emperor’s excessive love for self-display. We have now culled from a recent periodical another “skit” upon the Kaiser’s boasted versatility in the modern languages.

Guten Morgen, mon ami,
Heute ist es schönes Wetter,
Charmé de vous voir ici,
Never saw you looking better.

Hoffentlich que la Baronne,
So entzückend et so pleasant.
Ist à Brussels cet automne
Combien wünsch’ ich she were present.

Und die Kinder, how are they?
Out ils en la rougeole lately.
Sind sie avec vous to-day.
J’aimerais les treffen greatly.

Ich muss chercher mon hotel,
What a charming Schwaterei sir;
Lebewohl, adieu, farewell;
Vive le Congo! Hoch der Kaiser!

John Morley---"The English Prophet"

W. E. MACNIVEN.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

It would be presumption for me at this time to tell, if I could, the story of the life of one of the foremost public men of our time—but the recent announcement of the Secretary of State for India that soon he will retire into private life draws our minds toward those things which have made him a man of such distinction in politics and the literary world. We cannot pass by as unimportant such an announcement, and we ought not, no matter what our station in society, feign indifference to the character which is displayed in the public life of our nation.

In his essay on "On Popular Culture," Morley declares that the most important things in history are, "the economic forces of a society on the one hand, and on the other the forms of religious opinion and ecclesiastical organization," and since we desire to examine his work as that of a prophet, it may not be amiss to trace the relation between religion and public life, and by so doing more clearly understand the career and standing, the outlook and aim of this man who has been called to serve in one of the highest places of our nation's life. Much and all as we may desire and demand the separation of church and state, yet religion cannot be thrust back into the dim light of a cathedral cloister or conventicle: religion was meant for a more strenuous arena—a living force in the lives of men and nations.

The prophet of old stood in a public place to warn, to challenge and to lay bare the impertinences of wickedness in high places, and to blast with the terrible invective of displeasure the tyrant prince or priest or business man who was untrue. The history of the past is absolutely meaningless, unless it emphatically teaches that religion is the foundation on which the superstructure of national life is built, and that the decay of nations is contemporaneous with the loss of religious faith. "Religion played a great part in what has given elevation to Roman civil life;" it has much to do with law, with political development, with a

Roman sense of public duty, and a Roman reverence for the state. But when religion went public spirit went with it, and the dissolution of the fabric was only a matter of time. Christianity reunited the disintegrated fragments of society and reformed the social structure.

Dean Church says: "The struggles of the clergy with the lewdness of the nobles, and their stout assertions against power and force of franchises and liberties, sowed the seeds of national life in all the countries of Europe." Christianity commercialized the impulses, the ideas, the illuminating influences that renewed the life of nations and sent them forward on a career of progress and development.

It was in this highly organized and developed system of society that John Morley acted out his wonderful part, and now when he shall lay aside his arduous public duties, to retire to seclusion, so well has that part been played that he will take with him the good will and admiration of the whole Empire. He lays down the tasks of office with a conscience void of offence, and surely he breathes the air of the world's charity.

That this man, retiring and reticent, has gained and held the respect of all is, in the realm of politics at least, a wonderful phenomenon, but had he not stood in a high public station with the eye and courage of a prophet, such a thing would have been impossible.

There is no other man that holds a position quite similar to that of Morley. Friend and foe alike esteem him: he seems to have an air which charms those coming within its sweep, and there are few whom he has touched who have not responded to him with an allegiance that has seldom been broken. In Gladstone's diary there is a little note relating his meeting for the first time with Morley that is worth the quoting. They met first at the country seat of Sir John Lubbock. Huxley was there, and Playfair and Darwin, but Gladstone merely notes that he had met with a noble company and that he "could not help liking" one. From such a man it is quite enough to show us the impressive winsomeness which characterized Morley on his first appearance among the men of his time, and which has grown through the years, until now it may not be extravagant to say, that there is not a man in the whole realm of the public life of the world

who commands such unquestioned sway over the affections of his friends.

To some, the religious views of Morley stand as a barrier against the man and his work. Let us quote Hutton, the great editor of the *Spectator*—one of the most able, as he is one of the most believing, men of his time: “I am not ashamed,” he says, “to feel far more sympathy with the nobler aspects of unbelief than with the ignobler and shiftier aspects of so-called faith. . . . A religion which has not made man religious *must*, in the form it has taken in his mind at least, be inferior to the want of religion—or, if you please, even irreligion—of the man who shows as high morals and as earnest a sense of duty as Mr. John Morley. . . . It is quite easy to confess God and Christ in a spirit much more pernicious and fatal to the growth of faith in God and Christ, than that in which others deny them. False visions may be much worse than no visions. The babble of imaginary voices may be much more perverting to the mind than the aching of an intense silence.”

Such is the witness of Richard Holt Hutton—and it is telling and extremely impressive. There is a careless self-sufficiency among us to-day that lifts its shameless head in base and unworthy boast, even in the high presence of religious faith, which is struck dumb by the silent testimony of a man like John Morley. There is a possibility of being religious, though one may not have what is called a religion. Such men as Morley may stand—as it were—in the outer court, but they are men whose truth and transparent sincerity and unfeigned faith in the highest things demand the world’s sanest devotion and praise. Morley, if he were a prophet who preferred to stand in the outer court, had a conviction and a courage that gave stern rebuke to the apathy and cowardice and indolence of those who professed to have entered perchance into the holy-of-holies.

Perhaps the main office of the ancient prophet was to see, and we cannot choose but recognize the use that John Morley made of his eyes. He sees the things that are best worth attention and gives himself sincerely to the vision. He says, in one of his lectures, “The greatest lesson of history is the fact of its oneness.” This is the vision of the man; the vision of the real prophet. Such a vision means humility—we are not of our own making, it



POLITICAL SCIENCE, VICTORIA, 1910-11.

L. Macauley.

J. E. Corcoran.

R. P. Locke.

Prof. Jas. Mavor.

H. C. D. Beck.

W. E. MacNiven.

suggests debt—as we have received so must we give; it says, responsibility—we shall be judged by the eyes yet to be. It is said that Wellington remarked on the eve of Waterloo, “What shall they think of us in England to-morrow?” This was the motto of the Secretary of State for India. He saw not only the beginnings and progress of history, and from these made his acute interpretations, but he saw beneath the surface of present things and penetrated their sham, and saw that life was more than flesh and sense and more than could be weighed in scales or measured by a yard rule.

Dr. Draper lays down as the fundamental axiom of history that human progress depends upon increase of our knowledge of the conditions of material phenomena; to this Morley replies: “ . . . as if moral advance, the progressive elevation of types of character and ethical ideas were not at least an equally important cause of improvement in civilization. The type of St. Vincent de Paul is plainly as indispensable to progress as the type of Newton.” Surely such a sight is prophetic; but the public man *must* see. He *must* distinguish between the shows of things and their roots; between the things that last and the things that perish.

There was often a ring of scorn in the voice of the prophet, and this characteristic is present in Morley. He says: “Religion, whatever destinies may be in store for it, is, at least for the present, no longer an organic power. It is not that supreme, penetrating, controlling, decisive part of a man’s life which it has been and will be again. . . . The souls of men have become void; into the void have entered the seven devils of secularity.”

Morley wrote a book in which it was his intention to transfix compromise; in it so anxious was he to perform the miracle of rooting out the seven devils of secularity that he himself was quite willing to compromise on the matter of superstitious dogma. He says: “If the religious spirit leads to a worthy and beautiful life, if it shows itself in cheerfulness, in piety, in charity and tolerance, in forgiveness, in a sense of largeness and the mystery of things, in lifting up the soul in gratitude and awe to some supreme power and sovereign force, then, whatever drawback there may be in the way of superstitious dogma, still such a spirit is on the whole a good thing.” Anything to save from secularity:

is it not our danger? Men cannot be reared on concentrated sunshine any more than on natural moonshine. The absolute need is reality, truth, right, good and the power of each which makes them one symmetrical sovereign, supreme.

The secret of Morley's success was that of the ancient prophet, namely, confidence in truth. Above all things it should be a satisfaction to all right thinking men that there are still men (and not a few) in public life whose power is the offspring of truth. To seek for power is one of the legitimate appetites of nature—and it is good. It is the force which moves the greatest men into public life and the force which has elevated the realm of that calling to a place considered a sacred thing in the eyes of nations.

In looking at his life, one has said: "The integrity of Morley's career is absolutely beyond criticism and cavil. It never entered into the mind of his bitterest opponent to suspect for a moment that he could be influenced by any personal consideration in the course which he took or the words which he uttered.

. . . Everybody knows that he has never sought office, and could never be induced to make any compromise of political principles, even for the sake of maintaining in power the party to which he belongs. The universal recognition of that great quality in him has added unspeakably to his influence in parliament. John Morley soon became one of that small body of men in the House of Commons whose rising to speak is always regarded as an event of importance."

His attitude toward the South African war came as a great surprise to all—and many declared that in a moment of innocence he had betrayed himself. It was not so. His firmness, straightforwardness and courage made him the more revered and trusted, and bound the ties of devotion to him stronger. The public may be, and is, many times unreasonable, but it does admire a man of unflinching truth. Macphail says: ". . . the ethics of politics is the love of men," and this was Morley's strength too—indeed the very keynote to his magnificent success. He loved men and inspired them with his own unostentatious example to think on the highest plane, to respond to the highest motives, and to seek the highest ends.

Acta Victoriana

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EDITORIAL

Count Leo Tolstoi

One of the few men who has stood in the white light in the eyes of the whole world, in political, social and literary circles, for more than half a century, has passed away in the person of Count Tolstoi. He was born at Yasuaya Poliana, Russia, and attended the University of Kazan, in that country, after which he did military service in the Caucasus, and later served with great distinction at the Crimea. It was while in the Caucasus that he began his great literary career, and published "The Cossacks" and "The Morning of a Proprietor." His travels abroad made him dissatisfied with modern civilization, and when he returned home he wrote "The Memoirs of Prince Nekhlyadoff," a vigorous protest against poverty and ignorance.

For a time he devoted himself to the school work upon his own estate: and that he might better understand his lowly friends adopted their mode of dress and worked with them in the fields. From 1864 to 1869 he was engaged on his great work, "War and Peace," a prose epic centreing about the invasion of Russia by Napoleon Bonaparte.

On the publication of "The Resurrection"—the immediate reason of its publication being to aid the Dukhobors to emigrate to Canada—he was excommunicated by the Holy Synod, which had previously manifested its displeasure at his open disbeliefs in its dogmas. In reply to this action of the Synod he addressed an open letter to the Czar denouncing both the Church and Governmental despotism of Russia.

He strongly denounced the Russo-Japanese war of 1904—and early the next year published his drama, "Behind the Scenes in War," the publication of which was prohibited in Russia. The Crimean War made Tolstoi an "Apostle of Peace," and he induced the Czar to propose, some years ago, the idea of disarmament, which action led finally to the Hague Tribunal.

His many books touch all the phases of life, economic, philosophic, historic and religious, and demand his recognition as one of the most potent and famous writers of the civilized world to-day.

In his later life he became a mystic and turned from the world to find salvation in the life of the spirit. One masterpiece only appeared after he became a pronounced mystic, but almost his entire literary work was accomplished in the course of transition. His works are even now regarded as among the world's classics, and although the productions of his later years are not so widely known as those of the former years, still there is little doubt but that these latter writings will be regarded as his greatest productions.



A Plea for Breadth.

One hears it so loudly proclaimed on all sides that the modern multiplicity of knowledge has made versatility a thing of the past, and this view at first sight seems so plausible, that it argues something of temerity to attack it. Yet if a Hippias or a Bacon are no longer possible, it does not follow that a modern is to narrow down to a single department of knowledge. If the contrary position were not so frequently maintained no one would think it necessary to point out the absurdity of shaving a thing down to the *n*th fraction because we cannot attain all of it.

Obviously, if a man who has spent fifty years in the study of

earthworms says that no one can know all about the earthworm without doing a half-century's special research work, his statement will be seldom disputed; there are few qualified by the required probationary term. That is why the specialists are having it all their own way to-day. Any insignificant scholar can run off and spend a lifetime studying the sand of the Sahara Desert (there are deserts not geographical), and then, emerging to civilization, proclaim his discoveries, and draw from them what conclusions he pleases. Who is to gainsay him? Who else has studied the particular Sahara as long?

The conclusions, rather than the discoveries, are baneful. It is a human impossibility for a specialist of the narrow type to lay down a general law *on anything*, whether it is his special subject or not. He cannot have any sense of proportions; he will want to bring his Sahara Desert experience to bear on every question in politics, and every criticism of poetry, to introduce it into every pink-tea conversation. And if he does confine himself to Sahara entities, are his judgments rational there? Dealing with few objects, he will exaggerate the importance of each. His observations of facts will tend to be as lop-sided as his own life is unbalanced. The function of the sun, the Sahara investigator will tell you, is to heat the sand of the Sahara; the wind has no other purpose than to blow up sandstorms; the seasons revolve in order that the Kamsin may occur; sand is an absolutely useless substance—every dictum in terms of the Sahara, and every one wrong.

The vice of specialization is nowhere more apparent than in the work of many of the present writers on history. Granted that a man who "specializes on" the first year of King Alfred's reign knows more of the facts of that year than does anyone else; is his knowledge of any value? If he has not studied life outside that period, and outside of history altogether, does he know how to interpret the facts he has collected? Can he assign the proper motive for any action, or trace its result?

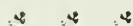
In view of the wonderful progress of knowledge due to German science no one can decry the value of contributions to the general store by special investigators; but when specializing goes beyond a certain point it can make no contribution at all; in some fields at the present time it is doing positive harm.

A Merry Christmas

We were pretty blue about it all not many weeks ago, and it was on the point of our editorial tongue to acclaim as the Prince of Knockers in the Kingdom of Grouchiness a really decent chap about our halls—so very blue did we feel. But to-day—well, Christmas is drawing very near and the bright gladness of that season has already warmed the editorial heart. And so we wish ACTA's readers and hosts of friends the brightest and best the season can give.

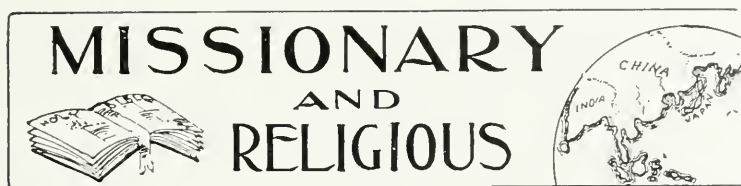
And then our efforts, feeble at their best, but rendered in all good faith, have been so well and kindly received that we are happy in our gratitude to you and glad to repay you, very inadequately it is true, by our deepening enthusiasm in the work, and our utmost effort throughout the New Year.

Here are two good reasons then for wishing one and all a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.



ACTA has a Precedent to follow in the Christmas number and a Reputation to sustain. We have followed the Precedent, though loath to do so, because we believe in a College paper of College interests by College people. But then Precedent (*viz.*, the going far a-field for contributors) was so hoary in this instance that we dared not put forth impious hands. We followed Precedent.

That we have sustained the Reputation is due to the generous contribution of those whose names are household names in Canadian literature. ACTA Board desires to acknowledge its great obligation for a willing and splendid service.



Up-to-Date Methodist Preaching

FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, M.A., D.D.

The first Sunday I ever spent in London, now many years ago, I heard Spurgeon in the morning, Liddon in the afternoon, and Cardinal Manning in the evening. Such a trio I have never heard in one day since, and probably never shall again. At that time the popular favorites in London were Spurgeon and our own Dr. Morley Punshon. The latter was a sort of Christian Cicero in the pulpit: his strain was one of sustained magnificence throughout: his style was a very field of cloth of gold. Spurgeon was a sort of modern Bunyan in the pulpit: his style was pithy, homespun, racily idiomatic: his thought was richly evangelical; his voice sounded through the vast Metropolitan Tabernacle like a deep-toned, mellow bell. He was the greatest preacher of the Gospel of his time, and equally great as a pastor.

To-day there are no such preachers in London, even as there are no Beechers in Brooklyn. The grand style gives place in Church, as in Parliament, to a simpler and more conversational; there is less oratory, but perhaps more exposition and instruction. My impression is that in the present British pulpit, for all the greatest objects of the pulpit, there is a better average of preaching, more practical, direct, sympathetic, spiritual, Biblical. The great preachers of that earlier date were superb. But from many a lesser man I heard apologetic lectures on Christianity rather than a powerful proclamation of Christ and Him crucified. Now men seem to have assimilated what is good in the new learning of our time and then to have come back from the new point of view to the old Gospel, to preach it with fresh power. On that earlier visit I heard Methodist preachers who read carefully prepared essays on the adjustment of religion to the modern modes of thought. They had on Saul's armor and it did not fit

them. Now the Methodist preachers whom I have heard are returning to the pebbles and the sling. The awkward period of adjustment to the new ideas seems past, and men have learned that, whether the old views or the new views be correct, it is not views of evolution or of criticism that will minister to the mind diseased with sin, but the divine touch of the divine Saviour. As a matter of fact, the present-day Methodist ministers of England seem to take for granted the modern views on these subjects and to say very little about them, but to seek in every way to lead men, for the solution of their deepest problems, their personal salvation from sin, their equipment for service, to Jesus Christ and a living, joyful personal experience of His grace. I have not once heard Higher Criticism mentioned in an English pulpit during several months of attentive hearing, whether to ban it or to bless it; but I have seen men proceeding on the basis of its approved results to expound Scripture sanely and correctly and to apply its truths fearlessly and powerfully to men's consciences and hearts.

These men heartily sympathize with all modern learning and culture, and show their sympathy in innumerable delicate shades of thought and expression, but are not eager to obtrude their academic attainments upon their congregations. They sympathize keenly with the people and all efforts to better their condition, but they know that social betterment is impossible without individual regeneration, and that the kingdom of heaven is, after all, more than a readjustment of social relations. The deepest note that I have heard struck again and again is the old note, ever new, of personal sin and responsibility, repentance, faith, salvation, the note of personal experience. I have felt over and over again, "that is just what John Wesley preached, only put very carefully and skillfully into modern terms." Listen to J. E. Rattenbury, as he holds an audience of 3,000 people in the Lyceum Theatre on a Sunday evening, and you find that the attraction which draws and holds that vast audience is the skill and earnestness with which he applies the old gospel of sin and salvation to modern needs. He knows what men are thinking and writing; but he does not spend much time rehearsing the dicta of the recent book; those, however, who have read it recognize his deft allusions and replies. And he knows that

the solution of all modern problems is to be found at the cross of Jesus. He speaks with the tone of the absolute assurance of personal experience, of one who has felt and known for himself, of one who has seen many men lifted out of the horrible pit and saved with the power of a divine life. Go to hear even R. J. Campbell, and you find that the deepest note, after all, is not his semi-pantheistic "new theology," but, with splendid inconsistency, an insistence upon sin and the need of salvation. I heard him preach one sermon on the general principle of retribution and another on hell—for he did not hesitate to use the old, unfashionable word. And a more solemn appeal to sinful men I never heard.

One Sunday evening I went to the large, beautiful Wesley Memorial Church in Oxford. A comparatively young man entered the pulpit,* with short coat, black tie, unconventional manners, an unmistakable layman—for the Wesleyan ministers all dress clerically. I did not know what to expect, but I have ever since been thankful for what I got. I say nothing of the profoundly sympathetic prayer, in tune with the deep, sad music of humanity, and the high and saving grace of God. The sermon was the outpouring, in the most untechnical terms, of the results of the spiritual struggles of a deeply thoughtful mind, trained in all the learning of our time, weary with all the problems of our modern thought, and finding rest for itself at the old place, the cross of Christ. For three-quarters of an hour that wonderful "local preacher" grappled with the sins and sorrows and perplexities of English life in the twentieth century, and brought his hearers back from each to a personal experience of Jesus Christ as the only satisfactory solution. I ascertained afterwards that the preacher who had so held me and so helped me was a fellow of one of the colleges and one of the best Greek scholars of Oxford.

But not only from such men did I hear sane and accurate exposition of Scripture and powerful preaching of the Gospel. I went one Sunday morning to the Wesleyan Church in a country town in the North of England. The preacher was a very young man, just ordained. The preaching was so unpretentiously intellectual, so rich in literary allusion, so moving in its appeal to the sense of duty, so nourishing to the spiritual life,

that I eagerly returned to listen to another helpful sermon in the evening.

These men are not playing with preaching. They grapple with the great themes. They give themselves to thorough Bible study. They read strong books. They thus appeal to the intellect. And then they have convictions and a definite message, and so they appeal to the deeper nature. Not nearly so large a proportion of the Wesleyan ministers as of our own are graduates in arts. But there is a multitude of excellent Biblical scholars, thoughtful expositors, effective preachers. They are well trained in the use of the English language. Their style is neither pedantic nor vulgar, but vigorous, idiomatic, and direct. It cannot be said of present-day Methodist preachers in England that "the hungry sheep look up and are not fed," for they evidently give themselves to reading and thinking, and bring forth out of their treasury things new and old. They have, at least most of those whom I heard have, the fire of intense convictions and firm principles practically and earnestly applied to the needs of the individual and society. And this fire has been kindled at the cross.

Since the glorious example of Hugh Price Hughes, the ministry of the Methodist Church in England has had before it the splendid ideal of a combination of modern critical and exegetical scholarship with the most intense spirituality, all earnestly applied to social service and individual conversion, in a spirit both of enthusiasm for humanity and, far more, of passionate devotion to the divine Lord and Saviour.

Is not this the ideal for Canada, for the Methodist Church, for Victoria College, for each one of us? Can any labor of preparation for such a noble life-work be too strenuous? Can we work too hard for each sermon, when we remember how much, under God, may depend upon the skill and faithfulness with which we present the truth? To preach "the simple Gospel" does not mean to take it easy and to glibly repeat well-worn, hackneyed phrases. Be it ours to know the thoughts of men, the learning of our time, the undercurrents of distress and dissatisfaction and deep unrest, and then, out from a profound and present personal experience, to bear witness to the things which we have known and to give the bread of life to hungry souls.



Y. W. C. A. CABINET, 1910-11.

Miss I. Stitt, '12.	Miss C. Pennington, '11.	Miss D. Luke, '14.	Miss I. K. Cowan, '11.	Miss H. Johnston, '12.	Miss M. R. Crawford, '11.
		Pianist.		Secy.	President.
Mrs. W. J. Graham,	Miss L. Trimble, '12.	Miss F. Blatchford, '13.	Miss L. Denton, '11.		Miss G. Freeman, '11
Hon. Pres.	Vice.-Pres.	Treas.			
	Miss R. Hewitt, '11.		Miss E. Bartlett, '11		

The Christ in Art

The books that have been written upon this and allied specific themes would make a respectable library. Anything like a formal or bookish article would, therefore, be out of place, even if such were possible in the brief space I shall claim. Rather would I turn, with the thought of Christendom at this season, to the Advent itself, and while music, literature and manifold art are figuratively weaving fabrics of beautiful design, I would add a thread that may not be lost when the pattern leaves the loom. No other theme has laid under tribute finer dreams of the poet or more touching strains of music than the coming of this infant King. If for this event the notes of seraphs were not too glorious or high; if the gold of kings and the frankincense of priests, and the costliest gifts of the East were laid at His feet, it is fitting that art should volunteer its most splendid lines and color in portrayal of the story of His deeds of healing, His words of power and messages of love. In considering the Christ in art, we are embarrassed with the multitude of representations which have been made of Him, in His personality on the one hand and also in the actions in which His influence is a direct factor. It is but just to say that the spirit of Christ permeates the thought and life of the era, and so must find expression in its art. It is also safe to say that no one theme has been so fruitful in the world's art as this, no allure so constant: and yet, to portray the unique human character of the Christ baffles the most cunning and daring of the world's men of genius. At some time in the life of the greater amongst the painters they have attempted a rendering of Jesus; but has anyone at any time succeeded in a masterful and satisfying result? I have not yet seen such a picture and have hitherto not met one who has. It would seem that the limitations of the artist's vehicle of expression are such that only the somewhat crude and directly human situations and moods can respond to the brush of the painter; that some more supple instruments and more subtle medium must be found ere the spiritual and exalted emotions and suggestions of super-human power can be pronounced upon canvas.

Another fact becomes evident as we enter upon this study, and that is, Christian art has grown out of the life of Christ alone.

It has had no inspiration from Egyptian or Assyrian schools. Greek, Byzantine and Roman teachers may have taught the Christian painters to draw, but nothing of the mythology of



Greece or of any Roman state finds place in the concepts of the artists of the Christian family or fold.

As we approach our study of the drawings and carvings of the several periods, beginning with the meagre data to be found

in the Catacombs, we can discover no attempt at portraiture of Christ. This forces the conviction that, although there were Greek and Roman painters at the time of Christ, and although He was a sufficiently notable figure in the important cities of Palestine, and though His followers quickly awakened to a perception of the remarkable character of their Master, and immediately after His ascension invested Him with the reverent conviction of deity, no tradition was held that a likeness of Him had been preserved whatsoever. Such a possession would have been sought out and known; and the reproduction of it would have engaged the devout attention of painters for many generations.

Greek influence and Roman influence are felt in the forms represented in the earliest examples in the beardless face and the attire; not only is no effort at portraiture to be seen, but the evident purpose was pedagogic—an aid to the convert or neophyte to an appreciation of His sacrifice and atonement for the sin of the human family: and when preaching was forbidden the silent message of the picture was esteemed the more for its daily lesson.

The continual scattering of Christians throughout the known world by persistent and pitiless persecution, the building up of the Eastern Empire centreing in Constantinople, and the ultimate truce to the followers of Jesus by Constantine, brought about two important results. The first was the orientalizing of the Christ features in the symbolisms which continued to be made; the second was that with the upspringing of churches and cathedrals came the elevation of Christian art to a noble cult. The decoration and beautification of the sanctuaries with mosaics and paintings gave wing to the artists' imagination, and, as all examples of Byzantine work show, the Christian art of that age was an exalted and awesome, but still didactic, presentation of Jesus as the Christ, the Son of God. The Byzantine type of face has continued to influence the painters of every age down to the present, with its oriental cast, pointed beard and parted hair, except where Roman modification gives a forked beard.

Just here I may call attention to the portrait of Jesus preserved in the cathedral at Citta Vecchia, in Malta, attributed to St. Luke. This picture has been an object of veneration for

many centuries, as its costly encasement in silver and jewels of Byzantine workmanship would testify. But as few scholars concede that Luke lived early enough to have seen our Lord, and as he, in the introduction to his Gospel, intimates that he was not a witness of the events he narrates, we may safely discount the Luke tradition. The head is markedly Byzantine.

Much interest attaches to the subjects treated by Christian artists in those early days, indicating, as they do, the historic facts in Christ's life which held the major place in the Christians' thought—the Adoration of the Magi, the Turning of Water into Wine, the Healing of the Blind Man, the Multiplication of Loaves, the Entry into Jerusalem, Christ before Pilate.

Coming down to earlier mediaeval days, the number of subjects increased. The pictorial note was rising, but the didactic spirit remained.

We must not overlook the influences of which space forbids us more than merest hint, which were contributory to this art spirit. First, the Christian reaction against all pageant, pomp and vanity, the espousal of the simplest life as helpful to holiness of character and unimpeachable conduct. Second, as persecution became a normal condition for centuries, and public preaching was forbidden, pictorial lessons from Christ's life and mystic symbolisms grew more and more in favor with Christian teachers. Third, with the lull in persecution the world crept in, especially after Constantine's espousal of the Christian cause. A monastic reaction followed to save the church from the world; and therefore it is that the Constantinople or Byzantine school marks the acme of the mystic, monastic period.

But the Western or Roman Empire had risen amid the same social conditions; hence was it that the Roman schools were not far behind in conventual insistence upon both the subjects and their treatment by the monastery artists. A curious significance is found in the decision of the second Council of Nice as follows: "It is not the invention of the painter which creates the picture, but an inviolable law, a tradition of the Catholic Church. It is not the painters, but the holy fathers who have to invent and to dictate. To them manifestly belongs the composition; to the painter, only the execution." This decision formu-

lated a practice that had been followed in the church for many hundred years. Whatever latitude the earlier Christian artists may have enjoyed in expressing their motives, inevitable uniformity had followed, with the stilted mechanical dryness of uninspired craftsmanship; and yet the designs continued to be marked by a fine, compelling reverence. But the Eastern Empire had passed away. With the fall of the Western Empire a few centuries later political topsy-turvydom and the dark ages overspread Christendom and gave the Christian Church its political opportunity. The Church learned the art of controlling the masses of the people and manipulating the affairs of states, and of growing rich upon the tribute levied on the sometimes questionable enterprises. How fared the Christ in art in these times? Not well, if the beautiful breviaries and missals of this period, the chief output of its luxurious leisure, may interpret for us the signs of the age. But a new spirit was awakening.

Political chaos having vibrated into something of cosmic order in two great rival factions, and a tricenit Church becoming divided by the operation of the very forces it had created, a sense of independence became possible to the men whose service was in the market for the bid of either faction. This was the dawn of a new era, the Renaissance.

The sense of freedom is contagious. Benvenuto Cellini denied entirely the right of his Eminence the Pope to subjugate his genius or spirit, and told the wise teacher to go to the place arranged for those of doubtful church character. The venerable father in God was wise enough to leave the great artist to his own individuality, and as a result the works which he developed in silver were among the most remarkable of the time. This spirit inoculated the painters also of the Renaissance epoch very fully.

It must be admitted the mediaeval period was prolific in pictures; nor will any critic pretend that the dictations of the ecclesiastics were wanting in high sentiment, but on the other hand the most ultra-churchman will admit that the sacred art of the later period, when the painter could express himself untrammelled, transcends by far in lofty and spiritual passion the work of any former age.

No events of history kindle imagination like those of the brief life of Jesus, because of the spiritual thrill pregnant in every



Y. M. C. A. EXECUTIVE, 1910-11.

M. P. Smith, '11, S. H. Soper, '11, F. L. Tilson, B.A.	B. H. Robinson, '11,	J. G. Goddard, '13,	G. I. Stevenson, B.A.	E. H. Burnett,
Bible Study,	Mission Study,			
			Secy.	
M. E. Conron, B.A.	J. B. Hunter, '11,	Prof. Misenes,	Dr. J. W. Graham,	G. B. King, B.A.
	Pres.	Hon. Pres.	Rep. on Board of Dirs.	
M. M. Whiting, '13,			C. Bishop, C.T.,	
Treas.			Vice-Pres.	

action; hence the art which Christianity has made is in a class by itself. There yet remains the question which the whole thoughtful and sympathetic world brings ever to the artist, namely, the features of the Christ upon which His personal disciples looked. The admitted inadequacy of every attempt to satisfy the art sense of the people must leave the conviction within us of an unfathomed depth of character, unmeasured spiritual power, unapproached illumination, unexplored consciousness. Indeed, we thank the General Council held at Constantinople in 754 for condemning all pictures as false that had been declared to have come direct from Christ and His apostles, for the reason that to the artist was committed the interpretation of his own spirit in its apprehension and expression of Jesus the Christ.

The types that have been followed count for little, but what does count is that artists like Giotto, Messaccio and Angelo closed the gates for ever upon a servile past and became the heralds of the expression of the Christ within the hearts and lives of men. Reformations, revolutions and revivals have wrought great changes in the moral, political and social life of states and continents; art also has changed her style, her themes and her dogmas as well. Through all these changes the Christ has arrested the attention of the strongest painters. Whether Skredswig, or Von Udhe, or Goetz, or whoever may have painted him, each has felt some of the spell of His life, has felt Him illumining life's truths and experiences and revealing their sacredness to his soul. The centre of all, the inspiration, the body, soul and spirit of it all, is Jesus the Christ. The appeal of art throughout Christendom has always been made by a divine Christ, the response has been the virtues of reverence, devotion, consecration and sacrifice in His followers.

What of the future? Not the Christ form only shall be painted, but His spirit; the inspired vision of the painter shall exalt purity and love, shall glorify peace and universal brotherhood, shall give tender lustre to sympathy's tear, the healing of earth's illness, the redemption of a soul, a life new risen in holiness: for this, too, is Christ in art.

J. W. L. FORSTER.

Notes

MISSIONARIES SAILING.

Two contingents of reinforcements have left this fall for the foreign mission field of the Canadian Methodist Church. The first of these left September 28th, and are already on their way up the Yangtse River. This party consists of Miss M. L. Perkins, teacher for the missionaries' children; Miss Lucy Norman, matron in charge of the Home for Missionaries' Children; Rev. T. W. and Mrs. Bateman, and Dr. D. F. and Mrs. McKinley.

Early in November Rev. A. E. Johns, M.A., and Mrs. Johns; Rev. Gordon R. Jones; Mr. F. E. L. Abrey, missionary architect, take ship for West China, while Rev. J. W. and Mrs. Howe, and Rev. H. W. and Mrs. Outerbridge sail for Japan.

The following missionaries who have been home on furlough are returning to their fields this month: Rev. Dr. O. L. and Mrs. Kilborn, and Rev. Dr. C. W. and Mrs. Service. Rev. J. W. and Mrs. Samby, after an absence of fifteen years, are returning to take up work in Japan at the earnest solicitation of the Japan Church.

Victoria College heartily wishes all Godspeed and abundant success; and for those going out for the first time a happy home-making in a strange land.



MISSIONARIES WANTED.

The West China Mission Council have forwarded an appeal for the following new workers to go to West China in the fall of 1911:

Five Missionaries for Evangelistic Work.

Four Missionaries for Educational Work.

Three Missionaries for Medical Work.

Two Missionary Nurses.

One Missionary for Press Work.

For Japan we should appoint in 1911:

Two Missionaries for Evangelistic Work.

Two Missionaries for Educational Work.

One Missionary for either Student, Dormitory or Orphanage Work.



The Biological Station at Go-Home Bay

R. C. COATSWORTH, B.A.

In the summer just past it was my good fortune to spend two months as a member of the staff of the Biological Station at Go-Home Bay. The enthusiasm accumulated in those pleasant and profitable days being now given an opportunity to escape through the medium of printer's ink, I shall endeavor to give some idea of the Go-Home Bay station and the work done there. This I do with all due apologies to the gentlemen who, in previous years, have contributed such excellent articles on the same subject to this magazine, and also to those of the readers of ACTA to whom this subject will have thus lost the charm of novelty. Nevertheless, since there are as many views to a subject as there are persons viewing it, I trust that something new may be said here.

The Biological Station at Go-Home Bay is one of three such institutions maintained in our Dominion by Government support. Of the remaining two, one is at St. Andrew's, on the Nova Scotia coast, and the other near Nanaimo, on the Pacific coast. The latter are, therefore, devoted mainly to the study of marine flora and fauna, while the former is naturally devoted to fresh-water and terrestrial studies.

The vicinity of Go-Home Bay is marvellously well adapted for biological research, offering, as it does, a wide variety of conditions for the development of life, with the accompanying variation in species. Out in the Georgian Bay are the clear, deep waters and scattered islands of an "inland sea," whilst along the coast, lakes, bays and inlets of all sizes and kinds abound. Within a half-mile of Go-Home Bay are several inland lakes with no

visible outlet except at high-water. Near-by are several marshes, rich in material for collection or study. Continuous with Go-Home Bay is the Go-Home River, in which may be found the flora and fauna of running water. Terrestrial environments are quite as varied and range from the bare surface of the smallest wave-washed rock to the thickly wooded country inland up the river. This spot was indeed a happy choice and offers a wide field for research.

The "Station," as it is familiarly known, is situated on a small, triangular island at the entrance to Go-Home Bay. At the eastern side of the island, and facing the steamer channel,



THE STATION AT GO-HOME BAY.

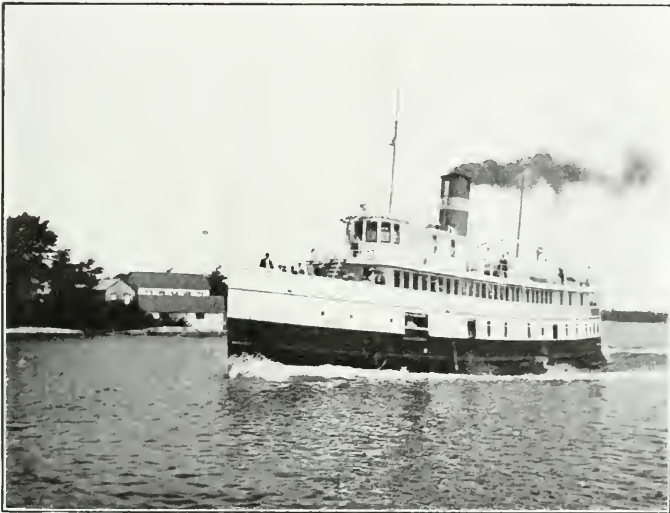
are the laboratory, office and boathouse. These are well shown in the first view; they may also be seen in the background of the photograph of the steamer. The building which serves as a laboratory is large and roomy, and well lighted by a series of five windows along each side. A part of the eastern side is apportioned off to provide a dark-room for photography and two supply-rooms for chemicals and glassware. Along that part of the wall not cut off by these rooms are tables for the use of the

members of the staff. In the centre of the room is a large zinc-covered table provided with taps, from which the running water necessary for the preservation of living specimens may be obtained. The water used is pumped from the channel by an engine placed in the foreground of the first photograph. Next to the laboratory is the office used by the Director of the station, and at the water's edge is the boathouse. Over at the far side of the island, about a hundred yards distant, lies the cottage provided for the members of the staff. Belonging to the station there is also a houseboat, which has done good service in past years when it was necessary to carry on prolonged investigations at a distance.

The first studies of a newly-established biological station are naturally systematic in character, that is, they deal with the determination of the local flora and fauna. Old species must be identified, and new ones studied, described and classified. That such work should precede the study of biological problems of scientific or economic importance may be well shown by the experiences of a member of the staff who has spent two summers investigating the internal parasites of the black bass. After identifying the adult parasites in the adult bass, it was necessary to find the time and means of infection. As one would naturally expect, infection occurred through the food, so an exhaustive investigation of the menu of a black bass from the period of its earliest infancy was commenced. The first food was found to consist of delicate little animalcules, known collectively as the plankton. Later came a time when insect larvæ offered the greatest attraction. As the young bass grew in stature and appetite its views as to the size of a good dinner increased; also it became less particular. With this increased catholicity of taste various items were added to its diet: minnows, large and small, and last of all crayfish. From each variety of food certain parasites were obtained, so that, in order to gain a complete knowledge of the problem, some twenty species of aquatic fauna had to be studied and identified. From the story of this one investigation it is easily seen that, unless the local flora and fauna have been previously determined, the solution of one problem necessitates the solution of twenty or more accessory problems.

The second phase in the life of a biological station commences

with its entry upon the investigation of biological questions of scientific or economic importance. As the study cited above shows, the station at Go-Home Bay has reached this stage. Another instance of work of economic importance is the investigation of the damage done to fish by the lampreys in Lake Chautauqua. The lamprey is a marsipobranchiate fish of an eel-like form, provided with a large, suctional mouth, by which it can grasp, or even eat into, the body of the fish attacked. Along the shores of this lake large numbers of fish were found with one or more circular wounds on their sides. The death of these fish meant a great loss to the country: so biological experts were sent

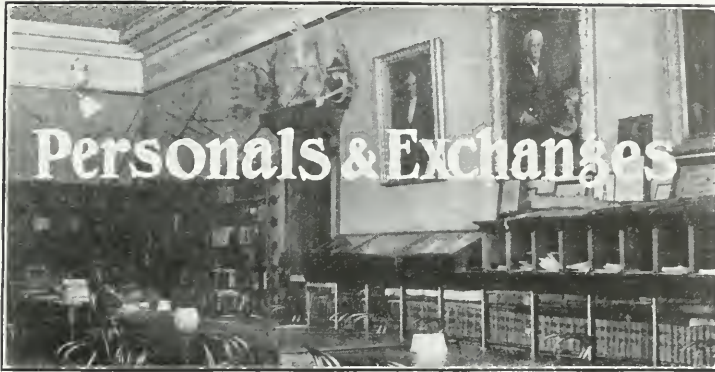


THE STATION IN THE DISTANCE.

to investigate the problem with a view to finding a cure. They quickly discovered that the lamprey was the culprit and, accordingly, set to work to find means of destroying this menace to the local fishing industry. Observations extending over some months brought forth important discoveries, the most important of which was that during the spawning season the lampreys always travelled up a stream. But, as the number of streams supplying Lake Chautauqua is very small, the solution of the problem was the construction of weirs in these streams, by

means of which the lampreys might be captured as they came up the stream to spawn. The saving to the Government effected by the removal of this enemy to the fish in Lake Chautauqua more than paid for the cost of the investigation, besides producing a method which might be applied to similar problems in other parts of the world.

The Go-Home Bay station is in connection with our University, its Director being Dr. B. A. Bensley of the Biological Department, and its workers mainly students or graduates of Toronto. To the University it is a valuable asset, providing, as it does, a rich field for research work, a fine opportunity for the student to gain experience in collecting and other "field work," and, lastly, a source whence material for class use may be easily and quickly obtained.



Class of '03

Miss Rose V. Beatty is in Weda, Japan.

Miss Edith Campbell also resides in Japan, at Kofu.

Miss Rose Cullen has charge of Y. W. C. A. work in Paris, France.

Miss E. Edna Dingwall holds the position of private secretary to Professor J. H. Sykes, Columbia University, New York.

Miss F. M. Eby teaches in the High School at Rockland, Ont.

Miss E. Jackson is also instructing the youth of our country in the Drayton High School.

Miss Ruby M. Jolliffe holds a similar position in Hackettstown, New Jersey.

Miss Olive Lindsay is teaching at Qu'Appelle.

Mrs. C. E. Auger (Miss L. P. Smith) is residing in Toronto.

Mrs. R. H. Stewart (Miss A. A. Will) is living at Rossland, B.C.

R. C. Armstrong is home this year on furlough from Japan. We have been told that he has grown fat over missionary work.

T. A. Bagshaw is writing on the staff of one of the Chicago dailies.

F. L. Barber preaches in the Methodist Church at Preston, Ont.

N. E. Bowles lives at Kiating, Szechwan, China.

J. F. Chapman is preaching at Little Britain, Ont.

J. H. Chown fulfils the duties of chief clerk to the divisional superintendent of the C. P. R. at Kenora, Ont.

W. Conway is pastor of the Methodist Church at Nile, Ont.

R. G. Dingman is business manager of *The Financial Post*, Toronto.

E. L. C. Forster is working in the Department of Inland Revenue at Ottawa.

A. R. Ford, president of the class, edits the Saturday edition of the Winnipeg *Telegram*.

R. S. Glass is in the Auditor-General's Department at Ottawa.

G. H. Grey practises law in Toronto.

R. O. Jolliffe is at Yui Hsien, Szechwan, China.

E. H. Jolliffe is on the staff of the Toronto Technical High School.

J. I. Hughes is stationed at Inverness, Que.

E. C. Irvine is Professor in Mathematics at Stanstead College, Stanstead, Que.

D. P. Kennedy is preaching at Pipestone, Man.

P. McD. Kerr spends his time at California University, Berkeley, Cal.

John Mackenzie takes pastoral care of the flock at Hornby, Ont.

W. P. Near is living in Toronto.

D. P. Rees is engaged in newspaper advertising in Montreal.

D. A. Walker is pastor of the Methodist Church at Waterdown, Ont.

J. H. Wallace resides at 120 Szechuen Road, Shanghai. He is engaged in Y. M. C. A. work.

A. J. Thomas is pastor of the Methodist Church, Brigden, Ont.

C. W. Webb lives at home at Ancaster, Ont.

C. J. Wilson is preaching at Yellow Grass, Sask.

T. E. Wilson, secretary of the class, is one of the legal lights of Vancouver, B.C.



VICTORIA COLLEGE ATHLETIC CLUB EXECUTIVE, 1910-11.

- | | | | |
|--|---|---|---------------------------------------|
| Miss P. McNeill, '12,
Basket Ball Capt. | Miss M. Flanders, '14,
1st Year Rep. | Miss N. Merritt, '13,
Field Hockey Capt. | Miss E. Gilroy, '13,
2nd Year Rep. |
| Miss M. Lowrey, '12,
3rd Year Rep. | Miss Laura Denton, '11,
Pres. | Miss E. Horning, '11,
Tennis Capt. | |
| Miss Lily Denton, '11,
4th Year Rep. | Miss L. Porte, '12,
Sec.-Treas. | Miss M. Cuthbertson,
Ice Hockey Capt. | |

Of '03 undergraduates and specialists we have the following information:

Mrs. Jennings Hood (Miss W. Douglas) resides in Philadelphia.

Miss Hazel Hedley and Miss Ethel Paul are at their respective homes in Toronto.

Mrs. Avern Pardoe, Jr. (Miss E. Hutchinson) also lives in Toronto.

Mrs. R. D. Hume (Miss Pearl Rutley) is another Toronto resident.

Mrs. F. M. Warren (Miss Alice Rockwell) lives at 5223 Irving Ave. S., Minneapolis.

Miss A. G. Scott is Assistant Superintendent of the General Hospital, Seattle, Wash.

Mrs. Biehn (Miss Rose Winter) is in Berlin, Ont.

R. H. Brett preaches at Clover Bar, Alta.

E. S. Bishop is also preaching in Alberta, at Nanton.

E. W. S. Coates is stationed at Waterloo, Que.

Chas. Douglas is in the Auditor-General's Department at Ottawa.

G. E. Eakins is practising medicine in Port Arthur.

W. W. McKee preaches at Grand Island, Neb.

T. R. B. Nelles practises medicine in Vancouver, B.C.

V. W. Odum is manager of one of the insurance companies in Winnipeg.

J. E. Rockwell is city editor of the Duluth *Herald*.

Other Years

Mrs. A. C. Hodgetts (Miss M. E. Birnie, '07) is now living in Omemee.

J. L. Rutledge ('07) is with one of the wholesale fruit firms of Montreal. His brother Gordon ('09) is on the staff of the *Montreal Witness*. Address, Central Y. M. C. A., Montreal.

Judge what a shock we received when on looking through one of our exchanges (*Lux Columbiana*, for the satisfaction of the incredulous) we came face to face with the picture of Lloyd

Morrison ('09), and not only that, but it was labelled *Prof. H. L. Morrison!* *Sic transit gloria mundi.* We thought Lloyd was bound to be an athlete, or at least a preacher.

We are glad to note the appointment of the Rev. W. T. Allison, B.A., Ph.D., to the chair of English Literature at Wesley College, Winnipeg. Prof. Allison has distinguished himself as an essayist and has also won laurels in journalistic work. He graduated from Victoria in '99 and was for two years lecturer in rhetoric here. He took his Ph.D. at Yale.



Marriages

We have received no definite information, but there are rumors that the little winged god has again been on the war-path, with the result that several victims have succumbed to his arrows.

It is said that D. M. Perley ('04) of West China is one of the wounded, and that he is shortly to be married to a young lady in Tokyo. We apologize in advance if this is not so.

E. W. Wallace ('04) is also rumored to be about to join the ranks of the benedicts, but rumor saith not how, nor when, nor where.

One of our '06 graduates recently received a card from Cornell Lane ('06) announcing the fact that he and his wife were on the way to Cuba. Fuller particulars have, we regret, been unobtainable.



Deaths

On October 18, 1910, there passed away one of Victoria's older graduates, in the person of Wm. Canniff, M.D., M.R.C.S. Dr. Canniff was a scion of one of the U. E. Loyalist families which traces its history back to the days when the Huguenots emigrated from France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He was distinguished as a contributor to the medical press, being the author of several books as well on history as on medicine. For some years past, however, he had been an invalid, and had not done any work. His death will be much regretted by all ACTA readers.

Exchanges

Among all the exchanges which come to our Library there are few that maintain a higher standard of efficiency and attractiveness than the *O. A. C. Review*. Much of its material is, of course, of a technical nature, but there are other features of more general interest. The November issue has a good description of early life in Massachusetts.

The Martlet has an excellent short story entitled "The Stupid Man and the Clever Jug," which is well above the average and thoroughly readable.

We cannot say it is strictly literary, but it expresses the sentiment perfectly, this snatch of verse from the *Queen's University Journal*:

A padded suit, a year at school,
The youth has turned to a butting bull.
He works his feet like a dancing bear,
Everything harnessed save his hair.
Euclid be jiggered, and Latin's dead.

(ff.) Rah! for the pigskin—we're a point ahead.

The *Journal* has also a good article on "Acquired Immunity from Infectious Diseases."

The criticism of George Bernard Shaw which appears in *The Student* for November 4 is the best we have seen yet.

The *Manitoba College Journal* has some good verse in the October number.

The exchanges now on file in the Library are: *Oxford University Review*, *The Student*, *The Martlet*, *Queen's University Journal*, *University of Ottawa Review*, *McMaster University Monthly*, *Manitoba College Journal*, *The Argosy*, *Vox Wesleyana*, *Lux Columbiana*.



ATHLETIC UNION EXECUTIVE, 1910-11.

W. E. Morrison, '11, Theology Rep.	F. J. Livingston, '11, Rugby.	E. Kerr, '14, 1st Year Rep.	J. R. Rumball, '11, Treasurer.	J. F. P. Birnie, '11, Hockey.	D. W. Canton, B.A., '11, Hand Ball.	A. E. McCulloch, '11, Soccer.
K. B. MacLaren, '12, Secy.	J. R. Gundy, '11, Pres.	Prof. Langford, Hon. Pres.	H. Guthrie, '12, 1st Vice-Pres.	W. A. F. Campbell, '13, 2nd Vice-Pres.		



PREFACE

COLLEGE sport means more to the individual student than the individual student means to college sport. The individual student means you. College sport means a training as useful to the brain as it is beneficial to the brawn. This understood, but one more word remains. Another season opens with the new year. Come back prepared for the winter's athletic programme.

Victoria and Junior Arts

21 TO EIGHT was the final tally for Vic's second win in the Mulock Cup Series. At the start the ball travelled well into Arts' territory and stayed there, practically throughout the game. Both sides showed some rawness in the first quarter and played too much loose ball with offside interference. From half-time on, however, the game became faster, and the halves made better use of a good field for speedy get-aways. The two touchdowns of the game were made by Patterson and McDowell, through their fast following up. The play was one-sided throughout, and the Vic. men were cornering down Arts' defense for another try when the whistle blew.

Line-up: Rumball, full; Guthrie, Livingstone and Duggan, halves; Birnie, quarter; McCulloch, VanWyck and Morrison, scrimmage; Sleeman, Newton, Church, Patterson, McDowell and Cambell, wings. The officials were "Reddie" Dixon and "Charlie" Gage.

Victoria and Junior Arts

10 TO NIL was the score that told the story of the game on Friday, November 11th. This shut-out for Arts placed Vic. at the head of her group. The field was muddy and treacherous, and Arts started out to make it a kicking game, but were out-punted by Rumball. In the first quarter Vic. captured the ball on Arts' 15-yard line and Livingstone tried a drop, but missed by six inches. Dales, the Arts' centre, muffed and McDowell fell on the ball for a touchdown, which was converted by Livingstone. Score, 6 to 0.



JUNIOR ARTS vs. VICTORIA.

By the second half the ball had become soaked and hard to punt. Both teams consequently adopted a long-passing game in spite of the slippery ball, while McLaren continued to get over some heavy kicking behind a good wing defence. McDowell showed some speedy following-up, which he made effective by accurate tackling. The two big runs of the game were pulled off by Gundy and Livingstone, the latter covering seventy yards in the second quarter.

Line-up: Rumball, back; McLaren, Livingstone and Gundy, halves; Birnie, quarter; Graham, Van Wyck and Morrison, scrummage; Sleeman, Newton, Church, Patterson, McDowell and Guthrie, wings. Officials—Dixon and Gage.

Victoria and Dents

23 TO EIGHT was the score by which Vic. won the semi-finals on Tuesday, November 15th. Both teams played the gridiron game for all it was worth. Dents won a lead of 6 at the beginning of the first quarter with a try, which was converted, but they failed to maintain their pace. With the change of goals Vic. found her form and had doubled on the Dents' initial score before half-time.

The game throughout was characterized by clean, fast work, the Victoria squad tightening up to the same kind of play that gave them the cup last year. Church made a good catch in the first quarter and fought his way to Dents' 35-yard line. With two bucks and a kick Dents were then forced to rouge, giving Vic. her first point. Before quarter-time Guthrie fell on the ball for a try, which was converted by Livingstone. This made the score 7 to 6 in Vic.'s favor.

At the beginning of the second quarter both Livingstone and Gundy made break-aways for a good gain. McLaren, who never missed a catch throughout the game, repeatedly out-booted the Dents in his returning. Rumball and Birnie, with two good runs, crossed Dents' 35-yard line, and a rouge gave Vic. another point. Rumball repeated the feat on a long pass from Livingstone, but the gain was soon lost by a stolen ball, which McDowell outran just in time to prevent a try. The Vic. line held the next two bucks and Rumball kicked out of dangerous territory on the return punt. Two more rouges and a drop kick made the tally 13 to 6 at half-time.

In the third quarter Zimmerman of the Dents took a beautiful on-side kick, but was pushed to touch by Sleeman. Patterson scored the next touchdown for Victoria, and Newton disjoined a four-man buck and carried the ball back for a two-yard gain just before quarter-time.

The last quarter began with a hard-fought run by McLaren. The Dents stuck to the four-man buck, which they had used from the first, but were crumbled by a strict defence. Dents won their last two points through a safety touch by McLaren. The rest of the Victoria score was made by forcing Dents to rouge.

The best run of the day was made in the last minute, when Gundy carried the ball from centre field to within a foot of Dents' goal line. The play was clean-cut and fast from start to finish and worked out a good deal smoother than the first game with Junior School. The Dents were out-punted by both McLaren and Rumball, and the fast following-up of the Vic. wings checked any effective running back. The line-up was the same as in the second game with Junior Arts.



JUNIOR SCHOOL vs. VICTORIA.

Victoria and Junior School

16 TO SIXTEEN was the referee's count when time was up on the Mulock Cup final. The game was played on Tuesday, November 14th, at Varsity Oval, and the prevalence of off-side interference and penalties for no yards was a feature. By a mistake of the timekeepers the first half was prolonged to forty minutes. Not until the fourth quarter was Victoria playing the football that gave the Dents their quietus in the semi-finals. In centre scrummage Guthrie, whose speed was needed on the right wing, was not a success as substitute for Graham. Church and Patterson didn't show their usual aggressiveness,

and Rumball kicked repeatedly to touch. In spite of the large score, Victoria got but one touchdown, and that on a muff by School's back.

The Vic. men, however, played the game into School territory continually, and McLaren and Rumball punted the ball for a good lead in the first quarter. Gundy and Campbell had an unfortunate collision, but were able to continue the game. McLaren fought the ball out of goal twice in the second quarter, and made a difficult 30-yard run just before half-time. Although Victoria was never behind in points, School tied the score, 7 to 7, by bucking to touch and failing to convert. At half-time the score was 15 to 7.

In the third quarter a great deal of loose ball was played. Sinclair and Webster of the School team put through some good individual play, but McDowell and Morrison worked well together in grassing trick manoeuvres. School bucked for their last touchdown and worked desperately for a lead.

During the last quarter, however, Victoria was getting better all the time, and the ball was at School's 35-yard line when the whistle blew. The Vic. team wanted to play off the tie according to usual regulations, but School refused and imposed another game on the generosity of Victoria.

Junior School and Victoria

11 AGAINST FIFTEEN was Vic.'s ultimate score in the post finals played off on Friday, November 25th. School started a long-pass game, with Webster and "Bud" Clark, their new wing man, cracking the fireworks. Tackling, however, was good, and both teams acted out the criss-cross and fake pass to little purpose.

The whole game was less open than the regular final, and degenerated into a series of scrimmages. Several of the Victoria men left the field more or less hashed, although no one on the Science team was injured. Livingstone received a bad cut over the left eye. McDowell had the flesh on his chin ripped open. McLaren suffered from a strained thigh. Gundy had the liga-

ments of his left knee torn, while Graham was badly hurt with a twisted shoulder. Such a list of casualties was unprecedented throughout the whole season.

At the end of the first quarter Victoria held a lead, with the score 6 to 3. Two rouges and a safety touch gave School an advantage of one point, and by bucking for a try, which was converted, this lead was increased till School registered 13. The wind was against Vic. in the second quarter, but with a change of goals the score crept up to within two points of the School mark. The game might have been redeemed in this quarter if Rumball's punting had been called more into play. The necessary two points, however, were not worked out, and with the wind to face in the last quarter Victoria did well in holding School back to a gain of two more points. This game, which ended the series, resulted in the only defeat for Victoria; but it must be admitted that a cipher is worth more behind than in front of a row of figures.



MULOCK CUP DEFENDERS, 1910.

Girls' Athletics

A pleasant ramble in the form of a progressive walking party was held on Saturday, November 12th, the Victoria girls entertaining the girls of St. Hilda's and University College. The girls met at the head of Yonge Street, and the walk led through Reservoir Park and North Toronto. Tea was afterwards served at Annesley Hall.

The St. Hilda's girls returned the compliment on Saturday, November 19th, when a paper chase was held. The girls met at Sunnyside and "paper-chased" through High Park. St. Hilda's, as usual, came in first. Tea was served at St. Hilda's College, and college songs and yells were rendered.

FIELD HOCKEY.

The interest taken in this pastime about Annesley Hall was renewed rather late in the season this year. With Miss McNeill as captain, however, and A. C. Burley as coach, several good practices were held, although the enthusiasm which accompanies ice hockey could not be expected, as there is no inter-year or inter-college competition.

GIRLS' OPEN TENNIS.

The intercollegiate tournament did not result very gloriously for Victoria this year, as she finished with only one point to her credit. The team was handicapped by the grass courts and the loss of Miss Maclaren, for five years its mainstay. The Victoria tournament went on in spite of unfavorable circumstances. Miss Merrit won through in the girls' open event, securing the college championship by the defeat of Miss Laura Denton, who held it last year.

Miss Flanders.....	}	Miss Merrit	}	Miss Merrit ..	}	Miss Merrit
" Merrit.....		" Gilroy.....		" Lowrey...		
" Lily Denton.	}	" Lowrey....	}	" Lowrey..		
" Gilroy.....		" Dawson...		" Lowrey..		
" Lowrey.....	}	" Dawson...	}	" Lowrey..		
" Adams.....		" Dawson...		" Lowrey..		
" Dawson.....	}	" Dawson...	}	" Lowrey..		
" Gibson.....		" Dawson...		" Lowrey..		
" Horning.....	}	" Horning...	}	" Lowrey..		
" Henderson...		" Horning...		" Lowrey..		

The finals in the handicap tournament are not yet played off.



SECOND ANNUAL—

Handball

Although a growing interest has been taken in this sport, only one of last year's team was back this fall, and a new team was not worked into form fast enough to annex the handball cup in which St. Michael's takes such an interest. The results of the tournament were as follows:

A Series—		Victoria.	St. Michael's.
At St. Michael's.....	7		21
At Victoria	14		21
At St. Michael's.....	17		21
At Victoria	21		8
B Series—		Victoria.	St. Michael's.
At St. Michael's.....	15		21
At Victoria	8		21

Team A: Maclaren, Ganton, Manning, Richardson.

Team B: Livingstone, McCulloch, Armstrong, Taylor.

The inter-year series of fifteen games was not played off till late in the season.



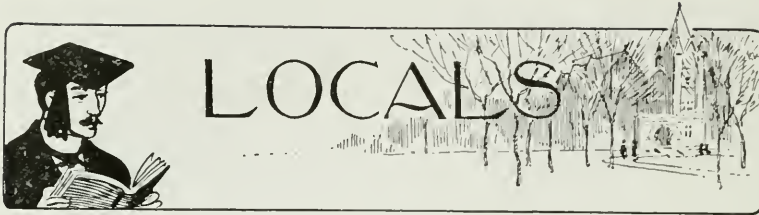
FIELD DAY—

Basketball

THE Sifton Cup series, in which Victoria reached the finals last year, was renewed at the gymnasium on Thursday, November 24th, with a game between Victoria and Junior Arts. These two teams, together with the Senior School, make up one of the groups of competitors for this year's championship. Although beaten, the Victoria men were first to score and put up a remarkably good game against a team which had been in training for some time. Goddart, who is captaining the Victoria team this year, was the only man playing who was in the game last season, as neither Sleeman nor McCulloch were available. Victoria showed good material, but bad form. The final tally was 17 to 5 in favor of Arts. The teams lined up as follows:

Victoria: Griffiths and Goddart, backs; Mackenzie, centre; Newton and Mains, halves.

Junior Arts: Clark and Scott, backs; Hanna, centre; J. Preston and H. A. Preston, halves.



An important event in the progress of Victoria College was marked on Friday evening last by a brilliant social function, when the magnificent new library was formally opened to the student body. The entire building was charmingly lighted by Jack'-o-Lanterns (as the electric light fixtures have not been ordered from England), and the magnificent attire of the ladies presented a most pleasing spectacle in the subdued light. The floor was in excellent condition, and had it not been for the hemp rugs spread to save the paint, which was not dry, would have been much enjoyed.

The dignitaries of the faculty received their guests, whose munificence had made the building possible, as well as the students at the east (back) door, the other entrances not being completed. The genial countenance of the librarian, with smiles for all, gave inspiration to the large assembly, and he received innumerable compliments for the unprecedented rapidity with which the building had been erected and equipped. It was regretted by many that the sign "wet paint" forbade them to investigate the many rooms of the building, which are said to be admirably planned for research work. The programme, consisting of three numbers, Formal Reception at the door, Refreshments à la buffet, and Formal Farewell, was all over and the lights out by nine o'clock.

Dr. Edgar (calling sophomore roll, and addressing an absentee): "Miss Clement, you are present, are you not?"

Annesley Hall for several nights in one memorable week was plunged in darkness. The cause cannot be readily ascertained, unless it be due to the darkness of the deeds of some of its occu-

pants. Let the cause be what it will, it was quite fitting that on Sunday night Miss Findlay ('12) requested that the following hymn be sung:

Jesus bids us shine
With a pure, clear light,
Like a little candle
Shining in the night.

Soper ('11) (in dread consternation over sudden disappearance of his Virgil key just before lecture) suddenly becomes poetical, exclaiming: "Has anybody here seen Kelly?"

Students will appreciate, as Latin keys are Kelly's editions.

Miss Hubbel ('14): "I wish to get a hat."

Milliner: "I am very sorry, but we haven't any children's hats left."

Dr. De Witt (unveiling graduation group of class 1910 at open lit.): "We welcome the class of 1910 into the ranks of the alumni, and declare all their academic sins forgiven. Note the look of intelligence on their faces; they got that here. (Cries of poor freshies.) I will now ask that this picture be taken out from this place and hanged on the wall forever."

Miss Richardson (who has just opened and shut the door of the telephone room) is asked: "Is Miss Going ('14) there yet?" "Yes, and she seems to be going a good deal, too."

Miss Cowan ('11), imploring a freshette to join Y. W.

Miss Edwards ('14): "You are really quite an evangelist."

On Thursday night, November 10, a bevy of loyal Victoria students gathered at the College to escort our debaters, R. M. Edmanson ('12) and W. W. Evans ('12) to Trinity Convocation Hall. So hilarious were the supporters over what they were sure would be certain victory that Toronto's police force deemed it necessary to accompany the throng. With signs of relief they witnessed their departure at Trinity gates as they heralded their approach with tooting of horns and lusty shouts. After a fitting welcome the audience was favored with an instrumental solo excellently rendered by J. D. Ketchum of Trinity

College. The Victoria men had prepared several songs, prophetic in their vein, which were much appreciated. By 9 o'clock the judges had arrived, and then began the debate on the subject, "That Canada should adopt an amendment to the constitution requiring an educational qualification for suffrage." So forcible was the clear and eloquent style of W. Burt, leader of the affirmative, that some did not know just what might prove the issue. However, fears for Victoria were set aside as R. M. Edmanson, leader of the negative, sped through his logical arguments. These proved so convincing that V. C. Spencer, B.A., of Trinity spent two-thirds of his allotted time attempting



NOT A SNAP-SHOT BUT AN EXPOSURE.

to refute his statements, and thus leaving himself but little time to bring forward any new points. W. W. Evans dismissed these in a few words and then proceeded to bring forward one irrefutable argument after another. The leader of the affirmative then spoke for five minutes, after which the judges withdrew. During the interval Mr. Dichtburn of Trinity College sang two songs. Then followed retaliatory songs, and since both were theological colleges many an "amen" was chanted. The songs were kept up, sometimes two at a time, much to the chairman's discomfort, until the judges returned. They declared that their lengthy absence was not due to the refreshments or the Provost's tobacco, but to the usual difficulty of coming to a decision. They stated

the weight of argument lay with the negative, and hence awarded the decision to Victoria.—P. H. F.

Clipperton ('14), after seventh dish of water-ice: "Wasn't it rank of the sophs. to steal that other five gallons?"

Miss Hewitt ('11): "I like the new Library all but those billikens with the sore knees."

Miss Dawson ('11): "Oh, don't; they're meant to be some of the professors."

Candid Advice, to be meditated upon by some of our slum-work enthusiasts and others.

Not long ago Lord Kinnaird, who is always actively interested in religious work, paid a visit to a mission school in the East-end of London, and told a class of boys the story of Samson. In concluding his narrative, his Lordship added: "He was strong, became weak, and then regained his strength, enabling him to destroy his enemies. Now boys if I had an enemy, what would you advise me to do?" A little boy, after meditating on the secret of that great giant's strength, shot up his hand and exclaimed: "Get a bottle of hair restorer."

Dr. Edgar, in fourth year Honour French, wishing to cut the pages of a book: "Has any one a hair pin? Mr. Shipman, have you a hair pin?"

Model conversation for reception.

Fair Junior, to Mr. Wilder ('12): "It seems strange to me that when you put two reacting weights of hydrogen into one of oxygen it forms water. If you put two of each what would it make?"

Mr. Wilder (vaguely): "I don't know."

Junior: "Hydrogen peroxide, would it not?"

Mr. Wilder (sleepily): "I don't know."

Junior: "I was out gathering leaves this afternoon. Can you tell me if it hurts the trees to pull off those little branches?"

Mr. Wilder (despairingly): "I don't know."

Junior (conclusively): "Well, really, Mr. Wilder, what do you know?"

Ticket Agent (at flower show to Miss Pettit ('12) and Miss Kelly ('12): "Children's tickets, of course?"

D. J. Gray ('12), fussing for freshie reception: "Gee! I'll have to go back to the farm. Society life's killing me."

O tempora, O mores, seniores hanc intellegunt juniores viduunt hic tamen vivit. In former days the spacious, well-lighted corridors and sunny balconies of Annesley Hall were wont to ring with hilarious laughter, and ever was there sound of revelry by night. But, alas! Now it is the freshie who burns the midnight oil, and some have become so corrupt that notices of "Please call only between 9.30 and 10 p.m.," decorate their doors. The sophomores gather in a bunch and hug each other. If one unkind soul suggests that the freshies be tapped the others throw up their hands in holy horror and cry aloud "For shame! It would be un-Christian thus to interfere with their personal rights." And so they dwell in peace and unity, one in harmony with another. The juniors, who in previous years were energetic and gay, now, perforce of their position, have to endure the heart-rending misery of viewing from their high post the degeneracy of the present age. But they are juniors, and so their only solace from their racking pain is to drown it in green tea. The seniors, it is quietly reported, once were "sports" when they were fresh. But who could have the audacity to imagine that these same grand and stately seniors, who regulate the goings out and comings in of all humanity, ever could have been fresh?

Alack! alack! the times are most degenerate indeed. The Dean and the head of the house were absent from the beloved scene of their fruitful labors, and nothing was doing—until two juniors became so frenzied at the appalling disgrace of the situation that they boldly rushed from their rooms and rang the fire alarm. Scarcely had the old bell clattered once than a few freshies were on the dead run for the bucket tank in the basement. Some declare they smelt the smoke; some even heard the crackling of the burning wood. But the majority petulantly arose from their books, saying, "Oh, shoot! why did I have to be disturbed?" The sophomores ran straight for their leader's room, threw themselves in a heap, arms around each

other's necks, heroically declaring, "In death we are not divided." The juniors, whose minds were more alert to such events, quickly came out into the hall and draped themselves on the staircase—that they might watch the extraordinary proceedings. The seniors, who had still some vivid recollections of what the energetic life of the juniors had been, immediately gathered together to discuss the matter. The head of the year calmly arose and gently remarked, "Girls, we are met for a special purpose. The fire gong was rung to-night, supposedly by a junior, without



"Does this little Freshie feel funny to his toes?"

"Yes, my child."

"Then he must be very funny."

"Oh, a Freshman is always funny."

either our orders or permission. Consequently something must be done, and that something at once. Will someone please make a motion that we may take definite action?" It was duly arranged that the head of a year be a committee to set wrongs right, and especially to show to the wayward juniors the awful consequences of the crime.

Accordingly the worthy lady at once set about her duty. The first person she met was one of the offending juniors. Throwing

her arms about her, she exclaimed in impassioned tones. "Oh, my dear, you should not have done it: you know the principle of the thing is wrong. Why, just think, some of those freshies might have been so alarmed as to have thrown themselves from their windows—or, worse still, to have gone down the fire-escape. I fairly quake when I think what might have been the dire results. Oh, why did you do it? But, my dear, you know that I simply loathe having to say this to you. If you juniors forget your duty, we as seniors feel it ours to remind you that you are now an example to the freshies. But you know that we all think your year is the best in the bunch except our own, of course. Well, good-night, but remember now, dear, you must not do such things."

The stalwart junior disengaged herself from the loving embrace, and with an air of contemptuous disdain walked down the hall to a more sympathetic atmosphere—to get some jam.

Miss Bartlett ('11) translating "venator" hesitatingly.

Prof.: "Do you know what the word means?" No reply. "Well, do you know of anybody called a (Hunter) hunter?"

Latin professor asking freshmen class difference between "Tristis" and "Maestus." No answer. "Well 'Tristis' is expression on girl's face when she has a heartache, while 'Maestus' is expression on boy's face when he has the toothache."

Lecturer explaining sea-sickness in Latin class: "Have you ever been seasick? Well, at first you feel like sending a wireless to your friends telling them to look after your remains. Then after a while you think there will not be any remains, so you don't bother."

Sir Robert Finlay, well known to Canadians as one of the giants of the legal profession in the old land, and particularly popular now as a result of his famous speech—lasting over a week—at the Hague, in connection with the North Atlantic Coast Fisheries Arbitration, tells how he fell a prey to the wit of an Irish cattle dealer at one time.

Sir Robert met him on the road to Waterford Fair with a number of cattle. In reply to a question from the great lawyer, he said he might get £8 a head for them. "Ah, that's a sample of your country," said Sir Robert. "Now take those cattle to England and you average £14 per head."

"Just so, yer hamner," replied the Irishman. "and av' yez were to take the Lakes o' Killarney to Purgathory yez would get a guinea a dhrop."

On Belt Line car: Miss Neff ('13) (speaking to Mr. Hugh Beatty ('12) about Varsity-Queen's rugby game), "Were you sitting in the grand stand last Saturday?"

Mr. Beatty: "No, I was with the rooters. I am living 'single' this year."

Explanation, Beatty, please."

Just as a hard row gets easy by hoeing on it, an easy one gets hard if you don't.

On November the ninth a most interesting and educative programme was presented by the Alumnae Association at the Women's Literary Society. Miss O. Patterson ('06), President of the Association, presided over the meeting. Mrs. Rowell ('98) gave an admirable description of the architecture of the East, especially of Egypt and Constantinople. After Miss Patterson ('05) had sung, Miss Deacon ('98) gave a most interesting account of her experiences in Florida. Miss Phillips ('09) then sang. Miss Graham ('98) brought the programme to a close by presenting a most vivid picture of the beauties of Italy, particularly of Venice.

Answers to correspondents.

No, the 'phone is not supposed to be used for more than half an hour at a time. It may be hard to break away, but you'll find the discipline beneficial.

H. E. M.: No. One is not a sufficiently large number for a successful Historical Seminary meeting, but it gives that one a splendid chance to air his opinions.

Many of our friends outside the college who read Christmas ACTA will be interested in the farewell dinner tendered to Dr. John Burwash on Thursday evening, November 24th, by his confrères of the Faculty, prior to his departure for a trip throughout the West and an extended visit at Calgary. Dr. Reynar occupied the chair in his own inimitable manner, and his happy, ever merry spirit, was here quite contagious.

Platonic love might work if only one of the couple got it.

You cannot take a correspondence course in the school of experience. All must begin as freshmen.

Motto, reverently dedicated by "Locals" to C. T's.: "Be not simply good, but good for something."

Miss Edge ('14), after first flashlight had been taken: "If you take another of those I'll be looking edgeways."

The Chancellor and other members of the Faculty indulged in pleasant reminiscences, viewing with satisfaction the success which has resulted from years of harmonious co-operation. Dr. Bell, for the Faculty, presented Dr. John with a handsome hammered brass electric reading lamp, and expressed the appreciation of his services rendered through long years. The student body joins in good wishes to Dr. Burwash as Professor Emeritus.

To those whom we've hit, whom we should have missed; to those whom we've missed, whom we should have hit, and to all others, Locals extends best wishes for a very Merry Christmas time. This wicked department is at peace with all men, and we hope you'll come back with a lot of jokes on your friends to help make for yourselves and the editors a Happy New Year.



WINTER

Acta Victoriana



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No. 4

Let Us Be Kind

Let us be kind;
The way is long and lonely.
And human hearts are asking for this blessing only—
That we be kind.
We cannot know the grief that men may borrow,
We cannot see the souls storm-swept by sorrow,
But love can shine upon the way to-day, to-morrow—
Let us be kind.

Let us be kind;
Around the world the tears of time are falling,
And for the loved and lost these human hearts are calling—
Let us be kind.
To age and youth let gracious words be spoken,
Upon the wheel of pain so many weary lives are broken.
We live in vain who give no tender token—
Let us be kind.

Let us be kind;
The sunset tints will soon be in the west,
Too late the flowers are laid then on the quiet breast—
Let us be kind.
And when the angel guides have sought and found us,
Their hands shall link the broken ties of earth that bound us.
And heaven and home shall brighten all around us—
Let us be kind.

“Storyman and Storiette”

BY BESSIE M'CAMUS, '13.

The last grain of sand in the hour-glass fell with the tiniest splash in the world; the last second of the last minute ticked itself almost imperceptibly out of existence, and 1910 went the way of all the years.

Here's 1911 dropped down on a pale moonbeam upon the sleeping world! The bells ring out a welcome to the happy, untried year, and then the world as a whole turns over once again and sleeps peacefully on.

At least this is what Storiette had always done every one of her ten new years, but on the eleventh one she did something quite different. Instead of sleeping, she lay there very wide awake, wondering what sort of things must happen in the world when a bright new year comes in. It was then that Storyman, who writes all stories that are real, delighted to find a child thinking a thought so big, came down to Storiette upon the first grey streak of dawn and took her back with him to show her what goes on upon a New Year's Day.

“I think,” said Storiette, still rubbing her eyes and looking rather frightened, “I think I do not know who you are.”

“I think,” said Storyman, without looking up, and writing as hard as he could, “I think you do know who I am.”

“Well, what do you do?” said Storiette.

“Write stories,” said Storyman.

“Oh, then you are Storyman, and I love you,” cried Storiette.

“Now, would you like to see how I write stories?” said the old man.

“Oh, yes, very much,” said the little girl, creeping up close to Storyman's shoulder and keeping just as still as a little girl could while he wrote.

And first, she heard a great rustling and crackling, as though a thousand thousand pages of a thousand thousand books were being turned over all at once.

“What's that?” breathed Storiette.

"Turning over new leaves," said Storyman shortly. "They do that every year down there."

"And, Storyman, I see they are all writing."

"Yes, resolutions. Leaves are too brittle. They break," said Storyman.

Storiette didn't like to ask any more questions for a while, for Storyman was so very busy. He had a wonderful, long, fine brush in his hand. Storiette recognized it at once. It was made of comet's hair. He dipped it in the beautiful blue sky, and Storiette saw how it was that sometimes the blue wears out. He wrote at a speed that made her dizzy, and to rest her eyes she looked down at his side at a whole array of curiously shaped brushes and pens. She was just going to ask what they were for, when all at once Storyman threw down his brush and seized the end of a great ribbon a hundred miles wide and a thousand miles long, which he flung around the earth. Then, buckling it tight, he pulled it and pulled it until Storiette could stand it no longer.

"Storyman," she cried; "Storyman, what are you doing? Please don't squeeze them so tight."

"Hm! They're so little they never notice it. I do that every year."

"But you'll make the earth too small for them some day, Storyman."

"Maybe; but there's still plenty of room for them in the air. Anyway, I have to do it. That's the way to write the world-story."

It may have been that Storyman was a little cross just then, for he seemed to be frowning slightly; but Storiette hadn't time to decide before he lifted a beautiful feathery brush, and leaning over the world, he shook it ever so gently. Down from it dropped shimmering, glittering rings, all rainbow-tinted, as if a thousand bubbles, great and small, had been cut into a thousand thousand slices.

"Rings," said Storyman shortly, answering Storiette's unasked question. "Rings for the trees. They get new ones every year."

"I never noticed it," said Storiette humbly.

"That's the way I write the tree-stories," said Storyman, "only many people don't know how to read them."

But more wonderful things were yet to happen, for he next lifted a large flat brush and dropped upon all rocks and soils sheets so thin and grey they might have been slices of mist. Storiëtte would have liked to prick one of them with a pin, but she just kept as still as a little girl could, and waited.

"Do you know," said Storyman, as if thinking aloud, "this story is a great, a beautiful one—this earth-story. It takes a thousand thousand years to write a page of it. It has taken the children of men a long time to translate it. Even now they only hammer away at it," he added, and again Storiëtte wondered if he frowned when he smiled.

Sighing, he laid that brush aside and picked up another. It was made of very fine hairs, and when, after dipping it in a dark raincloud, Storyman swept it over the world, it seemed to drop lines (at least Storiëtte called them that to herself), little, curiously shaped lines, so fine it made her eyes ache.

"Not lines, Storyman?"

"Wrinkles," said Storyman. "That's the way I write stories on faces."

"But, Storyman, why so many, so very many, and sometimes all in one spot?"

"Cities," he said briefly. "They won't keep still and be happy. I never get a chance to write in dimples down there—just wrinkles."

"Storyman," said Storiëtte seriously, "are you writing my story in wrinkles?"

"Storiëtte," said Storyman seriously, "are you making me write your story in wrinkles?"

Storiëtte was quiet for such a long time after that that Storyman picked up his brush and wrote in his big book of nations the story of that New Year's Day for half the world. Then Storiëtte became interested again.

"I'm wondering why you use so many little dots in pairs there, Storyman."

"That's India," he said. "I wrote up its story before the flood, and it's given me very little trouble ever since, until just lately, and I'm getting altogether too busy. People are begin-

ning to make fresh stories for themselves all over the world. I'll have to have somebody to help me keep them written up."

"Maybe some day I'll come back and help you. Storyman," said Storiëtte; "but I'd like to make my own little story first."

"In wrinkles, Storiëtte?"

"No, dimples, if you please, Storyman."

Then seeing that the little girl was anxious to start, Storyman slipped her on the first broad sunbeam he could find, and in the briefest of twinklings Storiëtte was back in her own little bed, and someone was saying: "Happy New Year, Storiëtte."

The Value of a College Education

J. R. HEYWORTH.

"Young Mr. Platitude did not go to college a gentleman; but neither did he return one; he went to college an ass, and returned a prig." So writes George Borrow of a man who had misused a golden opportunity. But it is no argument against the value of a college education, merely against its misuse. When Mr. Groom was first introduced to him as "A young gentleman from Oxford," he remarked: "H'm! A good many fools come from Oxford." This may be perfectly true of many who go out into life from educational institutions; but the cause of it will be found in their original foolishness. The best opportunities that life can furnish may be utterly misused, but they were opportunities nevertheless.

Francis Bacon, who has profoundly influenced modern education, in his essay on studies, writes: "To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar." No one would accuse Bacon of denying the value of a college education. He is merely pointing out its dangers. There may be an academic view of life, an armchair philosophy of living, which is unreal and destructive of success; there may be an ornamental use of education which is odious to sane, wholesome people; there may be a use of education which makes a man a sluggard and a self-indulgent idler all his days; there

may appear to be truth in the remarks of some wealthy businessmen when they say, "Look at me. I'm a self-made man. I never went to college; college only spoils a fellow." But let us remember that there is no opportunity in life, however good, that may not be an opportunity for foolishness as well as for achievement.

1. The value of a college education will be in proportion to the *master-passion* of the student. By master-passion I mean the dominating motive with which we live our college life. I mean the master-purpose, the aim with which we pursue our course. As we proceed, there may be conflicting aims, but sooner or later one will become dominant, and this will determine the value of the course for us.

John Ruskin complained that in the mass of letters received from parents regarding the education of their children, the idea of a position in life was the predominant idea. The phrase commonly used was that of "a station in life." He went on to say: "They never seek, as far as I can make out, an education good in itself; even the conception of abstract rightness in training rarely seems reached by them. But an education 'which shall keep a good coat on my son's back; which shall enable him to ring with confidence the visitors' bell at double-belled doors; which shall result ultimately in establishment of a double-belled door to his own house; in a word, which shall lead to advancement in life,—this we pray for on bent knees—and this is all we pray for.'"

It may be that there are parents who send their children to college from some such motive, and that students pursue their course with no greater master-passion; but to such college life will not yield its full value. Merely to make a place for myself in life; simply to possess more information than other people; simply to shine in society; simply to beat other people in competition and earn a better income than the average man, is not a master-passion strong enough to wrest from college life the best that it can give me.

The best can only be got in one way. Only one passion can urge the student on to the goal where he can say, "I have wrung from this place the best that it can give me," and that is the love of truth for its own sake. Truth is a jealous mistress. She

will yield herself to no student who seeks her from an unworthy motive, but in the breast of him who loves her for her own sake she will inspire a passion to know her better. To the student who loves her whole-heartedly and with a single eye, she is ever revealing herself; and in this fuller revelation lies his own highest culture. Whether the revelation come in language, such as Hebrew or Greek, or whether it come by way of philosophy or science or theology, or whether it come by way of our fellow-students—for these may be her revealers—she will only give her fullest possible revelation to those who have sought her with this master-passion and love for her own sake alone. In a young and growing country like ours, where there is danger of forgetting this, and of estimating the value of a college in terms of dollars and cents, we can afford to listen to the constant reiteration of this truth.

Windelbaud, the German philosopher, in a book published last year, with an unpronounceable German name, warns his countrymen against this danger. "We have lost in these days," he declares, "much of the old joy in spiritual creation, much of the old respect for theoretical labor, much of the old love of knowledge for its own sake." Yet it is not too much to say that Germany holds her leadership in the world of modern thought to this master-passion which dominated her greatest scholars. We are accustomed to think of Socrates, and Plato, and Aristotle as ancients; yet who so modern as they, if judged by the influence of their thought upon ours? And to this same master-passion they owe their immortality. They loved truth and wooed her for herself alone. If, on this continent, we would follow in their train, and in our turn become leaders in the world of thought, we must imbibe their spirit. No mercenary motive must be allowed to creep into our college life. No materialistic spirit must be allowed to creep in and crowd out this highest of ideals. From our educational institutions will go out the men and women who will lead humanity into the light of truth, and set it free. A Newton, a Harvey, a Faraday, a Darwin have been among our ancestry. Whether we are to enter fully into their inheritance or not, and become leaders and auxiliaries in the scholarship of our generation, will depend

upon whether our spirits have been touched with a live coal from off the altar of truth, and our hearts invaded by that master-passion.

2. The value of a college education will be in proportion to our *conception* of what education is. I have spoken of the motive in seeking an education: now let us try and get a right conception of what education is in order that we may not miss its full value. For in proportion to the rightness of the conception will our time here have been spent to the best advantage.

(a) Education is not merely the imparting of so much information. College professors are not a kind of encyclopedia, existing merely to bring out in us a revised edition, with the idea of thrusting us upon the public. That would be a calamity. We do not study Greek and Hebrew and Latin simply to be able to speak the language of the ancients. The English language may be just as expressive, and some of us may never have cause to speak the other. If we did, we might not be understood. Besides, with some of us, two years after graduation, we may have forgotten how. A college does not exist to turn out parrots. That conception is as ancient as China, and as useless.

(b) Neither is education qualifying for a degree as a means of introduction to society. It may be made that, because anything may be abused; but that is not its function. It might be better if degrees were not given for writing off so many subjects. Possibly it might make for higher education and higher ideals in college life. The public assumes that because a student has obtained a degree there must be some inherent worth in the student corresponding to it; and sometimes the public is fooled. Men are invited to positions they are not competent to fill, on the strength of their degree, and when they are found wanting, the value of a degree decreases in the eyes of the public.

It might be better if they were not awarded until the student had proved himself really worthy, and on the basis of real merit. Anyhow, the possession of one does not imply an education.

(c) Possibly a fair definition of education would be the development of mind and heart, or the development of all the powers and capacities we possess. In the matter of education my dictionary is not very satisfactory. It says: "Educate—to bring up children"; and after that I had almost given it up

as a bad job, concluding that, for want of experience, I knew nothing about it. But I got hold of a better word, that seemed to have some connection with education, and that was "educe," which means to draw out, to extract, to cause to appear. When I saw that I was happy, and concluded that the man who compiled the dictionary had somehow got the words twisted. Education is a kind of mental dentistry, a college a kind of mental dental institution, and we are the patients. It exists to draw out, to extract, to cause to appear, and its purpose is to send us out into life with a good mental dental apparatus, which we may exercise on everything capable of being chewed and digested.

There are old ideas, badly decayed, which need to be rooted out and replaced by new ones. Sometimes we cry out during the process, and good-intentioned people, imagining we are being hurt, interfere. But the pain must be borne, for it is the price of healthy mental life.

There are cavities that must be filled in, if we are to be equipped for chewing some of the harder things that will be presented to us as food for thought. There is bridge-work to be done—ideas that seem to stand in isolation until bridged over and connected with other ideas already existing in the mind.

Education, then, is extraction; and now, as we look back, we are thankful for the process, and realize how necessary the extraction was.

It is drawing out, the development of our powers and capacities that they may efficiently perform their function.

It is the causing to appear at the highest and best all that lay dormant within us.

Francis Bacon writes: "Studies perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like plants that need pruning by study." Further, he declares: "Histories make men wise; facts, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend." Possibly we may not accept all this, but by means of his own conception of education Bacon has given to us a clearer conception of what education should be.

Studies in philosophy are intended not to give us so many ideas about the universe, but to give us the inspiration and the method that we search for ourselves for the ultimate reality

behind all phenomena, and in searching come to a higher mental stature.

We study logic, not that we may beat others in argument, and thus show our skill, but that the mind may operate properly upon all the data of experience, and that our judgments may be true.

We study the languages, not for ornamental use, but that we may enter into the minds of those who used these languages as the vehicle of their thought, and in the study our minds are enriched and disciplined.

We study literature, not that we may be able to quote our poets and prose writers, but that our own spirit may be enriched as we drink of theirs.

We leave our colleges, not with so much information, not as finished products of an educational institution, but merely as humble searchers, mentally equipped for exploring that world of knowledge opened to our vision, and whose horizon ever stretches beyond our grasp. And in proportion as we grasp a conception of education something after this fashion, will we get the value that lies in it for us.

3. The value of a college education will *depend upon* its continuation.

Plato's view of education was that of a life-long process, beginning in childhood, continued from stage to stage of life until it culminates in the perfect knowledge of philosophy. Unless we go out into life from this institution with some such idea, the time spent here will not have been of great value. We can only have touched the fringe of knowledge, no matter how far we have progressed, and a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. All we can have discovered is how great the field is, and how little we know of it, and all we have got is the equipment for exploring it. The very value of the equipment can only be possessed and really retained as we proceed in the exploration.

One can hardly understand the student who sells his books, even before his college term is over. That is his confession of his own failure to receive from that branch of his education the value that lay in it for him. One can hardly understand the student who is not constantly buying books, apart from the necessary text-books, and thus building up a library for himself,

a treasure-house from which his mind and heart shall be continually enriched. Two hundred carefully selected volumes ought to be the minimum for every real student, and one thousand by the time we finish our course ought to be possible for some of us. A real student who is not buying books continually, and thus continuing what he has begun, can hardly be called a student, and certainly should not be termed a bachelor of arts.

Take simply one who has had a course in English literature. Before we took the course, we voted Dickens dull, or Scott tedious, or George Eliot a blue-stockings, or Hardy coarse, Byron dirty, Shelley atheistical, Browning obscure, Shakespeare a bore. Tennyson we pretended to read, and George Borrow we didn't even know, and some of us not yet. We had peeped into them with our eyes not even half-opened, missed their riches, consigned them to antiquity, and were content with a modern sensational story. But now things are changed. We have had a new birth. Old things have passed away, and in the world of literature all things have become new. In Dickens we have found the lover of humanity; in Wordsworth, the mind that gives dignity to common things; in Browning, the revealer of human nature, with all its hopes and aspirations, its failure and defeat, its magnificent striving and its yearning for God. Through Scott we have entered a world of romance and chivalry, and with George Eliot we have looked into the human heart and seen conscience at work. Having seen this world, been born into it, how can we possess its riches unless we go on exploring it for ourselves?

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster.

Acta Victoriana

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EDITORIAL

Guilty or Not Guilty ?

The college spirit which prevails in Victoria, if judged by the loyalty of the students to attend the inter-college debates, must be said scarcely to exist. It is, to say the least, extremely disheartening to the debaters, on whose shoulders it rests to uphold the honor of the College in the series, to find, after they have been *kindly* allowed to assume the responsibility, and after they have spent no little time in gathering data (by themselves) and in getting their argument in shape, that either the students have not enough interest to come out and give them a cheer and a lift toward victory, or they have absolute confidence in the ability of the debaters to win, so that their presence would be quite an unnecessary factor. We would like to think the latter to be the case. In the last debate, with the exception of a faithful few, the fourth year was conspicuous in its absence; the third year was also missing; the second year had a minority present, but the first year were fairly well represented.

The presence of the faculty at such functions does add much interest as well as dignity, but their absence gives the students the idea that they have no interest in them outside the classroom. This year Victoria stands, for the first time, in the finals against McMaster, and every student in the college owes his presence and aid at the final struggle. We have a name now in academic standing; we have won a name in athletics; we are now to win a name in debating. Are you willing to help?

Those who were present at the McMaster-Knox debate in December, and saw the crowded chapel and the intense interest taken by all, could not help but feel, when the speakers were in the midst of their well-ordered arguments, that not only were they themselves speaking, but their colleges and faculties were speaking through their representatives. The time has now come for Victoria to get the debating shield, which has been held by McMaster for nine consecutive years. Victoria has the men; they have the brains, you have the power to cheer them to victory. Let courage rise with danger and meet the attack with one united college force, which will cleave the roof of Convocation Hall with shout and song when our worthy boys measure their metal against a worthy foe.



New Students' Club

The first plans of the new Students' Club, which will be built for the University by the Massey Estate, have just been submitted. It is supposed that the final cost of the building will be about half a million dollars, as there are several outbuildings to be erected in connection with it; but when it is finished it will be the most complete building of its kind in the Dominion.

In the building there will be a large gymnasium, and the present "Gym" will be removed. There will be a swimming tank 75 x 40 feet in size, together with smoking rooms, billiard rooms, library, lounging rooms, a dance hall and a large assembly room. The University Y.M.C.A. will also be located in this building.

New Knox and Trinity Colleges

We are glad to know that Knox College (and it is understood that Trinity College also) is about to come down town and join her sister colleges, which stand nearer the main buildings of the University. The new buildings will look upon St. George Street, being built on a quad, which will open upon the University grounds. It will be an ornament among the already fine buildings of Toronto University, and will cost in the neighborhood of half a million dollars.

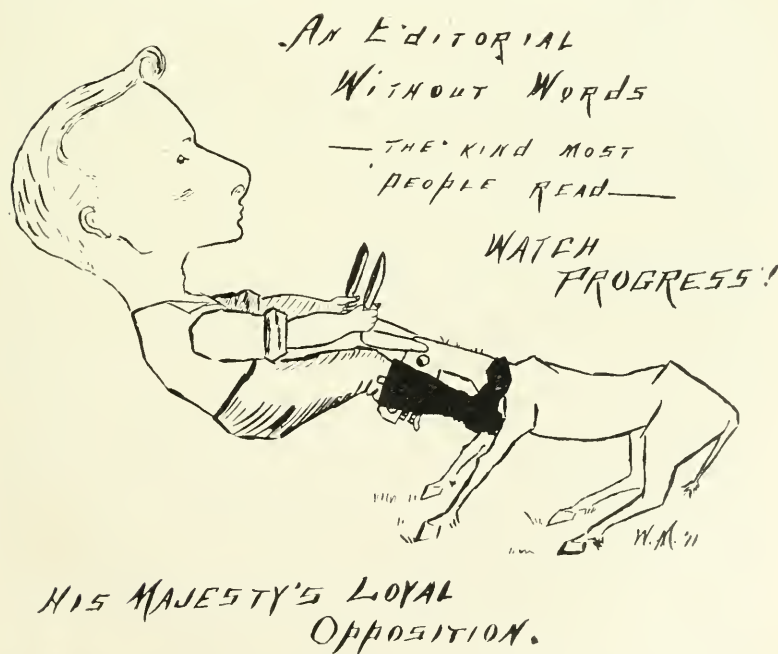
If Trinity College moves to Queen's Park, we understand that a site of five acres will be given by the University, and that the Provincial Government will guarantee the bonds for the cost of the new buildings to the amount of half a million dollars. Trinity College has an arts faculty, standing in the same relation to the University of Toronto as University College, St. Michael's College and Victoria—Trinity and Knox being solely theological faculties, without arts. At the time of its affiliation with the University of Toronto, some five or six years since, Trinity College gave up her degrees and examination fees, and asked that certain subjects taught in the University should be duplicated at Trinity College, a request which was readily granted by the University authorities, though incurring considerable extra expense. The new agreement, in anticipation of Trinity coming to Queen's Park, relieves the University of this duplication in academic work.

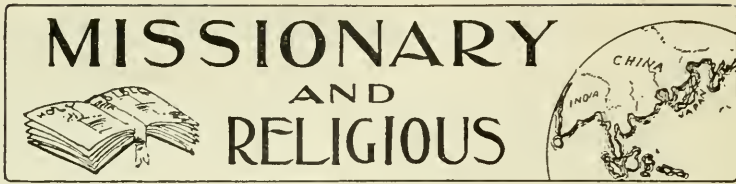


Toronto's New Museum

We understand that a pamphlet explaining the plans for the erection of an art gallery and museum on the Grange property—the home of the late Goldwin Smith—is being issued by the Council of the Museum, preliminary to the canvass for funds. All the property fronting on Beverley Street, and that fronting on St. Patrick Street, north of the Grange, are to be joined to the original Grange estate, through an arrangement between the city and the Art Museum. The houses on these streets,

sixteen in number, will be removed, and the land formally included in the trust. In working out the scheme the Museum Council have kept in view the desirability of preserving the historical aspect of the Grange. The original wing of the gallery is to be erected immediately north of the famous old residence, and when completed will not be seen from the entrance to the grounds at the Grange Road. The wing therefore will be but one story high, but the other wings, branching from the main entrance on St. Patrick Street (which will be built some time in the future), will be two stories. The old residence will be preserved as it stands as a historical landmark to hold chiefly the relics of the late Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, which have been bequeathed with the land.





Essential Christianity

(An outline of an address delivered before the Y.M.C.A. of Victoria College on November 29th, by Professor Albert H. Abbott.)

Such a subject as that upon which I have been asked to speak may easily give a wrong impression, for *Essential Christianity*, taken by itself, like everything else purely abstract, is, as a matter of daily life, never a matter of experience. Nevertheless, many things have been happening, and are still happening, which are calculated to make earnest persons think deeply upon this very subject. The question which is being asked to-day is occasioned in different persons by different conditions. In one, questions regarding the authority of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments lie at its root. In another, a consideration of the value of creeds has instigated it; or again, the place of the church as an institution in society may have been the fundamental question. And yet, whatever history the question may have had in individual cases, the great issue centres in the question: *What is Christianity in its simplest form?* Or otherwise expressed: *What is there in Christianity which distinguishes it from other religious systems, by reason of which it may be called the true religion?* In whatever form this question may be expressed, my right to discuss it does not lie in the fact that I have any ability or desire to speak with authority upon it, but rather because I have had the same struggle regarding it that many students have had and are having. One who desires to hold himself open to accept the best opinions in science and philosophy—at least those views which most appeal to him—or, otherwise expressed, one who wishes to use his best common sense in relation to scientific and philosophic research, and who

still wishes to be able to regard himself as a Christian, must face this issue sooner or later. It is hardly necessary to remind you that many would make these two attitudes antagonistic from the outside. The Roman Catholic Church is an all-too-good illustration of the point of view which would hold that only certain views in science and philosophy are compatible with Christianity. It has in turn regarded the Copernican theory, the conclusions of Galileo, the evolution theory in biology, and other generally accepted conclusions in science as antagonistic to Christianity. We need, however, not go outside of Protestantism to find those who load upon the shoulders of Christianity burdens grievous to be borne in theories of creation, of inspiration, of the atonement, and others of a similar kind. They would tell us that unless one accepts this or that theory on these points one cannot be a Christian. All seriously minded students in science and philosophy must decline to accept this attitude, not necessarily because they regard these theories as incorrect, but rather, because they cannot believe that the last word has been said upon any one of the questions concerned. If one is not to be allowed to think honestly and fearlessly on any or all subjects, and to accept what appeals to him as true, wherever he finds it, and still be able to regard oneself as a Christian, it can only mean that Christianity and scientific research are *in principle* fundamentally opposed.

But, on the other hand, if scientific research and Christianity are not to be so opposed, it is necessary to hold a view of Christianity which makes it impossible for science and true religion to clash. To find such a view one must do some very critical thinking.

This consideration may make it evident why Essential Christianity is important to me. As you will have seen, I do not want to have to give up Christ to become a scientist, nor do I want to be compelled to give up the scientific spirit because I am a Christian. I do not want to be disturbed in my Christian faith by scholarship, in whatever form it may appear; and hence, I must make my faith such that advancing scholarship will not disturb it. I do not want to feel that a scientist or philosopher may make a discovery which would render my faith impossible; nor do I care to live in dread of some plodding digger in Pales-

tine, or Babylonia, or Egypt, or elsewhere, coming upon a tablet or anything else which would endanger either his or my salvation.

We are compelled to accept science as it is. Its methods and conclusions cannot be made over at will from day to day; and, therefore, the importance of the question proposed: What is Christianity in its essential form? May one not venture to suggest in this connection that at the present moment, when three of our great churches are deeply interested in the question of union, it would be well if this question, in some form, were thrown more into prominence, rather than what is being done, namely, attempting to make a kind of composite photograph out of the existing creeds.

It is evident that my answer to the question raised must be very brief, and hence, very formal, if an answer to it is to be reached in the time at our disposal to-day. The following points which I suggest for your consideration have occurred to me as most important, though certainly not the only points which are important in this connection:

1. *Christianity cannot be essentially a dogma or creed, that is, a system of doctrines.*

To make Christianity essentially a system of doctrines is at once to make it, as a religion, contain as its very essence certain views of spirit, of man and of God, not to mention the many implications regarding other matters which are involved in making a system of doctrines. No matter how important it may be to have fairly definite views upon the questions suggested, to make these views the very essence of Christianity is at once to throw Christianity into the battles of the philosophers as a contending system in whole or in part. While it is true that in such a system of doctrines some more or less definite philosophical basis has always been used, at least in so far as its general point of view is concerned, the system of Christian doctrines so constructed has never been so identified with any particular philosophy as to make the two stand or fall together. If, consequently, in one age some philosopher is driven by the force of arguments which appeal to him to accept or reject Platonism, or in another Aristotelianism, or in another Idealism, or Materialism, or any other system, his salvation would be

endangered or assured according as his conclusions differ from or agree with the Christian system. Philosophical systems must change as man gains more knowledge or insight, and to suggest that there is a Christian system of doctrines which has been and is truth itself on many of the points in dispute, is to make the whole search for truth a farce. If one reads the history of the creeds, the Nicean, the Athanasian, the Apostles' Creed (so-called), the Westminster Confession, the Thirty-nine Articles, or your own Methodist standard, he will find that there are distinct statements contained in them upon problems for which philosophy has as yet found no solution. As these problems are attacked and conclusions are reached upon them, one may find, upon reading one of the creeds, that he has the choice set fairly before him of holding to his conclusion or being a Christian. For myself, I cannot see that this ever can be a Divine way of looking at human attempts to attain truth. Surely man may struggle for the truth, may face facts and think logically, and reach conclusions and still be a Christian, no matter what his conclusions may be. As before expressed, Christianity and science are *by nature* at war if this be not so. Any creed which contains in it statements upon philosophical problems (and how could one make a *system* of doctrines without doing this) must change as philosophy changes, so that one need not say one word, either directly or by implication, against the making of creeds or their usefulness, in order to be very explicit upon the point that the essence of Christianity can never be found in any creed.

2. *Christianity cannot be essentially a particular form of worship or of life if it be a universal religion.*

No objection whatever need be raised against those who adopt some set form of worship, or against those religious orders, for example, who adopt some set form of life or garb or what not: but it must be perfectly obvious that no such form can express the essence of Christianity, if Christianity be recognized as a universal religion. The fact that some practically identify Christianity with various forms, whether of baptism or of church government or of worship, makes it important that one should see this clearly. Thinking people fully recognize that membership in any church, and adherence to its prescribed forms,

offer no self-evident proof that one is a Christian; just as the absence of these forms is no proof that one is not a Christian. Indeed, all who recognize that the Jews in Old Testament times were Christians in all but name, must also recognize that not even a knowledge of the historic Christ is necessary for one to be a Christian in his life.

Just as Christianity cannot be identified with forms more or less closely connected with the church, so also it cannot be connected with any one act or body of acts which one performs. Just one illustration of this in passing : To give all one's means for the education or care of the ignorant or the suffering or the destitute may well be called a Christian act, and yet it surely does not indicate that the man who thus gives his wealth is a Christian. How easy it would be for the wealthy rogue to become an ideal Christian if this were the case.

3. *The essence of Christianity can only be found in the attitude (mental or spiritual attitude) of a man in his daily life.*

What has been already said is in form purely negative. We come now to discuss the positive aspect of the question. The New Testament is full of illustrations of the fact that, for Christ and the Apostles, religion, or, in this case, Christianity, is vitally related to everyday life. No matter what a man's occupation or his ability might be, at least one test of his right to be called a Christian is to be found in the way he does his work. It is a striking fact that while many have sought for the ideal man, from a moral or religious point of view, among the philosophers, Christ and his Apostles recognize that he might be found at least quite as easily among the unlearned. Then, too, while the Jews certainly, and in their own way the Greeks and Romans quite as much, thought of the ideal man as one of their own race, the Christian is specially enjoined to recognize neither Jew nor Gentile, neither bond nor free, neither learned nor unlearned; and this is not made a mere incidental in his religion, but of the very essence of it. Or again, while the Jew or the Greek or the Roman sought for the religious man among those who were the most careful in performing the rites of their respective religions, the Christian in a very real sense has no prescribed rites at all.

In spite of the fact that Christianity is so vitally related to daily life, we find no rules laid down in the New Testament, as

were, for example, the Old Testament Laws. This fact, which is at least very closely related to the "law of liberty," which is peculiarly Christian, is just what many, even to-day, do not seem to understand. Were it to indicate mere anarchy in the moral realm many indeed would understand it and accept it eagerly; but, being what it is, the most profound obligation with the complete absence of rules of life, it may not be too much to say that even most of those who call themselves Christians have not grasped its profound meaning. Look, for example, at the statements of Paul, when he speaks of himself as free (with regard to the eating of meats, for example), and yet as a bond-slave to Christ. Do we not see that Paul recognizes in Christianity a most binding obligation which, nevertheless, does not prescribe his creed, the form of worship or the acts of daily life? Man is described as not being under "law," and yet as so absolutely bound that he is not his own.

As the great illustration of this "law of liberty" we turn naturally to Christ. He, who is represented as the Son of God, and therefore *free*, if anyone could be, says: "I can of my own self do nothing," and we remember how He referred to "the will of My Father" as that which bound Him. Taking Christ as a living example of Christianity, and indeed in a very real sense Christ is Christianity, we may ask what is essential in His life. Were He living among us to-day in one of our modern cities, would He do what He did in Palestine? Were He to come into modern society in order to reveal "the Father," would He go about His work as He went about it in Palestine? One naturally answers, "Of course not," and such an answer contains on its very surface the great truth that, however much the details of Christ's life may have been necessary in His revelation among the Jews, such details and such acts might truly fail of their purpose among us. That the acts of His life were locally conditioned, and were in no sense the essence of His revelation, should be evident. One might even say the same with regard to the form of His teaching, and possibly even with regard to the subjects which He discussed, and the way in which He discussed them.

There is, however, one aspect of Christ's life which cannot be regarded as due either to the time or the circumstances in which

He lived; that is, *the spirit* in which He lived. Take, by way of illustration, the Beatitudes, and notice how they emphasize the spirit in which a life is lived rather than the form of the life. In this spirit of life I find the very essence of Christianity. If we use the terms in a practical sense instead of the metaphysical sense in which they are generally used, we may say that *Essential Christianity is the Holy Spirit*. As men live to-day in the Spirit of Christ they are Christians, and in so far as they fail of doing this they are not Christians. He is truly fighting for Christ, he is truly laboring for Christ, he is truly doing the work of Christ who goes about his daily task in the spirit in which Christ went about His life.

And here it may be well to add that this spirit is not anything mystical or supra-mundane, but it is identical in essence with what Socrates and Plato and Aristotle in their own way, and perhaps dimly, saw and emphasized, and which has been so often expressed in the familiar, perhaps too familiar, words, "*Find your work and do it.*" Since this spirit is individual it must be coupled, as it was in the case of Christ, with the utmost toleration for any man who, with a like earnestness and singleness of purpose, is doing his work in his way and according to his light. While it provides the most ample basis for an endeavor to help the other man, it offers no basis for condemning anything but hypocrisy. Whatever else may be incidental thereto, this spirit is certainly the essence of "loving one's neighbor as one's self."

It is not necessary to say to an audience of students that this is not all which could be said on the subject of essential Christianity. There are many points upon which perfectly legitimate questions may be raised; but what has been said may indicate how one man at least has, for the time being, solved the problem which the introduction of this address expressed. No matter how much or how little it may be found possible to add to what has been suggested as the essence of Christianity, one may be perfectly sure of this at least, that it will never be found possible to deal with Christianity without recognizing that the spirit of Christ is essential to it. One cannot have less, and it is doubtful whether additions which might be made to it might not confuse rather than express the great thing for which Christ stood.



The White Plague

R. W. LEADER, M.B.

A celebrated Canadian physician, writing recently in a popular New York periodical, made the positive and emphatic statement in heavy type that there is no known cure for pulmonary tuberculosis, or, as it is commonly called, consumption. Over against this general statement should be placed, if possible in still larger type, the truism, that nothing is more certain than that pulmonary tuberculosis is curable.

There is no contradiction in these two statements. What the renowned physician sought to impress upon his readers was the undoubted fact that there is no specific remedy for the great white plague. This is equally true of the majority of diseases, though it is gratifying to realize this majority is steadily diminishing. What we mean by "specific" remedy is one that directly attacks the invading organism, or directly nullifies its toxine, as in the case of quinine in malaria, or antitoxine in diphtheria. Strictly speaking, in this narrowed meaning of the word "cure," there is no cure for tuberculosis. The many nostrums that are so brazenly vaunted in the advertising columns of the daily, and more especially the small country weekly, newspapers, as "cures" for consumption, are of course mere appeals to ignorance and easy credulity. If a really serious effort is to be made to educate the general public regarding this subject, one of the things to be dealt with is the negating of some of this pernicious fodder for gullible readers. Much of it is taken in somewhat the same way that a snake takes its meals—*holus bolus*, and without questioning.

The increased activity of late years along the lines of coping with this disease is evidence that at last there is hope for the poor consumptive, who, in years gone by, received great sympathy but little help or encouragement. When a diagnosis of

consumption was once definitely made it was considered only a matter of time till death removed the sufferer from the pale of his or her sufferings.

All that is now changed. An ever-increasing percentage of these cases is now definitely and permanently cured, and a great hope has been born to the present generation that ultimately the great destroyer, Tubercle Bacillus, shall be conquered and destroyed from among men and the lower animal creation.

The main lines of attack upon the enemy are two-fold, viz.: (1) *Prevention*, or attacking it in camp before it has had an opportunity to attack. (2) Improving our fortifications, or raising the bodily resistance to the invading organisms or microbes.

I. *Prevention*.—The writer is unable to see how this can be fully carried out, except by some form of segregation. It is acknowledged that a great deal of unnecessary suffering has been entailed from the isolation or social ostracism that has been born of undue fear of the disease. This is to be regretted. A better comprehension of the precautions necessary to safety would obviate much of this. Many of the more intelligent class have already learned the precautions which, if observed, constitute an adequate protection to attendants and other occupants of the same house as the patient. If all were of this class the matter of segregation need not be insisted upon. Unfortunately, this is not the case. There is a large *unknowing* (we would not say ignorant) element with whom the pendulum swings from the extreme of unknowing indifference to unknowing abject fear of the infection. The former are the more dangerous to the community at large; the latter are the more cruel to those suffering from the disease. In both cases segregation offers one solution to the difficulty. Another solution is a campaign of education. The former would call for strong courage and administrative firmness, the latter for great self-sacrifice and philanthropic perseverance for a generation or more. Whatever may be the method or methods adopted, there can be now no recession from the attacks on the grounds of the enemy.

II. The curability of the disease being an accepted fact, the methods of accomplishing this end may properly be considered. These come under three headings, in the main: (a) Hygiene, (b) Diet, (c) Medication. Here again institutional treatment

offers many advantages to the patient. There is the advantage of being under constant medical observation. Frequently the physician is a specialist in lung diseases, or has devoted special attention to this branch of medical knowledge. Patients are more fully controlled, and acquire, necessarily, proper habits of life as to diet and hygiene. In home treatment there is a tendency to ignore or neglect many details which the patient or friends may consider unimportant. However, there is nothing essential about sanitarium treatment that cannot be carried out at home under intelligent and careful surveillance. The matter of climate does not now enter very greatly into the question of treatment. Plenty of good fresh air can be obtained anywhere, and so long as there is plenty of it, that is the main consideration. We now know that night air is as pure as, and in the region of cities, purer than day air. Winter air is purer and freer from irritating particles than summer air, which is the converse of what was formerly thought.

Regarding medication, we need only refer to it in a general way. There are many relics in the line of medicines that only serve to remind us of the devious paths our forbears trod in their search for help. Still there are various medicines that are of value. We are scarcely ready for nihilism along this line, even though many fallacies have been revealed.

Much is heard these days regarding tuberculin. Our hopes are rising in that direction. Many disasters have marked the trail of its use, but with improved methods of preparation, and increased knowledge regarding its limitations and dangers, comes increasing confidence in its merits. We cannot shut our eyes to the evidences of real success attending its use in suitable cases. Its use does not interfere with any other line of treatment, and aims at raising general body resistance to the invading organisms, thus producing an immunity beyond the area of lung tissue already involved. It is of course beyond the range of the possible that tissue once damaged by tubercles can be restored. There must always remain the scar and the contraction; but if a moderately small area of diseased tissue can be circumscribed by tissue into which the disease cannot spread, or which is immune, there is an increased prospect of terminating the ravages of the disease.



Personals

This month the Personals editor is in a tragic state of agitation because of a great dearth of "copy." If you have any information about Victoria alumni (alumnæ included) kindly forward the same for publication in ACTA to the editor of Personals and Exchanges.

Roy VanWyck ('02) was in town during Christmas holidays. He is at present pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in Chatham.

Miss Jean Baird ('09) makes her home in Saskatchewan, but where, rumor saith not.

Miss Edna Hildred resides in Chesley, while the presence of Miss Ethel Laird ('09) serves to liven the town of Dresden.

Miss Mabel Dunham ('09) resides in Berlin, Miss Katie Bearman ('07) in Ottawa.

Miss Florence Gibbard ('08) lives in Napanee.

C. J. Bishop ('06) is engaged in Y.M.C.A. work in Toronto, being International Student Secretary. His address is 79 Bismarck St.

Miss Grace Maclaren ('09) is still seen occasionally around the College. She is residing at her home on Roxborough Ave. E.

G. A. Steele ('08) and H. L. Dougan ('08) are again at Vic., taking up post-graduate work in theology.

F. S. Albright ('08) and F. C. Moyer ('09) were in town the other day renewing old acquaintances after being some time in Calgary.

Word comes to us that Geo. Buckingham ('09) holds a scholarship in theology at Yale University for post-grad. work.

Perey Deeth ('10) is engaged in Y.M.C.A. work at Ottawa.

F. E. Coombs ('07) is Head of the Junior School at the Faculty of Education, U. of T.

G. E. Trueman ('06) was spending his time at language study in the Tokyo Y.M.C.A. when last heard of. He was then shortly to be appointed to Nagasaki.

W. J. (Bill) Cates ('04) was through the city in November. He is editor of one of the Moose Jaw papers.

T. E. Greer ('12) is not to be back at Vic. this year. Earl is working in a law office in Moose Jaw, but will probably be back next year.

W. E. Morrison ('12) has also failed to return, but we have not heard of his whereabouts.

Gordon Thompson ('11) has a homestead of some 320 acres six miles out of Medicine Hat, Alta., on the banks of the Saskatchewan River, making another addition to the already large throng of Vic. scions in Alberta.

The Premier of the Province is himself a graduate of Victoria College in the old Cobourg days. The Hon. A. L. Sifton was a member in good standing of the class of '85.

Marriage

Miller—Patrick.—From Moyie, B.C., comes the belated news that, on June 8, 1910, J. W. Miller ('04) was united in the gentle bondage of holy matrimony to Miss L. V. Patrick, of Nelson, B.C., where the ceremony took place. After the wedding the bride and groom left on a four months' tour through Eastern Canada, Europe, and the Eastern States, returning to the parsonage at Moyie, where Mr. Miller is pastor. ACTA offers heartiest congratulations.

Exchanges

We have to apologize for not having yet acknowledged the presence on our exchange list of *The Varsity* and *The Arbor*, two publications which are so near to us that we almost forget them. Of *The Varsity* it is needless to speak. Of *The Arbor* more must be said because it is less well known in the College. We believe it is the only purely literary magazine published by any university on the continent; but that is not the essential thing. We believe, also (and it is not in the self-complacent attitude of boasting which is so well censured in the last issue of *The Arbor*) that it is the best literary magazine published by any university on the continent. *The Arbor* has achieved an enviable reputation during its short career of some four numbers, of which two only have been published this year. To those who subscribe to *The Arbor* it is not necessary to point out its excellencies. To those who do not (and they are unpleasantly in the majority at Victoria College) we have to say that, for literary finish, keen thought, incisive, penetrating humor, and a general high standard of merit, *The Arbor* excels. We are not acting on commission for the Business Manager of *The Arbor*, nor do we wish to usurp the functions of the Editor-in-Chief as supreme guide on the paths of undergraduate truth; but we venture to make the remark that it is not a flattering reflection on the university spirit and *esprit de corps* of our college that only a little more than one-twentieth of our registered students—twenty-six in all—are subscribers to *The Arbor*, standing, as

it does, at the head of the literary publications of the University. As to *The Varsity*, we are doing even worse. Conscience compels us to confess that the proportion of subscribers is some fifteen out of over four hundred and seventy students. This is an age of change, and these are facts that ought to be changed, for the credit of Victoria College. The moral is too obvious to mention.

Our latest contemporary, *Signa Albertana*, published by the students of Alberta College, makes its initial bow into university journalistic circles with a Christmas number of truly Western flavor in a description of a rancher's round-up camp. The paper makes a very creditable showing in its first issue, and we have no doubt that after the preliminary self-consciousness of a first appearance is worn off the standard will continue to improve. There is also some excellent verse.

St. Andrew's College Review is one of the brightest college magazines we have read. There are a number of short sketches that are very good, with the rare virtue of being crisp and to the point.

O. A. C. Review has a good article on "Forests."

Junior (to little brother): "Johnnie, I will give you a quarter if you get me a lock of your sister's hair."

Johnnie: "Gimme half a dollar and I'll git de whole bunch. I know where she hangs it every night."

McGILL MARTLET.



Jennings Cup Champions

McCulloch (Goal).

Gundy (Point).

Jewett (Cover).

MacLaren (Rover).

McCamus
(Wing).

Birnie
(Centre).

Rumball
(Wing).

This Year's Hockey Line-up

With the return of winter comes the chance of doing all over again what we did in the Jennings Cup series last year. The early opening of the Victoria Rink got the individual players on their own ice a couple of weeks in advance of those on other teams, but the Vic. players did not gain the advantage of any early organized work-outs.

Over half of last year's veterans are still with us. We lose McCamus at right wing, and Jewett at cover this year. Morrison, who filled many critical breaches in last year's line-up, has also left us, and the accident last fall to Captain Gundy means a reorganization of positions, although we still have his presence as an asset. Jack Birnie, who played centre last year, is managing the team. During the second week of the month daily open practices were called, although the regular work-out days are Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays—daylight practices.

College athletics "are not as recreative as they should be because the undergraduates have taken them too seriously; and they are not as educative as they should be, because the College authorities have not taken them seriously enough."—ACTA, March, 1907.

Among the new men, Livingstone, in the fourth year, is looming up for a place with the cup-holders. Wilder and Guthrie are promising well as third-year representatives. Matthews, of the second year, with MacKenzie, McDowell and Bishop, of '14, are also among the puck-chasing possibilities. And there are others.

Jennings Cup Schedule

Group A.—Knox, Junior Meds., Dentals, S.P.S., 2nd year.

Group B.—Trinity, Junior Arts, S.P.S., 1st year, Pharmacy.

Group C.—S.P.S., 3rd year, Forestry, Senior Meds.

Group D.—Senior Arts, Victoria, Education.

Group D. Timetable:—

Senior Arts at Victoria	Jan. 18th.
Victoria at Education	Jan. 20th.
Education at Senior Arts.....	Jan. 25th.
Senior Arts at Education.....	Jan. 28th.
Education at Victoria.....	Feb. 1st.
Victoria at Senior Arts.....	Feb. 6th.
Winners of A and B.....	Feb. 7th.
Winners of C and D.....	Feb. 9th.

Victoria is in the same group as last year, and should have no trouble in again establishing her leadership there. As the situation stood last year, the game on February 9th with Victoria playing third year school, should be interesting, and the game on February 7th can reasonably be expected to bring out Dents or Junior Arts as victors, and the subsequent game will decide who polishes the silverware during 1911.

"The moral value of athletics is not inherent; it depends not on the athletics themselves, but on the men who take part, and the use they make of their opportunities."—ACTA, December, 1904.

The Rink

The skating season this year opened several days earlier than last year, and the prompt way in which the rink management



made use of their opportunities speaks well for the continued popularity of "Little Vic." A uniform attendance just comfortably fills the rink during skating hours, and the area of ice is larger than in previous years and the cloak-room accommodation better.

The reliability of "Little Vic." as an efficient practice rink for outside teams has become established and forms a substantial financial buttress to the funds of the Athletic Union. The management are in fact finding difficulty in accommodating all the

"Our greatest need is practice. We have the men, the spirit and the opportunity to distinguish ourselves, but only hard and continued daily 'work-outs' under conditions met with in actual games can fit a team to win."—ACTA, October, 1906.

teams for which applications have been received. They do not let this interfere in any way, however, with the space at the service of the College during skating hours.

This year's Rink Committee is composed as follows: J. R. Gundy, Chairman; K. B. MacLaren, Manager; F. J. Livingstone, Secretary; J. F. P. Birnie and F. A. A. Campbell.

Do you know that rooters for

Knox carry	Purple and White
Meds. carry	Red, White and Black
Dentals carry	Blue and Red
School of Science carry.....	Blue, White and Yellow
Trinity carry	Red and Black
Arts carry	Red and White
Pharmacy carry	Red, Black and Yellow
Forestry carry	Green and White
Education carry	Blue and White
Victoria carry	Red, White, Blue and Yellow

Another Championship

Another University of Toronto athletic initial has come to Victoria. This time it is through W. B. Wiegand, President of '12, to whom the Athletic Directorate has assigned the coveted "T" as winner of the University Undergraduate Tennis Championship. Such an accomplishment not only brings honor to the winner himself, but puts another notch on the score-post of a College which is getting the habit.

The new design for the university "T" is a great improvement on the old one. The irregularities of the Maple Leaf on the former crest have been corrected, and the leaf placed further up on the "T." The details of the design are much more dis-

“The past has its effect on the present; even now the fires that burned in the breasts of our ‘Invincibles’ at Cobourg, when ‘Old Vic.’ stood equal to Queen’s, are kindling anew.”—ACTA, October, 1906.

tinctor, and the crest bears a beaver that really is a beaver. The lettering also has been greatly bettered, and in addition to the refinements in design, the materials of which the crest is made have been improved.

Sifton Cup Series

The basketball results for Victoria this year have been remarkable, in view of the interest taken. Last year Victoria made the finals; this year she has made nothing so far. Last year, however, Vic. rooters turned out *en masse* to the contests, and the players put up a game that showed not only individual practice, but good team play. The first and last of these qualifications were minus quantities at the “Gym.” this year.

The second game in the early Sifton Cup series, between Senior School and Victoria, resulted in a score of 29—16 in favor of Senior School. Individually, the men played a great game, but, never having held a practice, they had developed no systematic offence manoeuvres, and from the start they had little to hope for against the school’s combinations. The line-up was: Goddard, Sleeman, Griffiths, Mains and Livingstone. The series will be finished on a new schedule, from which a couple of teams on the present schedule will be dropped.

Historical note: This is the first Athletics “copy” to be turned out in the new library.

Personal note: Mackenzie (’14) was the first to test the ice this year.

Girls' Athletics

One of the last fine autumn days was taken advantage of by the Victoria "outside" girls, when a picnic was held at Long Branch, where a friend had kindly loaned an empty cottage. The cottage was locked, but a Freshette kindly consented to crawl through a broken pane of glass and open the doors for the glory of Victoria. The Freshettes asked permission to saw the wood, light the fire, carry up water from the lake, and make candy, and it was granted. For the sake of the younger members of the party the home trip was made at seven o'clock. The return on the Lake Shore car was enlivened by college songs and yells, many personal remarks set to the tune of the Doxology, and a very much embarrassed conductor, who had greatness thrust upon him in the shape of a large basket of sandwiches and apples. During the ceremony of presentation the famous chorus, "See Him Blushing Just Now," was appropriately rendered.

The outing was voted a decided success in every particular.

Girls' Hockey

Will every girl who can stand alone on skates turn out to the hockey practices? The honor of the V.C.A.C. is threatened, and all the hockey talent that the College can provide will be made use of. The "team" is ably captained by Miss Cuthbertson, but the important positions of point, coverpoint, left wing, right wing and rover are tragically empty. It is clear that the situation is desperate.

Let us play!

To whom it may concern: The anniversary of a sleigh-ride party, personally conducted by the girls of '13, will soon be here, and they can do it again—unless—.

Freshmen note: There are no "Keep-off-the-ice" signs on Victoria rink.



J. Rumball ('11), who but lately found it exceedingly difficult to get out of the Rockwood Asylum, at Kingston, is also a famous theologian. Indeed, so keen is he over theology that he spent his summer vacations in the Highlands of Ontario, to be alone with Nature and with some celebrated American divines. Rumball was right in his element. But one night, for some reason or other, he was unable to be present at a prayer meeting which was being held at some distance. He did not wish to disturb the service, but he yearned for the congenial company of the worthy divines. So just as one ardent brother was well launched, our friend Jack appeared at the opening of the tent, and in a most ministerial voice proclaimed, "Arise; to your tents, Oh, Israel."

Lung power is not eloquence. Behold the donkey.

Allen ('14): "I thought that girl was never going to stop skating. When I asked her she said she was so tired she could only go around twice, and she went around a hundred times."

Rice ('14): "That's nothing. I always have to ask them to go in, or they would never leave me."

At Junto.—"There should be some women in this club."

Ed.: "Then there would be no debating done."

Extracts from a college man's diary:

"College girls have excellent taste, when they have any taste at all."

"In my essay on Thompson, I said: 'One feels that, while he wrote with one eye on Nature, the other was always on the dictionary.' Ocular gymnastics."

"At six p.m.—Society is divided into two classes: Some go home to dinner; the rest go home to tea."

"Why are the mirrors placed by the front doors of street cars?" I asked. And to me it was replied, 'To prevent women from getting off backwards.'"

"When a man asks for the loan of your dress suit, hide your toothbrush without delay."

And glory shall be ours, for Osgoode Hall, the ancient and honorable seat of professional argumentation, represented by two worthy and valiant embryonic knights of the jaw, went down to defeat before Victoria in the semi-final I.C.D.U. series. Locals extend congratulations to Mr. Macaulay and Mr. MacNiven, even at this late date, for their most excellent work on that occasion. Victoria now meets McMaster, the lifelong holders of the shield, and the heartiest support of the entire college is assured to Mr. M. E. Conron, B.A., and Mr. E. T. Pratt ('11), who will represent us; and we are confident that the shield must move to our new library.

We are occupying the new library. "Not a sigh is heard." We need not praise the building—or the appointments. All is excellent. ACTA will have very comfortable quarters, although we would prefer the second floor to the basement. "Yet, for what we have received, let us be truly thankful."

Sherbourne Street Church; Mr. Owen peacefully slumbering:

Dr. Rose: "I wish I could say something to stir you up or awaken you."

But Mr. Owen slept on.

The second of the women's inter-year debating contests was held on Wednesday, December 8, in Alumni Hall. The subject was: "Resolved, that a rural district is a better situation for a university than a large city." Miss Hay ('14) and Miss MacAuley ('14) took the affirmative; Miss Whitney ('13) and Miss

Clemens ('13), the negative. The judges decided in favor of the latter.

Mr. MacNiven: "The speaker of the negative said he liked to see the Englishman in the heat of India, of this place and that place. Probably he would like to see him in the hot place hereafter."

The occasion when dignity prevails at Victoria in the form of the *Conversazione* passed off quite splendidly on December



2nd. The decorations and music were charming, the refreshments excellent, and the programmes in the chapel and Alumni Hall were of a superior nature. The committee performed their function with credit, and to anyone who did not have a real good time—well, we would suggest that they look in the mirror to find the reason. The crowd this year was probably a little smaller than usual, which was appreciated, and confusion was reduced to a minimum. The conversat. is the really high-class function of the College, and deserves the unanimous support of all undergraduates much more than do the less formal and numerous receptions.

And the preacher saith, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." So, the day after the Conversat, the Glee Club, traveling in two private cars, with "diner" and thirty waitresses attached, proceeded to London. On Sunday and Monday they assisted in a temperance campaign with credit. Like the Laurier circus in its Western tour last summer, the Club took a special staff reporter, who kept sober enough to hear Bill Green say: "Any woman who spoils my dinner gets a divorce at once." This we carry home with a tone of warning. Dave Gray announced in the hotel at dinner on Sunday evening: "I am going out to-night to get attached:" Do not know what to. But this was eclipsed when Stafford was asked by the waitress: "Will you have lamb?" And he replied: "Yes, Lamb." Fat Roberts objects to having a violinist on the Glee Club trip, for "I like Miss M— very well," he said, "but that's where our money goes." And Cris. Connelly joins in, "Oh, yes, Fat; that's right. I've had experience." The reporter joins with the people of London, and says: "There is nothing the matter with the Glee Club."

Echoes from a country school:—

"What is a planet?"

First Boy: "A planet is a heavenly body."

"Yes, but what is a heavenly body?"

Second Boy: "A heavenly body is an angel."

A persistent telephone notice in the Men's South Residence is addressed Mr. D. E. Dean ('11): "Your grip is at South Hall." When did this happen, Dave?

In Greek Class.—Dr. DeWitte: "If I said, 'I shot a bear,' and Mr. Goddard was with me, what would it mean to you?"

Miss Lawrence: "It would add interest."

Soper was seen to underline the following words in Latin class:

"*Perditas nec serae meminit decedere nocte.*" Translated by Dr. Bell: "Lost in love, he forgets to depart though the night is far spent."

Miss Clingscale ('12): "Oh, the men are giving their yells." It was only Paddy saluting a passing wagon.

Mr. Sissons: "Can any good come out of Samaria?" It is only fitting that the degree of D.D. should be conferred upon Mr. Sissons for his extraordinary, if not somewhat startling, Biblical knowledge.

Dr. Edgar (to fourth year English): "Coleridge inherited pedantic qualities from his father. I might just say, in passing, that his father was a clergyman."

Miss Kelly ('12): "Tell your father that I would like to have a prom. with him at the Conversat."

Miss Matthews ('12): "Poor Dad."

Miss Clement ('13) (in Mission Study Class): "The early Indians were cannibals."

Miss Leanders ('14): "Oh, the nasty beasts!"

Miss Hubbell ('14): "Does the Chaneellor announce band night in chapel?"

Student goes into Simpson's Lunch Room, where students are working at Christmas time. One of these comes and orders a waitress to attend to the wants of this student friend, who afterwards says to the waitress: "So you know Mr. X—, do you?"

Answer comes in gleeful brogue: "Oh, yes; him and me has great times."

Many a man who has hesitated over the choice of a career has later wished that he had learned a trade.

"You women can't pass a store window with a hat in it without taking a look."

"Yes, and you men can't pass a hat with a woman in it without taking a look."

Santa Claus omitted to bring rubber heels to the freshmen, and silent common sense to the B.D.'s for use in the new library.

Some college men had just given their yells on the train.

Old Gentleman: "How much did your old man have to pay for you to learn that?"

Teacher: "What happened when Moses struck the rock?"

Pupil: "Out popped five small loaves and two fishes."

Miss Gibson ('11): "I think that the last year in college should be a travelling course. I think that would be feasible."

Miss Cowan ('11): "Who'd get the fees?"

Never judge a man by his chest measure. His lungs may be full of hot air.

A knocker seldom makes a hit.

There is but a vague distinction between a classic and a fossil.

Mr. Sissons (to a group of girls on rink): "I don't know just who you are, but I am sure I must know somebody here."

Miss Crawford (Pres. Y.W.): "I have a hymn picked out for election day, 'Many are called, but few chosen.'"

Professor (picking up a bone): "Is this the jawbone of an ass?"

Miss Wilson ('13): "No; we haven't studied human anatomy yet."

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detail and grotesque work for Burwash Hall,*

- Photo study by the B. M.]

Acta Victoriana



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The Weaknesses of Individualism

F. N. STAPLEFORD, '12.

It is pleasant to dream of the time when the Tolstoi ideal shall be made actual; a time when there shall be no law but that written on man's own heart, and no coercion but that of conscience; when man shall need no external compulsion to prevent him from preying on his fellows, but shall himself freely and gladly choose and do the right. But at present this is but a dream, and until conscience thus becomes both enlightened and imperative, some degree at least of coercive power must be vested in the state. Society has the right to protect itself, and man as an individual must be subordinated to man collectively. But as to the powers and functions to be accorded to man in his collective aspect, which is the state, there is the widest divergence of opinion.

Mr. Herbert Spencer would reduce the function of the state to the protection of the life and property of the individual, and leave all else to be developed by private enterprise and initiative. Mr. Spencer's viewpoint is largely biological. He has applied the doctrine of evolution to social affairs, and conceives each individual to be placed in competition with other members of the species, and that success or failure will ensue according as the individual is well or ill adapted for the struggle of life. The strong flourish and the weak die. This is the way of nature, and if interfered with will, in the end, be disastrous to the race. The

poverty, distress and misery that attend the vicious and incapable, the "shoulderings aside of the weak by the strong" are really but the precautions nature is taking to insure a strong, virile race, and any artificial aid rendered to the failures in life is but the weakest kind of sentimentality, and is bound to react disastrously on the future of the race. Society then should be organized to allow this law of the survival of the fittest, full play. Free competition must be the foundation principle of a progressive society. Government regulation should be reduced to the minimum of protecting the property and freedom of the individual.

Stated thus in its brief form, there are perhaps few who would accept it, but some aspect or other of individualism undoubtedly exists in a latent form in the minds of very many, and is their justification for inertia in the face of many grave social problems. To say that a man wins the amount of success to which his ability and energy entitle him, is a view that will be very attractive to those who have won some measure of success, stimulating, in a subtle way their vanity, and applying a very successful lotion to the stings of conscience, which the sight of suffering and misery bring upon any normal individual. It is a theory highly conducive to that unctuous optimism with which the rich sometimes look upon the sufferings of the poor.

But is it not just possible that as men have organized their social and commercial relationships, they have set up artificial conditions which make it remarkably easy for men on the inside to survive, but which render it almost impossible for others to succeed, be they ever so able and willing to struggle? Even with a supposedly legal equality in an individualistic state, there are still groups of men who not only combine for their own aggrandisement, but who use this combination as a weapon against others. The real problem of society is not the pauper, but the industrious citizen who is willing to struggle, but who appears to be shut out from the possibility of doing so to advantage. If we were to examine some of the so-called failures, is it not obvious that some of them are more fitted to survive if individual merit and ability alone counted, than some of those who exist in comfort or luxury. Spencer's theory does not seem to take into account any but those who fail through viciousness or incapacity. In other words, it presupposes absolute equality

of opportunity, and even an elementary experience of life proves that this does not exist. The words of the United States Constitution that every man "is born free and equal," may be ideally true, but to assert that actually, under present conditions, there is an equality between the prospects of the child of the tenement and the child of the brown stone mansion, is to betray an optimism which, in its sublime disregard of the facts of life, should call forth our deepest admiration. There is many a man in professional or business life to-day who would be vastly more useful to society if he were digging ditches, and there are ditch diggers, not a few, who were marked out by nature to be leaders of men and prophets of progress. Some men are fairly buttressed into success by a happy combination of circumstances, while others are cast into the outer darkness, to live in bitterness of soul because of undeveloped powers and unfulfilled ambitions.

The one test to-day of success is the ability to make money, and we do not need to appeal to the garret episodes in the lives of some of the poets to prove that to set up money making as an infallible test of ability and character is simply absurd. Many of the best and cleverest of men cannot make money. The very breadth of their interests may prevent. The man who centres his whole life on the effort to make money will certainly be more apt to do so than the man who wishes his life to reach out in as many ways as possible. Some men win by means of a certain hard, unscrupulousness and vulpine cunning, while others fail because they still believe in "justice, mercy and the love of God." The more it is considered the more evident it will seem that the acquisition of wealth is not in itself an evidence either of great ability or large character.

And when one would confine the function of the state to the "protection of the property and freedom of the individual," we might well ask for a definition of the word "freedom." If it means the prevention of the aggression of one individual upon another, that is precisely the principle on which all social legislation is based. But this is putting restrictions on the freedom of the individual. When you say that society has the right to restrain such actions of the individual as are not for the common good, you open the door to the whole programme of social reform. Individualism was a necessary reaction against medieval restrictions; but for some time it has been evident that individu-

alism as such is no adequate social principle. The tendency is now the other way entirely. Mr. Spencer is the voice of one crying in the wilderness, because for good or ill men have decided that the state is something more than an institution for the maintenance of order.

“Whenever social aims can be attained only or most advantageously through its action, that action is justified. The cases in which it can properly interfere must be determined separately on their own merits and in relation to the stage of national development. It ought certainly to promote intellectual and æsthetic culture. It ought to enforce provisions for public health and regulations for the proper conduct of production and transport. It ought to protect the weaker members of society, especially women, children, the aged and the destitute, at least in the absence of family maintenance and guardianship. It ought to secure the laborer against the worst consequences of personal injury not due to his own negligence, to assist through legal recognition and supervision the efforts of the working classes for joint, no less than individual self-help, and to guarantee the safety of their earnings when entrusted to its care.”*

The theory of non-interference on the part of the state is a definitely exploded one. Organized society has the right, as it has the power to inaugurate any measures for the well being of its members. And while the path of present progress is thus plain and clear, there comes to many, and these not foolish men, an ideal, not perhaps immediately realizable, of a co-operative commonwealth, in which the great principle of human brotherhood shall have a much wider application than is possible under the present conditions of life.

* Ingram's History of Political Economy, p. 209.

FLOATING A COLLEGE MAGAZINE

How "Acta Victoriana" Set Sail

BY F. G. M'ALISTER, '12.

ONE December afternoon a party of ten Cobourg students met in the old Third Hall of the University in that town to decide the fate of a three-months-old college magazine.

A few weeks previously the first anniversary of the "Bob Party" had furnished to several needy souls a ready-made education. Likewise there were some that it had failed to educate. One of these latter gentlemen having survived the first ordeal, found himself again subjected to caricature. The second offence, however, was perpetrated, not by the august "Bob Faculty," but by the three-column college sheet known as ACTA VICTORIANA.

The injured party spread his complaint among his acquaintances. These friends took up his cause and made a conflict inevitable. The sympathy of a large aggregation of students was enlisted. Several mass meetings were called, and a spirit of outraged indignation worked up by the leaders of the movement against the little college paper. Meanwhile the editors of the sheet did not attend the meetings, and consequently a manifesto, voicing the sentiments of the gatherings, was drawn up and sent to the editorial staff as coming from the students' organization.

Clifford Sifton Handles the Problem

On the December afternoon in question it was this manifesto which the ten members of the first ACTA Board met to discuss. In reality they were determining the fate of the magazine. No one knows much about that conference, but by the next mail the secretary of the students' organization received this intimation:

"At the meeting of the Committee of Management the following resolution was made by Clifford Sifton and seconded by R. N. Burns, and carried: That the Committee of Management of ACTA VICTORIANA, after carefully considering the communication which they have received from the students' organization of Victoria College relative to the supervision of the articles which appear in the said ACTA VICTORIANA, and also relative to the responsibility of the said committee to the students' organiza-

PROSPECTUS.

Acta Victoriana.

The Students of Victoria College have decided to publish a Monthly Paper in the interest of the College Societies, to be known as ACTA VICTORIANA. It will contain short literary articles by College men; local items of interest to the Students and their friends; general College and Educational news; and Editorials upon Educational questions, and especially upon questions of interest to the Alumni and friends of Victoria University.

We have been prompted to this undertaking by the following considerations:

1. *In justice to the thorough training given the Students by Victoria College, we think it our duty to do everything which will give greatest publicity to the advantages of the University. We are persuaded that a well conducted College Journal will awaken an interest in the work of the Institution it represents, and we hope to make ACTA VICTORIANA a worthy representative of the oldest Canadian University.*

2. *The want of some direct medium of communication between the Alumni and the Students has long been felt. A Journal such as we wish to make this, will help to keep fresh the memories of their College life, and nourish their love for ALMA MATER, in the hearts of Alumni.*

3. *We hope that it will be a means of keeping a large number of the friends of our Educational Interests, informed of the position, the necessities, the prospects and the work of Victoria College.*

4. *It will be a means of stimulating students to literary effort, and thus supplement the work of the Societies, which play so important a part in fitting Students for the work of life.*

5. *It will open up a channel of communication between this and other Colleges, giving an interchange of thought which must prove beneficial to the Students, and indirectly to the University itself.*

We confidently appeal to the Alumni for their moral and financial support in this effort, which we are convinced will prove a source of strength to their beloved ALMA MATER.

We also respectfully solicit the co-operation of all friends of the Students and of the University.

The paper will be issued monthly during the College Session, giving eight issues. It will consist of twelve pages, quarto sheet, and will be mailed to subscribers for FIFTY CENTS per annum. The first number will be issued in September. All Students of the College are authorized agents. Subscriptions should be sent to the Business Manager.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

THOS. W. CAMPBELL, Ed. in Chief.

R. A. COLEMAN, Local.

A. P. COLEMAN, B. A., Associate.

R. W. ARMSTRONG, Gen. Coll. News.

A. STEWART, Literary.

C. SIFTON, Business Manager.

W. W. MADGE, Assistant Manager.

P. O. Drawer 36, Cobourg.

Victoria University, Cobourg, May, 1878.

tion, beg leave to submit the following considerations: First, the members of the said committee were appointed to manage the college journal for one year. Second, they were appointed as representatives of the college societies by the said societies. Third, from the foregoing fact they cannot in any sense be considered the representatives of the students' organization. Fourth, the paper up to the present time has been considered strictly and avowedly as an organ of the societies and alumni. Fifth, owing to the declaration made in the said paper and sanctioned by the students, that the paper was a society organ, only the said societies are responsible for whatever appears in its columns."

The following clippings are taken from the next issue of the magazine "The students have learned, some of them apparently for the first time, that they have a paper and one that is thoroughly alive and vigorous, and that represents pretty correctly, in general, the feelings and opinions of the majority of our students . . . The paper is not to be controlled by an irresponsible students' meeting, whose actions are swayed by every passing breeze of opinion, but to be controlled only by the societies which possess that stability and steadiness of purpose so essential in the management of a paper. . . . There is more fresh keen wit, we think, among a body of students than among the same number of men of any other class; and a large part of it consists of personal hits. No students' paper would properly reflect the buoyant life around without draining largely from this fund of floating jest. . . . College journalism should be entirely free from censorship; a free press is one of the greatest blessings to any community or nation."

The new college paper had emerged as a journalistic entity. Henceforth it had a personality.

In tests of similar severity, however, scores of college magazines are swamped in the launching. And it is because of the long list of casualties involving pitiful financial complications that schemes of student journalism are looked upon as doubtful. It is for this reason also, together with the plea that such work distracts from academic pursuits, that the organization of a magazine often receives the hearty disapprobation of university faculties.

In the face of such difficulties it takes ability to plan a new college paper—to construct for it a sound foundation; it takes

tact to arrange for the hundred and one intricacies that lead up to the final production of a representative magazine.

Planning Versus Promoting

First of all some man of enthusiasm must get the vision. He must also inspire the interest of a few acquaintances. If the dream is not feasible a group of college men with any perception are quick to find it out. If it is feasible a nucleus is formed and the various aspects of the project are discussed. Perhaps one of the faculty—hardly ever more than one—is taken into confidence and ways and means are talked over. The most usual and successful plan is to work out all the details secretly—that is to let the leaders get a solid understanding of the situation before any definite steps are taken. Then one of two things happens. If the moving spirits attempt to maintain control of the project as a means of preferment or anything akin no amount of adroit manipulation will keep the hulk afloat. In other words, shipwreck ensues. On the contrary, if the new magazine is made the organ of one or more representative societies, with the offices thrown open to free election and an advisory board appointed from the faculty or alumni, the project can be floated.

In Cobourg it was decided that the first requisite to the successful launching of a college magazine was to arouse college spirit and an appreciation among the undergraduates of the need of a journal. A movement of enthusiasm and co-operation was laid down as absolutely essential to success.

An educational campaign was started to show the students the facts of the case. The leaders reasoned thus: If Victoria has advantages, they should be made known. The best way to make them known is through the medium of a college magazine. Premise: Victoria has advantages.

The truth of this primal argument was found, to be sure, not so much in splendid buildings or equipment as in the efficiency of the faculty and in the energy and ability of the students. The system of instruction employed was based on the principal that it is not what we know, but what we are able to make known, that ensures success. The daily drill of the class-room, therefore, replaced the one written examination at the close of the course. And as an example of the public appreciation given to this training, it has been recorded that in 1877 Victoria College enrolled

one-fifth of the whole number who matriculated in the Province of Ontario.

But, in addition to academic training, the college was offering to students at the inception of the magazine the advantages of four undergraduate societies—twice as many as any other college in the Dominion. The Literary Society had for its object the cultivation of Literature, Science and Oratory. Its weekly meetings in Alumni Hall consisted of debates, readings, and so forth, and were open to the public. The Jackson Society belonged to the Theological department, and only those who contemplated entering the ministry were allowed to join. Exercises in elocution and homiletics, together with essays and discussions, formed the programmes of this society. The Science Association was entirely devoted to the discussion of scientific subjects and aimed at original investigation. The Philosophical Society was the youngest member of the quartette of student organizations and flourished on a diet of ethical and metaphysical speculations.

Another advantage worthy of publicity was found in the discipline of the institution, which was held to be eminently adapted to the culture of a high moral tone in the student body. The healthful situation of the college town was also advanced as an asset, and added to this was the low cost of living.

When the progressive party had popularized these arguments even the most conservative students began to see that they had something worth while talking about. Interest led to enthusiasm, but, although patriotism was a good thing to start with, there were other factors which entered into the final campaign for a magazine.

Letters from outside alumni and suggestions from those who were still in the town helped to foster the movement for a college journal. The main plea in these letters was for a medium of communication between the students and the ex-students of the college, and something also wherein opportunity would be given for the expression of opinions on questions of mutual interest to students and graduates. The college wanted to hear what happened to her graduates out in the world, and they in turn wanted a "letter from home" once in a while in the form of a college paper.

Another problem for which a periodical seemed to offer a solution was that of keeping alive the interests and position of

the college in the minds of the friends of educational matters. Some medium was needed for the discussion of educational interests as they affected the university. The importance given to this factor in the agitation showed that the students were entering upon the project in all seriousness and with the intention of maintaining a responsible journal.

Contemporary College Journals

Still another vital need for which a magazine would be a solution was a channel of communication between Victoria and other colleges, giving an interchange of thought. That this argument was justifiable was afterwards proven by the flood of exchanges which poured into Box 55 at the local post office. Among these were college publications from Syracuse, Toronto, Whitby, Rochester, Princeton, Windsor, Cincinnati, Milton, Portland, Winchester, Kingston, Sackville, Columbia, Lexington and Ann Arbor.

As a final argument it was shown that a college magazine would be the means of stimulating students to literary effort and of co-operating in the work of the various societies. Then came the prophet of the movement in the person of Professor Moss of Ann Arbor.

Up to this time the matter had been wholly in the hands or rather in the heads of the students. The American professor, however, lent his hearty co-operation to the movement, and after several conferences of committees representative of the four societies a method of election was drawn up whereby men from each of the associations would hold a place on the magazine's Board of Management. This arrangement created a nucleus about which further plans could develop. It also fixed roughly the character and features of the magazine.

Naturally each of the interests represented had its counterpart in a department of the paper. Some of those interests have since been altered, but the stamp of their influence is still marked after the third of a century. The Literary Association was responsible for the literary features. From the Science Association arose the scientific department. The Jackson and Philosophical Societies contributed to departments that have since become modified—roughly into Missionary and Religious. The alumni interests created the personals column. The Ex-

change department arose from one of the first *raisons d'être* of the magazine—that of communication with other colleges. Locals, though not definitely specified in the prospectus, are self-evident in their origin. The Athletics department is an altogether modern adjunct.

It was through the Editorial department, of course, that the advantages of the college were to have publicity and the friends of her educational interests to be informed.

Hunting for a Name

A great deal of careful thought was given to the selection of a name. To begin with, it was proposed that each student should send in one or more suggestions. This lent an added interest to the increasing popularity of the coming journal. The cognomens submitted gave a varied but accurate indication of what the students thought a college magazine should be.

The name finally selected had been proposed by Professor Moss, who proved throughout to be a valuable member of the organization. There had been another "Acta" in which the young classical master had once been interested, and from which he derived the idea of the title. By adding "Victoriana" a name was coined which was too simple to be pretentious and yet too pretentious to be simple. There was nothing high-sounding about the title "Doings at Victoria," and yet the name "ACTA VICTORIANA" was too dignified to be frivolous.

While the search for a name was in progress the first real steps were taken in bringing the magazine from the great unknown into the world of reality. The four societies held their elections and sent their respective representatives to the first Board of Management. The final choice for an editor-in-chief fell upon T. W. Cambell, '79. At the end of his term of office he wrote as follows: "We have found that there are a few qualifications requisite in an editor which are difficult to unite. He should be sensible, sprightly, profound, capable of clever fooling; he should be deeply pious, so as to avoid uncharitable feelings when unjustly assailed; he should be wicked enough to enter into any nefarious plot of the Sophs against the Freshmen; he should be as wise as a serpent to avoid offending the faculty and as sharp as a razor to defend every particular student from what he deems injustice from that quarter." Incidentally the first

volume of ACTA was edited in Toronto, for no sooner had the college elected their editor-in-chief than the General Conference appointed him as assistant editor to the *Christian Guardian*, necessitating his moving to the city.

For first business manager the electors chose Clifford Sifton. Sequel: Things began to move. The first printing contract was let out to the old World Steam Printing Company of Cobourg. At that time it was managed by Henry Hough, valedictorian of '63, and editor and proprietor of the Cobourg World.

While the excitement was still going on at the college the new business manager went down to interview the merchants of the town. Usually the mention of money puts a check on the speculations of college journalism. Printers' bills are very real things. The advantages of a magazine can be demonstrated, but instantly comes the problem: how are they to be attained? Who will meet the printer's bills—what about the money anyway? Where does the publisher come in?

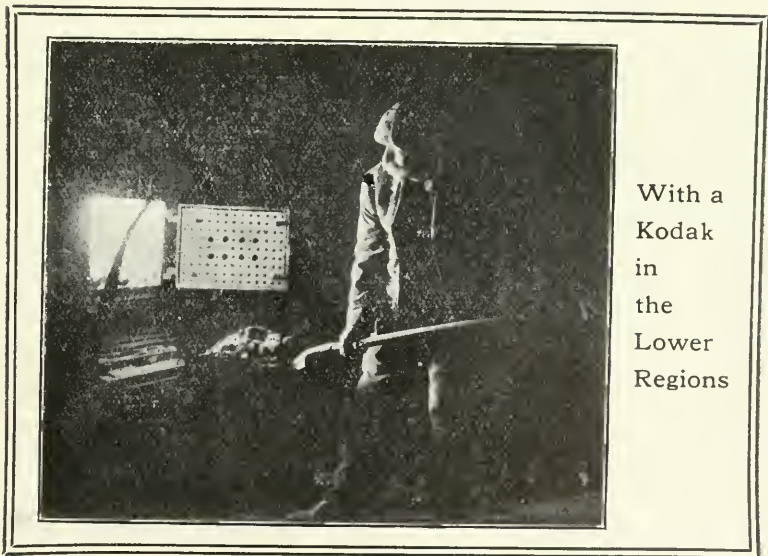
In such cases subscription fees are tears in the ocean. With a magazine venture there is only one answer to fiscal questions, and that is, of course—advertisements.

In this instance, however, when the merchants had been interviewed the business manager had the advertisements. Some there were who hesitated at first to take advertising space, stating that the students would not be influenced by the patronage of the advertisers. These were reminded, however, that there was but one university in Cobourg, and that every live student had, through one organization or another, a direct interest in the new magazine. Added to this, it had long been mutually understood that there was a highly developed *esprit de corps* in the undergraduate body. A merchant could have the student trade or he could do without. And like advertising space like trade.

On the basis of the fiscal income was calculated the mechanical outline of the paper. Many favored the style of the dollar magazine. The management, however, said to its perspective readers: We will give you good literary tone, fresh keen wit, interesting locals, ventilation on live issues—anything with a good college spirit. Also we will save you from "second-hand" material, and in return we ask you to expect your magazine to read better than it looks.

As a result of this policy the management set the lowest subscription rate of any college journal of the time, sharing the fifty cent annual fee with a much smaller college paper, the *University Courant*, published in Urbana, Ohio. In short they made readability instead of mechanical perfection the standard, and in the end they succeeded in making a racy, entertaining and amusing, as well as an instructive magazine.

Such an achievement, however, in the real analysis owes more to the men than to the means of its accomplishment. T. W. Campbell, the first editor-in-chief, has since become a Bishop in the Reformed Episcopal Church; A. P. Coleman, associate editor, is President of the Geological Association. Of the other members of the first staff, R. W. Armstrong is a lawyer in Rossland, B.C.; A. Stewart is a professor in Wesley College; Hon. Clifford Sifton is now head of the Conservation Commission; Rev. R. W. Whittington became prominent in the Mission work of New Westminster; Rev. R. N. Burns is President of the Toronto Methodist Conference; J. McLean became editor of the Wesleyan, and J. H. Munson is one of the prominent lawyers of Winnipeg.



With a
Kodak
in
the
Lower
Regions

The Need of Christian Education in Japan

In ancient times Japanese education was largely under the influence of Buddhism and Confucianism. Mr. Chamberlain says: "Buddhism introduced art and medicine, moulded the folk lore of the country, created its dramatic poetry, deeply influenced politics and every sphere of social and intellectual activity. In a word Buddhism was the teacher under whose instruction the Japanese nation grew up." The early Buddhist priests were self-sacrificing men, who gave Japan a very important impetus to education, mental, moral and religious. During the Tokugawa age (circa 1603-1868) education was chiefly in the hands of Confucian scholars. The Shushi school of Confucianism was looked upon by the Government as orthodox. Those who were not of this school were in danger of being punished as heretics.

Since the coming of Western ideas, and especially since 1868, education in Japan has been as systematic and progressive as in the West. Over 90% of the children of school age (from six to ten) attend free, up-to-date schools in which corporal punishment is forbidden.

But the influx of Western thought and the decline in influence and power of the ancient moral and religious teaching have caused a good deal of mental and moral struggle; the natural outcome of having their eyes opened to the great universe of thought outside Japan. No wonder many students commit suicide every year. Those of us who have had similar awakenings and have seen our old traditional views slipping from us can well sympathize with these young men. Dr. Kikuchi, one of the greatest educationalists of modern Japan, describes the transition from the old to the new. "There was much conflict. The people did not know exactly what was the basis of the new moral teaching. . . . Wild theories were abroad, but at last, in 1890, the Imperial Rescript on Education was issued. It found immediate acceptance among all thinking people, because reverence for the Imperial house is almost ingrained in Japanese people, and anything issued by the Emperor is regarded with special veneration and has authority beyond what is human . . . almost a religious authority." This Imperial Rescript reads as follows:

“Know ye Our Subjects:

“Our Imperial ancestors have founded Our Empire on a basis broad and everlasting, and have deeply and firmly implanted virtue; Our subjects, ever united in loyalty and filial piety, have from generation to generation illustrated the beauty thereof. This is the glory of the fundamental character of our Empire, and herein also lies the source of Our education. Ye, Our subjects, be filial to your parents, affectionate to your brothers and sisters; as husbands and wives be harmonious; as friends true; bear yourselves in modesty and moderation; extend your benevolence to all; pursue learning and cultivate arts, and thereby develop intellectual faculties and perfect moral powers; furthermore, advance public good and promote common interests; always respect the constitution and observe the laws; should emergency arise offer yourselves courageously to the state; and thus guard and maintain the prosperity of Our Imperial Throne coeval with heaven and earth. So shall ye not only be Our good and faithful subjects, but render illustrious the best traditions of your forefathers.

“The Way here set forth is indeed the teaching bequeathed by Our Imperial Ancestors, to be observed alike by Their Descendants and the subjects, infallible for all ages and true in all places. It is Our wish to lay it to heart in all reverence, in common with you, Our subjects, that we may all thus attain to the same Virtue.

“The 30th day of the 10th month of the 23rd year of Meiji.”

Around this edict centres all the ethical training of the Japanese student in a Government school. Moral text-books are used to elucidate the meaning of this rescript. The Department of Education has given instructions that the teaching should begin with the daily life of the pupils, who are taught to care for their health, by taking proper exercise and by being temperate and clean. Good words or maxims, and examples of good deeds, as well as the lives of noble men, are valued in emphasizing duty. In fact, a good Japanese is a good citizen, a loyal subject, and a filial son, who strives after virtue and culture, sacrificing himself for the public good. He is upright, courageous, self-dependent, self-supporting, industrious and kind. Men with such ideals are responsible for the development and progress of Japan, and every loyal Japanese knows that it is the august desire of H.I. M. the Emperor that his loyal subjects should walk in this way.

This is a remarkable attempt to put before the students of Japan a very high ideal of morals. Excellent as these moral ideas are, they have failed to accomplish their purpose. The Minister of Education even found it necessary a few years ago to draw the attention of the students to the immorality that was all too common. This is not to be wondered at. It is a moral ideal in ink, an abstract ideal. If the teachers of morals in the schools had been men of personality, like some of the ancient teachers of Japan, *e.g.*, Nakae Toju, whose personality could so impress robbers that they became good citizens, the results might have been different. Instead of that, the modern teacher of morals is very often himself one needing to be healed. Morality of this type resembles the well supplied by surface water. When the intense drought of summer comes on it dries up. They need spiritual power back of the best moral code, which shall be as the artesian well, "springing up" continuously, even in the drought of summer. Such spiritual morality is religious. But for lack of it and a better attitude to the universe and man, many students in Japan, just as in Canada (if this is lacking) drift off into immorality, to become the slaves of their own bodies.

All students need religious training. The ethical ideal we have described is excellent. But, unlike that of the great German educationalist, Froebel, the Japanese system of education is not based on religion, nor does it lead to it. Individual educationalists may feel the need of religion, but they have not yet been able to solve the problem, which, because of the great diversity of religious opinion in Japan, is even more difficult than it is for us Canadians. Up to the present scholars have not found the religious elements that would be accepted as common to Buddhists, Confucianists and Christians, and, even if they had, human prejudice is so great that the various adherents of these religions could not agree on a name for what they have in common. We make much of mere names. However, one thing is certain, if we Christians object to the Buddhist priest giving religious instruction in Government schools, we should not expect to do so ourselves. In the eyes of Japanese law all religious bodies are the same, but it is not strange that the people should be more suspicious of what they have always known as "that evil sect," Christianity, than of Buddhism, which has had such a large place in making Japan what she was at the opening of the present era.

The result of the Government's desire to treat all religions alike is that, if Christian instruction is to be given to the students of Japan in schools, those schools must be carried on under Christian auspices.

Christian education is very important in Japan to-day, because while the moral ideal we have described is good so far as it goes, it does not go far enough. One cannot but feel that it was better adapted to Japan as she was before 1868 than it is to the great modern empire with its world-wide intercourse. One cannot but feel that it is inadequate for the growing responsibilities and world-wide interests of a modern first-class power. When this edict was issued the country had not yet emerged fully from the effects of her long seclusion, and consequently universality, world-wide brotherhood and the cosmopolitan spirit were still looked upon as a menace to the state. Some few years ago a teacher was dismissed from a Government school for saying that "The aim of our teaching is not to propagate Japanese principles or Asiatic or Occidental principles, but Universal principles. For us there is no Japan, no foreigners. All are one." A moral ideal that takes no cognizance of the universal and cosmopolitan may do for a nation closed up to herself, but it is not large enough for a nation that expects to succeed in commerce and international diplomacy as well as in colonization, all of which are essential to national greatness to-day. In short, the true national spirit to-day gives itself for the whole world and for world-wide humanity. Christian education can thus help Japan by giving her this wider view of national life. Of course we will not be understood. Many will be only too glad to say that the recent Anarchist plot in Japan is the result of this spirit, forgetting that it is the result of the influx of Russian and French literature that has come in since the war. However, the most thoughtful men in Japan have already deplored this fact.

But just as a whole world of light has come to Buddhism because of the indirect influence of Christianity, so the influence of Christian education on the Government system will make our work worth while. Properly equipped and well-managed Christian schools, well supplied with native and foreign teachers of high moral standing, will have a very beneficial effect in raising the ideals expected from the teachers of Government schools. In fact, the effect on every phase of the nation's life cannot be

estimated. In the past many of the leading journalists and writers of Japan have come in touch with Christian education. It is very important that all classes of men should be given the Christian attitude to existence and the Christian "way," which is not mere teaching, but is Christ Himself or His true follower. In order to meet this need we expect, in addition to our theological college and our middle school, which are now fairly well established, to have a college that shall specialize in three higher departments, commercial, pedagogical and literary. We will thus be in a position to turn out Christian business men, Christian teachers and literary men, who should go from the influence of our schools into the world to leaven the whole of Japan with their thought. For any one of these departments there is a great need. The higher grade Government schools are overcrowded with applicants for entrance, and in one case, out of about 2,500 who applied for entrance to a high school, only 500 were received. If with our united effort we can supply higher education with a standard as high as that of these Government schools we will meet a great need in Japan. There are great possibilities in the school in Kobe.

In addition to this we must raise the standard of our theological school, making it a university grade school. At present we cannot recommend any graduate of the Imperial University to attend any one of the seventeen theological schools of Japan. In former days the missions seemed to feel that "Missionary" and "Theological Professor" were synonymous terms, and the result is that the theological schools have too many men of inferior scholarship. As an evangelizing agency these schools have done good work, but they are not capable of training the future ministers in a church that has such a weighty problem before it as the harmonizing of Eastern and Western ideals in such a way as to make Christ the light that lightens every man who comes into the world, whether or not they have had any definite historical knowledge of Him.

According to Rev. Horada, of Dashista Kyoto, there are 17 theological schools in Japan, with 100 teachers, 55 of whom are Japanese and 45 foreigners. The largest of these schools has 53 students, but on an average they have $2\frac{1}{2}$ students to each teacher. If these figures are correct they show what an opportunity the professor has for close personal contact with his men,

and they emphasize the need of sending only men of strong personality and ripe scholarship to Japan.

Missionary Notes

The missionary work of the College has been carried on this year with spirit and success by the executive of the Society. Good work has been done in every department. The proposal of the General Board of Missions to send Dr. Misener to Japan on a lecture tour during the coming summer was taken up and pushed with vigor. The project has met with the hearty support of the staff and students, and \$500 has been subscribed toward the expense of the tour. The Society has also raised \$100 for the missionary work of the University Y. M. C. A. Why should not Victoria College have her own missionary?



Once again the Missionary Conference has passed, giving its impulse to the religious life of the College. The Conference was a decided success, but it is regrettable that so many students do not attend. It is particularly surprising and deplorable that so many men who are going into the ministry neglect such opportunities. There is great danger that a man may go through college and begin his life work without getting that larger outlook and sympathy, lacking which he cannot give the best service anywhere. The laymen of the church are voicing the need of the world in demanding leadership in missionary activity, and the minister who cannot respond will be lacking an essential qualification for his office.

The addresses from the missionaries home on furlough were full of interest. Their grasp of the situation in their fields proved not only that big problems demand big men, but big problems make big men.

Dr. Endicott, speaking of the work in West China, said: "Our mission there is one than which there is no better organized. It is the only strong mission in West China. But its task is large, larger by far than we realize. One of the great needs of

the Chinese is good literature. The mission is not able to supply one-half of one per cent. of the literature required."

Rev. R. C. Armstrong, B.A., of Japan, told of the good that was to be found in heathen religions and of the attitude of the modern missionary toward them. "We do not now go to the heathen and rudely upset all his religious ideas. But, recognizing in his attempt at worship the great common religious instinct, we go to him with the message that Paul gave the Athenians, 'Whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you.'"

The home field was ably represented by Heman Armstrong, B.A., Peace River, who described pioneer work in this all but newly discovered though rich stretch of country.

Correspondence

Editor-in-Chief ACTA VICTORIANA:

Dear Sir,—

If you will spare a few lines, I would like to present as briefly as I may a few observations on abnormal student behaviour as exhibited in the Victoria Library. The library building, which excites such favorable comment on the part of nearly all who behold it, bids fair, in its interior aspect, to become sadly marred by a few careless students.

Apparently the finish of the hard wood floor presented to such persons an incomplete appearance. That they might improve it, they have ingeniously and assiduously decorated favored sections of the reading room by dropping ink on it from their fountain pens. The result is lamentable to any sane artist. But some student more enterprising than they, while his companions slept (over their books), has been toiling upwards (in broad daylight) on the interior stone wall, splattering ink at intervals, blazing the trails for succeeding benighted individuals. Again the result is lamentable: the blots are inefaceable.

But that is not the worst. Misbehaviour has developed in a few cases into vandalism. Recently a valuable book, which will be difficult to duplicate, entitled *The Missionary Review*, was returned minus the printed matter. Now the covers of a book are often a work of art, but they are not by themselves very instructive—hence the printed part is generally appended.

Instances of such vandalism, fortunately, are rare and frowned upon by nearly every student, and hence difficult of treatment. One cannot help thinking, however, that there at last is a vital question for our "Student Control" Committee.

Yours,

L. MACAULAY.

✻ ✻ ✻

DR. ROSE,—I cannot take the service for you in Sherbourne Street Sunday evening. Indeed, I have already refused Dr. Armstrong at the Metropolitan Church. He asked me to preach anniversary services for him. You see, I have to lecture to the faculty of the College on "Worthlessness of an Arts Course" and to the Senate of the University of Toronto on "Brass and Its Utility."

(Sgd.) REV. MR. PUGSLEY, C.T.,

Bradford, Ont.



Have you ever bumped about the basement, knocked up against those ugly pillars or groped in the hundred and one dark corners here and there around the mountains of coal? A gloomy, creepy place, isn't it? And yet, wonder of wonders, that's the abode of William's smile!

A plump illustration, Bill, for many a lean sermon.

Acta Victoriana

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Contributions and Exchanges should be sent to W. E. MacNIVEN, Editor-in-Chief, "Acta Victoriana"; business communications to WALTER MOORHOUSE, Business Manager, "Acta Victoriana," Victoria University, Toronto.

EDITORIAL

The Public Duty of Educated Men

Academic men, when they leave college and face the world in a public capacity, are frequently pointed at as visionary, pedantic and impracticable. The average man on the street says: "In politics, give us a man like Benjamin Franklin, the printer's boy. Give us a man like Abraham Lincoln, who found his way to the White House between the handles of a plough." Perhaps in not a few cases the educated man has created such an attitude: for after all it is not what a man knows so much as what he does that counts in the world. An American scholar said of the many-sided Goethe: "Tell me, what did he ever do for the cause of man?" This leads us then to ask, Does the scholar show in his daily walk that he has studied the wisdom of ages in vain? Does the philosopher peer into other worlds and forget the one in which he lives? If he does—his education surely has missed the mark. Four years before the American Civil War Theodore Parker said: "If our educated men had done their duty we

should not now be in the ghastly condition we bewail." Educated men should be the picked recruits of society—chosen to combat the evils prevailing among men. These evils can be successfully battled against and civil and religious liberty preserved only through the agency of political institutions: but these alone will not suffice—it is not so much the ship as the skillful sailor that assures a safe voyage. It was while professing reverence for political traditions that James II. was destroying the religious liberty of England. It is not, therefore, the political institution, nor the party—they do much—but the man does more. Who were the great statesmen of the nineteenth century? Were they not academic men who had not only learned great things—but how to do them too? Gladstone was the incarnate heart and conscience of England: Bismarck raised the German Empire from a mere name to a fact: Cavour has for his monument a united Italy. The party system in politics may be all wrong and altogether wrong: but the system is here, and very much here—but it remains for educated men to assert the independence and dignity of individual citizens and prove that party was made for the voter, not the voter for party. The character of the party of which Sir Robert Peel was the leader was plain to him—but when he saw that national welfare demanded the repeal of the corn laws he did not quail. Foreseeing the probable overthrow of his party and the bitter execration that must fall upon him, he tranquilly did his duty. With the eyes of England fixed upon him in mingled amazement, admiration and indignation, he rose in the House of Commons to perform as great a service as any English statesman ever performed for his country. In his last speech in favor of the repeal, describing the consequences which its mere prospect had produced, he loftily exclaimed, "Where there was dissatisfaction, I see contentment; where there was turbulence, there is peace; where there was disloyalty, there is loyalty. I see a disposition to confide in you, and not to agitate questions that are the foundations of your institutions." And when he had lost office, Cobden said: "Sir Robert Peel has lost office, but he has gained a country," while Lord Dalling observed: "Above all parties, himself a party, he has trained his own mind into a disinterested sympathy with the intelligence of his country." Surely this is the duty of every educated man to society.

Was It You?

The beauty of the new library and its fine equipment have attracted the attention and praise of many people both within university circles and without, and it is extremely gratifying to the authorities of the College to find enthusiastic and universal admiration from every quarter. And yet for all there appear to be some among the students who thoughtlessly—we choose to think it thoughtlessness—disfigure both the building and the books. The Librarian drew the attention of the editor to several things which should be brought to the notice of the students at large. Among other things, our attention was called to the ink stains which disfigure the floor in the men's reading room—but not content with this, some malicious person proceeded to decorate the wall with the superfluous ink from his fountain pen. It is needless to say that such careless actions soon destroy the beauty of the room and are, to say the least, extremely discouraging to the Board of Governors, who pride themselves in providing the students with every advantage of which they are capable. Then, too, our attention was called to the mutilated condition of some of the books: some are penciled from cover to cover with initials and are disfigured by other superfluous annotations and works of art—while others still are backless. One case deserves special notice. An extremely valuable book in the theological department, after the binding had been violently removed, was taken away by the offender and not returned, while the back (which would have led to the identity of the book) was left to be placed among the mutilated remains of other books upon the library shelves. One can scarcely think that this action was *only* thoughtlessness. Such things are a constant annoyance to the Library Board and ought to be frowned upon by the entire student body. Let thoughtfulness and care be exercised by all and let us show in this way our appreciation of our beautiful library.



Essay Contest

The following is an extract from the Constitution of ACTA VICTORIANA: A prize of fifteen dollars (\$15.00) will be awarded for the best article in a competition that shall be arranged yearly

by the Editor-in-chief and the business manager. All articles submitted to be the property of ACTA Board.

Sec. 3, Art. II.—“No article shall be considered if prepared in connection with the regular work of the College.”

Sec. 4.—“No person having taken the prize shall be eligible to compete again.”

Sec. 5.—“All competitors must be *bona fide* members of one of the Literary Societies—and paid-up subscribers to ACTA—or members of the Board.”

The contests will close on March 15th at noon. The competitors will write under an assumed name and shall drop a sealed envelope in “ACTA Box,” containing a slip upon which shall be written his own name and pseudonym.

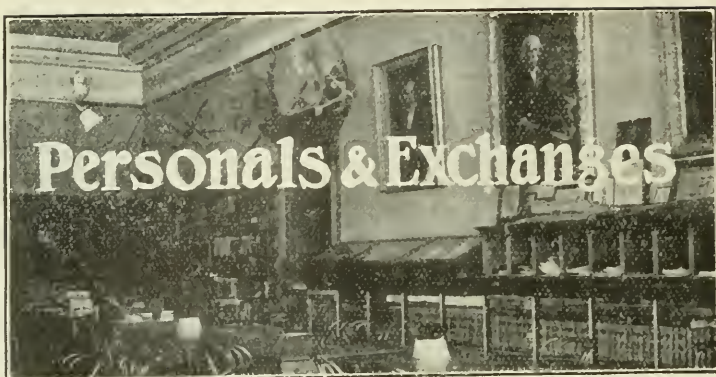
THE CRONIES



“How’ll we stand?” asked the victims.

“Oh,” said the kodak man, “just as natural as you can—in some easy attitude.”

“Well,” said William with his most amiable and audible smile, “you be tellin’ me a little ‘ditto’ or somethin’, James!”



Personais

Miss Cora Hewitt ('09) has for some time occupied the position of Lady Principal at Alberta College, Edmonton. We wish to congratulate her on her success.

Another of the '09 graduates, Miss Whitlam, is in the West attending Normal School somewhere in Saskatchewan.

The following Naughty-Niners are at home: Miss Jessie Drew, Miss Muriel Birnie, the Misses Hill, and Miss Delahaye. Our informant saith not where, but is sure of the facts.

Miss Muriel Wallace ('09) is spending the year abroad on the Continent.

Miss Knox is taking Faculty of Education work at the University, as is also Miss Nora Spence.

Miss Stevens (also '09) is teaching Classics in the Bowmanville Collegiate Institute, while Miss Ada Smith is instructor on the Commercial staff at the Strathroy Collegiate.

Victoria, B.C., is the home of still another Naughty-Niner, Miss Spencer.

Miss Reba Fleming has been attending Bible School in Chicago for the past month.

Miss Clara German is still residing in London, and was present at the Victoria College Glee Club concert given there recently.

Miss Chubb ('09) teaches at Comber, Ont.

Miss Grace Grange has been spending the winter at Ottawa.

Miss Ada Deacon ('06) and Miss Govenlock ('08) are both now in attendance at the Faculty of Education.

Miss Parlow ('08) is expounding the mysteries of Modern Languages at Port Hope.

Miss Dunham ('08) is librarian in Berlin, Ont.

Another of Victoria's graduates has added to the prestige which the College has already acquired for its scholarship. We have it from a reliable source that Miss Lewis has taken a fellowship at one of the ladies' colleges south of the border. Rumor did not leave positive assurance, but Bryn Mawr College was mentioned as the objective point.

Miss E. Jamieson ('08) is taking work at F.O.E.

Of the men who have graduated from Victoria we have been able to glean but little information. Probably the winter means business and great dearth of correspondence. It may also mean social life, and even greater dearth of available correspondence. We leave our readers to guess which it is that is to blame.

Elmer Ley ('08) is out in the Western States starring as basso profundo in quartette work, thus fulfilling his graduating prophecy.

E. G. Sanders ('08) has given up lacrosse and is preaching at Lemberg, Sask.

T. R. Todd ('09) is preaching in Hamilton and is having a very successful time.

G. B. King ('07) is lecturing in Greek at Toronto University.

E. J. Spenceley ('07) is preaching at Delisle, Sask. He holds the position of financial secretary of the Goose Lake District.

Near him is Clyo Jackson ('07), at Roseton, Sask., also "sky-piloting."

M. H. Staples ('09) is studying law in Calgary with the firm of Jones, Pescott & Adams.

J. H. Chown ('03) has been transferred from Kenora to Moose Jaw, where he is now chief clerk to the General Superintendent of the C. P. R. for Saskatchewan.

Judge Sharpe, of Hanover, Michigan, a former Belleville boy, and a graduate of Albert College, has been visiting his cousin, Mrs. A. J. MacDonnell, William Street. Judge Sharpe and his brother, Hon. A. E. Sharpe, who are the sons of Mr. Nelson Sharpe, a farmer in the Township of Murray, went to Michigan about twenty years ago and achieved a marked degree of success in their chosen walks of life, as many Canadians—especially Belleville boys—have done. Judge Sharpe returned to his old home with feelings of great pleasure. He missed many old friends, but found some of his old-time associates and has been delighted to meet them. He left for home recently.

Marriages

Dr. and Mrs. James Grant Forsyth announce to the readers of ACTA the marriage of their daughter, Ethel Mary ('10), to Mr. James Evan Rockwell on Saturday, Dec. 31, 1910, at Duluth, Minn. Mr. and Mrs. Rockwell will be at home, 1815 East Fifth Street, after Feb. 15, 1911.

Farewell—Drew.—On December 15th last, in the Elm Street Methodist Church, Toronto, the marriage of F. L. Farewell ('00) and Miss Dolfhia Drew of Toronto was celebrated, the Rev. Dr. Bartlett officiating. After the ceremony the bride and groom left for a week's honeymoon in Washington, D.C., returning to their present address, 516 Palmerston Boul.

Mr. Farewell is an old "war horse" of the Lit., having been Leader of the Opposition and Editor-in-Chief of ACTA. His present position is that of Associate Secretary of Sunday Schools and Epworth Leagues.

ACTA extends heartiest congratulations.

Exchanges

Somehow or other it seems that one of the indispensable features of a successful college magazine is the effective *esprit de corps* which arises among students living together in residence or meeting constantly in student societies. Nothing seems so to stimulate literary activity as the informalities of a social evening around a crackling fire, with a goodly supply of the wherewithal to eat and drink. Man seems then to be in that particularly receptive mood which is conducive to the inspiring flow of fancy, without which literature is dead. The stray sparks of momentary inspiration are much more likely to strike fire in the too-often reluctant tinder of thought when the subtle atmosphere of genial hilarity pervades the souls of men, and the Genius of Thought hovers around, imminent, imponderable as air, but subtly pervasive. We feel almost like a real poet as we write these lines, but fear for our safety if we venture any more.

A perusal of our exchanges, however, tends to confirm the view we have advanced. *The Student* is one of the brightest of the undergraduate magazines which come to Victoria, and maintains a high standard of excellence. Edinburgh University is replete with debating societies and students' unions and athletic clubs. *The Mitre*, run by the students of the University of Bishop's College, is also very readable, and particularly full of good descriptive sketches in that humorous vein to attain which seems to be the height of the ambition of every undergraduate magazine. Here we have residence proper within college precincts. Other instances might be cited to prove the claim, but would be tedious.

Our one prayer is that the new men's residence be pushed to a speedy conclusion, and in the words of Glad "give us a chawnet."

We recommend those who are poetically inclined to read the "Nocturne in Yellow" in *The Student* for January 20 as an antidote to excessive ambition for originality.

The students of Edinburgh University have a habit of saying that they are "ploughed" where we would say "plucked." This is a unique coincidence in that the phraseology is agricultural, but no doubt either process is quite "harrowing."

W——!!!



The University

ALTHOUGH late in finishing, the University teams cinched the track events this season for the third successive year and won the soccer championship for the eighth consecutive time.

The winter schedules got a better start. In the basketball tourney the Toronto team began well by defeating Niagara Falls, N.Y., with a score of 45—29. Another victory was won from Queen's on their own floor with a score of 41—12. Later they made a score of 43—19 against McGill at the gymnasium here. On this year's line-up are: Dixon, Davis, Simpson, Brock, Body and Wood.

In hockey, the Queen's, McGill and Varsity triangle each began by winning and losing one game. Toronto was beaten by Queen's, 4—3, in overtime. On the local rink Toronto whipped McGill 15—3, and McGill afterwards defeated Queen's. The University Junior O. H. A. team left four goals in Oshawa in an exhibition game, but brought nine away. The senior O. H. A. team finally lost out against Argonauts. The curlers made a good run for the Canada Life trophy, but failed to bring it to the park.

In the Varsity-McGill swimming meet on January 28 the seven events were: 50 yards, long plunge, 100 yards, fancy diving, 50 yards on back, 200 yards, and water polo. In this year's meet the McGill teams won out over the Toronto men in the majority of contests.

Victoria and Senior Arts

15 TO ONE was the opening score of the Jennings Cup series so far as Victoria was concerned, the fifteen coming to Vic. in the game of January 16th.

At the first face-off McLean of Senior Arts got the puck and passed to Bastedo. Arts forwards scrambled up the ice into Vic.'s defence, held a brief mass meeting in front of the cage, and among them bagged a goal. The rest of the story belongs to Victoria.

Birnie caught the second face-off, swung around three or four Arts men, and passed to Rumball, who shot the first goal for Vic. Birnie kept the next face-off himself and pitched a handsome drop curve into Arts' net, making strike two for their goal-tender. When Maclaren had guided another goal safely between the posts Rumball again took a turn with the puck and landed number four. Livingstone smuggled in the fifth, and for a little variation Maclaren and McKenzie each shot in a long score from centre. Then the team skated around till half-time, content with the score 7 to 1.

It was a good thing that the teams had to change ends for the second half, as the ice around Arts' goal was getting pretty well worn, whereas that in the Vic. territory was uncut, except where the defence men had been stamping around to keep warm. The eighth goal went to Livingstone. Birnie took the ninth. Livingstone chose the tenth, then Birnie the eleventh. Birnie also took the twelfth, so Livingstone had to take the thirteenth. Then to even up things for the right wing Rumball claimed goals fourteen and fifteen, and to save getting a new score-card, and also because time was up, the referee blew the whistle.

Line-up :

Victoria—15.

Senior Arts—1.

McCulloch.....	Goal	Clark
McDowell.....	Point	Winchester
McKenzie.....	Cover	Dixon
Maclaren.....	Rover	Bastedo
Birnie.....	Centre	McLean
Rumball.....	Right	Bole
Livingstone.....	Left	Allan

Victoria and Education

15 TO ONE. Same old story. The Faculty of Education lined up against the cup holders on January 20th and were pushed back to a defence game from whistle to whistle. The game was played on Varsity Oval, and the ice, besides being soft, was covered with snow, making a tame exhibition of hockey.

The team had been reorganized on account of the loss of McKenzie. Maclaren took cover point, Burwash was played at centre, and Birnie was rover. McLaren opened the game with a shot on goal that counted. Education struggled down for their one and only, and thus Victoria had it all her own way, except for the bad ice. Birnie and Burwash each scored once, and Rumball twice before half time.

As the game did not start till five o'clock the teams were anxious to get through as quickly as possible, and played the second half without leaving the ice. Birnie was the first to score with a lightning shot from centre. Maclaren fired in the next three in succession with just time enough between to face off. Then Birnie repeated his shot. Burwash was the next to score, and with that Faculty got flustered and scored one on themselves in a mixup before goal. Then Birnie scored once more. Burwash manufactured the fourteenth goal, and Livingstone, with a final spurt, just before the whistle blew, made the score the same as that of the first game.

Line-up: McCulloch, McDowell, Maclaren, Birnie, Burwash, Rumball, Livingstone.

In the second basketball series Victoria gave away the game of January 26 to Junior Arts by default. This left the Senior School game as the only other chance to play.

The Jennings Cup game, scheduled for February 1st, between Victoria and Faculty of Education, came by default to Victoria.



Last year's athletic record has been immortalized by a series of photographs splendidly framed in a single group, and entitled "1909-'10 Athletic Record." The Athletic Union has obtained permission from the Union Literary Society to place the group in the annex to Alumni Hall until the men's residences have been completed.

A PAGE OF YELLS

VICTORIA.

V.-C, V.-C., V.I.C.,
 Zip-Rah, Boom, Rah,
 V-i-c.
 Tora, Tora, Toria,
 Vic., Vic., Vic., Vic.,
 Toria,
 V-i-c-t-o-r-i-a,
 Rah, Rah, Rah.

SCIENCE.

Toike, Oike, Toike, Oike,
 Ollum te Chollum te Chay,
 School of Science, School of Science,
 Hurray ! Hurray ! Hurray !

TORONTO

Toronto ! Toronto ! Toronto Varsity !
 We'll shout and fight for the Blue and White
 and the honor of U. of T.,
 Ripparty, Rapparty,
 Ripparty, Rapperty Ree.
 Toronto, Toronto, Toronto Varsity.

ARTS.

Uni-uni-versity
 C-o-l-l-e-g-e,
 U-c. U-c. Arts you see.
 Oh ! Ah ! To-ron-to.

MEDICAL.

Epistaxis, Prophylaxis,
 Coughs, Colds, Rales,
 Varsity Meds, Varsity Meds.
 Varsity Medicals.
 Torcular, Herophile,
 Val Salva.
 Varsity Meds. Varsity Meds.
 Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

Girls' Athletics

HOCKEY.

On Saturday, January 14, the Girls' Hockey Team went down to defeat before St. Hilda's to the score of 4—0. Victoria had an excellent defence, but proved conclusively that a match cannot be won simply by keeping the puck out of the home goal. Miss Cuthbertson, '13, played a strong game for Victoria, and Miss Burns, '14, did some heroic checking.

St. Hilda's line-up: Goal, Miss Rehder; point, Miss Ponsford; cover, Miss Ewart; centre, Miss Butler; right wing, Miss Harstone; left wing, Miss Denue; rover, Miss Elliot.

Victoria line-up: Goal, Miss Hamer; point, Miss Cuthbertson; cover, Miss Porte; centre, Miss Armstrong; left wing, Miss Flanders; right wing, Miss Burns; rover, Miss Adams.

On January 23rd, Havergal Ladies' College played a practice game with Victoria. On account of the slow ice and the excellent forward line of the opposing team, Victoria fell back on her old policy of defence. Score, 8—0 in favor of Havergal.

In spite of this unpromising record, the team is developing slowly, under the patient coaching of Mr. Burley and the experience gained through practice matches with the different years and the teams of other colleges.

BASKET BALL.

The indomitable spirit of Victoria is shown in the manner in which she refuses to recognize defeat, in spite of the frequency with which she meets it. The basket ball record shows three defeats.

On January 14, Victoria played her first game with St. Hilda's in St. Hilda's gymnasium. It is much larger than that of Annesley Hall, and the baskets are higher. The opposing team was higher also, and had an excellent combination and a true aim. Score, 25—6 in favor of St. Hilda's.

On January 21, Victoria played Varsity. Both teams played for the first time with women's rules. The game was close, but ended with a score of 16—12 in favor of Varsity.

On January 30, St. Hilda's again met Victoria at Annesley Hall. The unhappy score, 26—4, indicates how far the Victoria team still is from perfection. Nil desperandum!

Cry from the V. C. A. C.:

Revival in Athletic Spirit!

1 to 4 4 1 T 4

The above is the story of the inter-year match between the first and second years, in which the second year was beaten by a score of one to four. The game was speedy in spots. It was also loose, and the puck alternately travelled from one end of the ice to the other. The rest of the inter-year games have been postponed till later in the season, when more ice is available. Line-up:

IT4—4.	IT3—1.
Jeffs.....	GoalCambell
Burt.....	PointLittle
McKenzie.....	CoverDuggan
McDowell.....	RoverMatthews
Svoloda.....	CentreJefferies
Bishop.....	RightBurwash
Griffiths.....	LeftHuyck



In vain did the St. Hildian's attempt to wrest the Inter-Collegiate Debating Championship from the Victoria girls on Wednesday afternoon, January the twenty-fifth. The subject was, Resolved, That History is a Science. We have every reason to be greatly proud of our debaters, Miss Dafoe ('11) and Miss Spence ('13), who so ably supported the affirmative. For not only was their logic keen and clear, as one of the songs suggested, but their style was also bright and vivacious. Ere the judges withdrew we all felt that the championship was ours again, nor did it take the judges long to come to a similar decision.

This is but the chorus of one of the songs written for the women's debate. The tune is Dunderbeek:

Victoria, Victoria,
 A happy old college are we,
 With plenty of sinners and plenty of saints,
 And plenty of gaiety.
 In mores abeunt studia
 The truth shall make you free,
 Victoria, Victoria,
 A merry old college are we.

South Hall Skating Party on their way to the rink, with Mr. MacKenzie ('14) leading:

Mr. Brown ('14): "This makes me think of the hymn, 'See the hosts of Hell advancing, Satan leads the way.'"

On Wednesday, January the nineteenth, the class of onety-two won the Debating Shield of the Women's Literary Society. The subject was, Resolved, That Poverty is less unfavorable to the development of character than riches. Miss Lowrey ('12) and Miss Clingscale ('12) supported the affirmative, while Miss Stacey ('13) and Miss Henderson ('13) supported the negative.

Dr. DeWitt: "Mr. Frost, will you please turn off the heat?"

Miss Lowrey ('12): "Adam and Eve were as poor as Job's turkey."

Miss Lukes ('10): "Well, now, I came down to the city to attend these Chapman-Alexander meetings."

Miss Brewster ('10): "Well, let us go to the seat of the trouble at once."

Dr. Edgar (to III. yr. Milton Class in *Paradise Lost*): "I suppose you know all about Hell now?"

A. G. Young ('12): "They are having a January sale of religion at Massey Hall. Are you going down?"

D. Gray ('12) (seeing Rogers ('11) with a fair friend at Massey Hall): "Oh, there's Rogers; he's a personal worker."

Rumor said that Schumann-Heink might come to Calgary.

Moyer ('09): "Why, what's that?"

On Tuesday, January the tenth, the Y. W. C. A. held an informal reception for its members. The speakers, Miss A. Price ('12) and Miss N. Merritt ('13), were much appreciated, so too the refreshments.

Unkind Friend (seeing Y. W. poster): "Oh, they have to feed us to get us to come out to hear Annie speak."

Many a girl thinks she has broken her heart when she has only sprained her imagination.—*Exchange*.

Dr. Horning (referring to the monks): "What were the four orders?"

Miss Findlay ('12) (who had not been very attentive): "Richman, poorman, beggarman, thief."

A. L. Smith ('13): "I am always in the dark when I am talking to a girl."

MODERN SCEPTICISM.

An up-state farmer went for the first time to a circus. For a long time he stood gazing in fascination before the dromedary's cage. In silence he viewed the mis-shapen legs, the cloven feet, the humped back, and the perfect ugliness of the creature seemed



VAGARIES OF A PENCIL POINT—NOTHING MORE

to hold him spellbound. At last, turning away in disgust, "There's no such animal," he grunted.

We appreciate the many pleasant remarks which have been made about the cartoon in January ACTA. It was executed by the Business Manager very creditably, and is not the last of a series of famous or infamous characters who will be honored.

A senior describes the South Hall Skating Party as a most confusing mixture of the characteristics normally found at a kindergarten commencement and at an asylum dance.

At a recent class meeting the year 1912 decided not to change their yell, and to have a sleigh ride. Mr. Halbert reported: "The people of ——— church were anxious that we should go there for our sleigh ride. I went up to see about it last night, and they are still anxious." (Incredible.)

The Glee Club spent Sunday, 22nd, and Monday following in the village of Hamilton. They report a courteous reception, and found Baby's Own Soap provided at every stopping house—where soap was furnished. On Monday night, one member of the club was seen gazing down at the audience, and finally he said: "Oh, I see Zim, and he's with a frill." (The real one?)

The Club in Chorus: "What, has Zim got girls in this town, too?"

Mission Study Classes Bulletin.

Leader, Miss Findlay ('12): "Strangers Within Our Gates." Annesley Hall. Poor freshettes.

Frank Morrow ('14): "Have you not heard that my engagement is to be announced in February ACTA? You know when Rumball ('11) and I had started to skate with the same girl at the same time, it was time for me to get busy."

The same is hereby announced.

The sale of theatre night seats at Victoria was disappointing. Revise the footnote still further, and make attendance on such occasions compulsory.

The inter-year debate series is progressing favorably. On Saturday night, 21st inst., the Reciprocity question was most thoroughly debated by Mr. Lloyd Smith and Mr. H. M. Ford, representing the second year, and Mr. Eric Johnston and Mr. A. D. Emory for the third year, the latter upholding the nega-

tive in an invincible manner, which places ('12) in the finals for the college championship.

The Victoria boys composed a yell, especially dedicated to Mr. Drury, on the train to Beaverton Friday night.

“Berkshire Sow, Jersey Cow, Black Sheep, Bah!

Free Trade, Free Trade, Rah! Rah! Rah!

Binders, Mowers, come in free.

Hurrah for Drury, O A. C.”

The yell was given with great effect in the magnificent Beaverton Hall, quite amazing the rustic enthusiasts over lower tariffs. An otherwise intelligent gentleman calmly asked the boys: “Are you all from the Agricultural College?”

The Inter-University Debating Championship comes to a deserving member of the group this year, and we feel justly proud of the two debaters who thus won distinction for the blue and white. Queen's debaters had the choice of subject and side, and in the debate presented a very strong case. This, however, was overbalanced by the powerful arguments of the affirmative, who contended that the evils incident to party government were greater than its benefits. Mr. C. W. Stanley ('11) covered himself with glory by his masterly and commanding style, his keen humor, and irrefutable arguments. Locals extend congratulations.

Chairman (in ACTA meeting): “Has any person anything in his head?” How shocking.

Editor (to Literary Editor): “Have you any poetry on hand?”

Literary Editor: “No.”

Editor: “You have passed from that stage in recent years.”

A Masterpiece.

Report of the committee of the class of 1912, appointed to inquire into the matter of a toboggan party:

“It was deemed that such an outing, if held in addition to and following close upon (as it must) the sleighing party, would be superfluous and undesirable. That the latter should be pre-

served, rather than the former, seemed better on grounds, both of precedent and of expediency.

"It was judged moreover that if any of the class felt an impulse to indulge in the exhilarating, if precarious, sport of gliding, *ventre à terre*, down some precipitous declivity, they could make private arrangements for the purpose. By doing this they would also be assured of finding themselves in perfectly congenial company. That is to say, for each Romeo there would be a Juliet, and for each Antony a Cleopatra, as the case might be.

"Your committee, therefore, have decided to drop the matter of a toboggan party."

It is reported that A. D. Emory ('12) needs to be "reformed" again. We fear he is given to most wilful backsliding.

Teacher (to aspirant youth): "No more shall martyrs bleed in the good time coming." "What is a martyr, Jim?"

Jim (thoughtfully): "A martyr is a blood-vessel."

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night when
hearts are
light.

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Acta Victoriana



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No. 6

On the Trail

BY F. OWEN.

I.

We're on the trail, we're on the trail,
On the trail to anywhere.
Over the boundless plains we go.
Past the fields of eternal snow.
Rovers of the earth are we,
Restless, rugged, rough and free.
Our roving hearts lead us afar,
As sailors guide by the Polar Star:
Never a thought where the trail may lead,
Never a friend to bid god-speed;
Here to-day and there to-morrow—
To rove is joy, to stay is sorrow.
Unknown peaks in the distance lure us,
Unknown trails have a meaning for us;
We're on the trail, we're on the trail,
On the trail to anywhere.

II.

We're on the trail, we're on the trail,
On the trail to anywhere.
Those who fare with us must rough it,
Parry many a blow and buffet,
Eat and sleep 'neath the open sky,
Fearless to live and fearless to die.

We are the men that break the trails,
The daring ones that make new trails,
Trails that lead to wealth untold,
Fields of wheat and mines of gold,
Trails that pierce the frozen zone,
Yet never a foot of land we own.
We have lived on the trail, on the trail we'll die,
And our grave shall be where our bleached
bones lie.
When we come to die we will bid good-bye
To the trail and the bright blue open sky.
We're on the trail, we're on the trail,
On the trail to anywhere.

How My Father and I Climbed Mount Gerizim

ARTHUR P. M'KENZIE.

Suddenly, in the limitless panorama through which our dreams blaze and die and blaze out again in gorgeous processions, I heard a voice, thin, and infinitely far away. Then someone shook me by the shoulder, and the dreams vanished.

"Wake up," came father's cheery voice, quite close this time, as he shook me again; "the guide says we must start soon."

I rolled out on to the cold stone floor. Father was already dressing by the light of a small tallow candle that half illumined the simple little room of the convent at Nablus, where we were stopping for the night.

It seemed hardly more than ten minutes since the kindly white-haired old father had wished us restful slumbers with the assistance of Kalim. Now, Kalim was our dragoman, and Kalim had a game eye, which may or may not have accounted for some of his eccentricities. Anyway, as we found later when we had reached the court yard, he had not been filled with enthusiasm at the prospect of a mountain climb at 4.30 a.m.

I quickly donned my khaki, and after pulling on a pair of heavy hob-nailed boots, stumbled sleepily down the narrow stone staircase after father.

In the courtyard, with a faded red tarboosh set jauntily back on his head, one of the convent servants was waiting for us. He grinned reassuringly and made us understand that he was the man to show us up the mountain and incidentally to lighten our pockets of a little backshish.

We followed him out into the narrow street with its large flagstones. It was cold and dark. Nobody was stirring as yet in that part of the town. I had to watch my steps carefully, for the flagstones were treacherously smooth and my iron-shod boots threatened to bring me low. After threading a labyrinth of dark, silent streets, whose intricacies would have made the famous maze at Hampton Court seem quite tame, we reached what our guide honored by calling the market-place, only distinguishable by a greater number of shuttered shops, and if possible more devious ways. Here and there a peasant was straggling in with a load, and a yawning shop-boy kicking into place the tables that were to serve in the day's bartering, stopped to stare stolidly after us. Under a dark archway we passed an old man sitting tending a little fire under a huge cauldron of steaming curds, about which a couple of urchins stood sniffing hungrily.

Soon after this we reached the gates and passed out into the stony road beyond. We could just distinguish the dusty white roadway from the fields on either side. After a bit we turned off into a grove of olive trees and began to climb upward through the long grass. The good smell of green things came up to us, and now and again the chirping of some insect intensified the stillness that brooded over the hillside in this hour before the dawn.

We quickly passed through the olive grove and began to climb in earnest. As we reached higher levels, climbing over jagged outcroppings and sharp rolling stones, a faint glimmer appeared and began to grow in the east. The hill-tops began to grow distinct. Soon the outlines of the stones became sharper. The dawn was coming quickly. When I looked around Ebal's sombre shape stood out boldly against the lightening sky. But there was no stopping. Our guide was nimble; so up we went. A little breeze began to stir the grasses beside the path, and when I next looked up we were nearing a gentle grassy slope, while a little beyond, the highest peak stood out clearly against

a great leaden bank of clouds to the south, with a few high lights on the bare rocks of its eastern face.

We stopped for a little rest, mopping our faces, for the climb had been a sharp one, and we were warm with the exertion. Our smiling guide pointed behind us. We looked down. There, far below us, lay the little grove of olive trees, dark in the shadow of the mountain, and just beyond the white walls and the flat roofs of the little town stood out bright and rosy in the first rays of the morning sunlight. On the other side of the valley the olive orchards made long, deep shadows on the lower slopes of Mount Ebal. Higher up ribs of blue-grey rock began to appear, and grew more numerous, till the great bald, rounded summit stood outlined massively, iron-bound, with many a huge projecting rock and lonely boulder.

Suddenly, a long-drawn musical call came up to us distinct and clear from the valley below. It was answered by another. We looked down. Below us tiny specks of brown and yellow were springing up over the rocky ledges. The boys were driving their goats up the hillside to pasture, and we recalled then, how, long ago, the place had been chosen for the ease with which the voice would reach to all parts of that valley, leaping across from one hollow slope to the other; and we pictured to ourselves the companies of white-robed priests standing on the mountain tops and chanting forth in measured, reverberating sentences the covenants of God—the blessings and the curses—to the dark concourse of the people in the valley below.

But we had not reached the highest point yet—though we had our best view of Nablus and the valley from this spot—and our guide was growing impatient. So we resumed our way up across the gentle slope. All around us the red poppies and the anemonies blazed in the long grass, and tiny pink lilies, and little star-like blue flowers, like forget-me-nots, and yellow buttercups glistening with dew, and honest daisies, and many more, covered the whole hillside,—truly this land of Palestine is the land of flowers!

Near the summit we came upon a little level place with a few broken columns lying scattered about in the grass. There was a deep trench and a little altar of rough stones. Here, for hundreds of years, the Samaritans have killed the sacrifice and

foregathered on the great feast days. Long ago the little temple was thrown down by the uncompromising conquerors, but the few Samaritans who still live in Nablus with their aged patriarch have never been driven from the land as the Jews were—doubtless too insignificant a people for the haughty Mohammedans to concern themselves with—and they still climb the mountain and sacrifice their small shaggy goats on the little altar, according to the traditions of their ancestors.

A few steps farther and we were passing a rude little sheep-fold built with rough stones loosely piled together, and a few tiny shelters for the shepherds. Then we began to climb upwards again, and two minutes later we were on the summit among the scattered boulders of Justinian's ancient fortress. We could easily trace the foundations of the massive walls. In the centre of what had once been the keep was a large square cistern hewn out of the rock, now half filled with the fallen masonry of the walls and long centuries of drifting dust and rank-growing grasses.

The morning was infinitely calm and peaceful. An occasional bank of clouds moved lazily away from the bright eastern sky. Hill-top on hill-top, rounded and rockbound, stretched away on every hand as far as we could see into the still slightly misty backgrounds of the early morning landscape. Our guide conveyed to our minds through the medium of engaging smiles, various eloquent gestures and a few broken syllables, as he pointed to the west, the information that later in the day we should be able to see a bit of the deep blue Mediterranean jewelling the western horizon. At our feet to the eastward we saw the little valley with its pleasant green wheat fields interspersed with patches of rich brown earth newly ploughed, up which we had ridden wearily late the previous evening, and just below at the entrance to the valley between the two mountains and a little to the north we could plainly make out the small tile-roofed convent with its enclosure, where the bearded Greek monks in their great brown cowed cloaks guard Abraham's well through the long, peaceful days of their quiet existence. We had halted just long enough on our way to Nablus the day before to taste the water of the well.

But again our guide was showing signs of impatience, for he knew that we had a long day's ride before us; so we looked

about us once more to fix the scene upon our memories, and then followed him quickly down the mountain side.

As we climbed over the shoulder of the mountain that hid Nablus from view and started down the last descent the busy hum of the little town began to come up to us in snatches. Another day of noisy barter, of horse trading, of prayers to the east, of much slow discussion of the prospects of the Young Turk Party between puffs at the mouthpieces of the long coiled stems of Turkish pipes, of white-veiled Mohammedan women passing silently in the market-place or down the narrow streets, mysterious as the hooded monks of old Florence—another day of many activities had begun in the little town of Nablus, or Shechem, as it was called in the days of the Israelitish kings.

After running the gauntlet of much curious and by no means reverent comment as we passed again through the arched gateway and the stony streets and the market-place now alive with a vociferous throng, we reached the shelter of our convent once more, where we found breakfast awaiting us. It need scarcely be added we did the fullest justice to the gentle old priest's simple but appetizing fare. And so ended the little trip, and this was how my father and I climbed Mount Gerizim.



The Bible and the English Language

DR. L. E. HORNING.

Even before the landing of St. Augustine on the Kentish shores in 597 A.D. missionaries from Ireland had, by way of Scotland, attempted to win the heathen English to the Cross. There were various means employed to instruct the converts in the essentials of the faith. The Lord's Prayer, the Credo, the Psalter, were early translated or paraphrased, and Bede is said to have translated the Gospel of John. But of this and of the supposed version by King Alfred there is nothing extant, and it is only from the middle and latter part of the tenth century that we have the gospels in the three main dialects spoken at that time in old England. Even these are in manuscript only and never could have circulated among even the upper classes, because of the woeful lack of education. Reading and writing were rare accomplishments in the days before the Conquest. Indeed the majority of the people were little better than the slaves, who were so numerous, and no heed was given to their education or even instruction in religious matters.

A second aid to religious instruction were the numerous poetical paraphrases of Old Testament subjects by Caedmon and his followers, and of Apocryphal and New Testament themes by Cynewulf and his successors.

We find also brief reference to some pictures of biblical scenes which were brought to Wearmouth by Benedict. These were early precursors of the *Biblia Pauperum* and other famous picture books known from the thirteenth century.

A fourth aid to religious instruction *en masse* were the legends of Saints and Martyrs which became very numerous after the monastic revival of the tenth century, and the reading of which had a regular place in the church service as the second lesson. Homilies or sermons, also in the vernacular, were a feature of the latter part of the tenth century and down to the Norman Conquest.

All these agencies, for the largest part indirect, would tend to spread abroad among the better classes a limited "sacred"

language which would still not be of their everyday speech. But at best these agencies would have only a very slight educative value. After the Conquest there was little done for the education of the English. Latin was the language of history and the learned, French that of king's courts and wits, and English eked out a very precarious existence for a couple of centuries. But the loss of Normandy in 1204 may be said to mark the turning point in favor of our English speech, and in the next 150 years we find the mother tongue gradually, doggedly and successfully gaining upon the stranger languages, until in 1362 it was made *the* parliamentary and court language. Coincident with this development in speech and the cause of it, is the political and social progress of the English people. The Saxons and Angles had ever been noted for their hard headedness and stubbornness, and neither the church nor the institution of chivalry had got such a thorough hold upon them in England as was the case with the nations upon the continent. One is, therefore, prepared for a growth of political consciousness among the citizens of the rapidly rising towns and of the middle classes, and nearly every century revivals of a practical nature bring new life into a church that was rapidly becoming decadent. All these various developments seem to come to a head in the days of Chaucer, Gower, Langland and Wycliffe. And even the common people were rising. It was just at this time that Wat Tyler and Jack Straw headed one of the earliest peasant revolts, which for the next century and a half were to keep western Europe in a ferment. The times were characterized by the greatest unrest among all classes. We are, therefore, not surprised at the many rapid changes in politics, literature, religion and society.

Chaucer has often been called the father of English literature, and certainly the long popularity of his prologue to the Canterbury tales, of the tales of the Nun's priest, the knight, the squire and the lawyer justify in some measure such a meed of praise. But he is after all the poet of the past, not a foreteller of the future. The same may be said of Gower, his great contemporary, who enjoyed an even greater reputation than Chaucer, a continental fame, and was a more perfect rhymers. Langland was a poet of the people and a Reformer. But the man who had, without a shadow of doubt, the greatest influence upon the people

at large, was the great schoolman and first great Reformer, John Wycliffe.

The evolution of this striking character is in three stages. He is the schoolman or philosopher of Oxford from 1332 to 1366, then the political reformer, 1366-78, and lastly the protesting religious leader. He had early seen the needs of the common people, and his last years were spent in an attempt to provide them with a proper basis for their religious development. To this end he translated the New Testament into the vernacular, and a large part of the Old Testament. This was completed about 1381 or 1382. No proper estimate has as yet been put upon the influence of this Bible upon English life and thought, literature and language. Printing in England was still one hundred years in the future, but, judging from the numbers of manuscripts left us, no book had a circulation at all comparable to it. We have between 50 and 60 manuscripts of the works of Chaucer and Gower, but of the Bible we have at least 170. The great majority of these are of Purvey's revision of 1388, and the fact that this revision was made so soon after the translation by Wycliffe proves its popularity. Most of the manuscripts are of pocket size, another strong proof that the work was eagerly sought after by readers and students of the middle and lower classes. When we know that all these were reproduced by hand and were consequently very costly, about \$150 of our money, we are still more astonished.

Finally, when we remember the very grievous penalties inflicted upon all persons found having a copy of the Scriptures in their possession, and all the strenuous measures taken by Arundel and his helpers to stamp out the work in the early part of the 15th century, we must come to the conclusion that a silent but very effective league existed throughout all England to circumvent those high in politics and church. There can be no question that the number 170 represents but a small fraction of the manuscripts in circulation in the year 1425. And as a natural deduction from this we may claim that the Bible of Wycliffe, especially in Purvey's revision of 1388, is the basis for all future versions, and merits honor even above Tyndale's revision. It is true that Wycliffe's was a translation of the Vulgate, and that Tyndale's claims to be a new translation from the

Greek. But we must not lay too much stress upon such a claim of newness. Every modern scholar gets to know that such a claim often amounts to but little. And we must also not forget that from the days of Wycliffe to those of the authorized version the Vulgate is far and away the most important version of the Bible, and was constantly beside every learned student of the Scriptures.

To show the relations of Wycliffe and Tyndale it will be interesting to compare the following passages:

WYCLIFFE.

TYNDALE.

Matt. II.:

1. Therefore when Jhesus was born in Bethlem of Juda, in the days of Kyng Herode, loo! kingis camen fro the eest to Jerusalem.

2. Sayinge, Wher is he, that is bourn kyng of Jewis? forsothe we han seyn his sterre in the este and we comen for to wirshipe him.

7. Than Herode, prinyli the kyngis clepid to hym, bisily lernyde of hem the tyme of the sterre that apperide to hem.

8. And he, sendynge hem in to Bethlem, saide, Go yee and axe yee bisily of the chyld and when yee hav founden, telle agein to me, that and Y cummynge wirshipe hym.

When Jesus was borne in Bethleem a toune of Jury, in the tyme of king Herode, beholde! there came wyse men from the est to Jerusalem,

Saynge. Where is he, that is borne kyng of the Jues? We have sene his starre in the est, and are come to worship hym.

Then Herod prevely called the wyse men and dyligently enquiryed of them the time of the starre that appered.

And sent them to Bethleem, saynge. When ye be come thyder, searche dyligently for the childe. and when ye have founde hym, bringe me worde. that Y maye come and worshippe hym also.

A brief glance at these few verses, typical of hundreds of others, will show that in a majority of the cases the differences arise merely from the development of the grammar, of spelling.

or of meaning. But if we were to render the same passages by the language of to-day we would be rather startled by the effect. All that Tyndale needed to do was to make Wycliffe's language correspond to his own of 145 years later. In the case of the Revised Version of 1884, the scholars were prevented from changing because of universal acceptance of the Authorized version, but Tyndale was not confronted with the same difficulty in regard to Wycliffe's version. Of course, if we compare the following verse from the feeding of the four thousand we are somewhat puzzled. Matt. xiv. 20 runs as follows in Wycliffe:

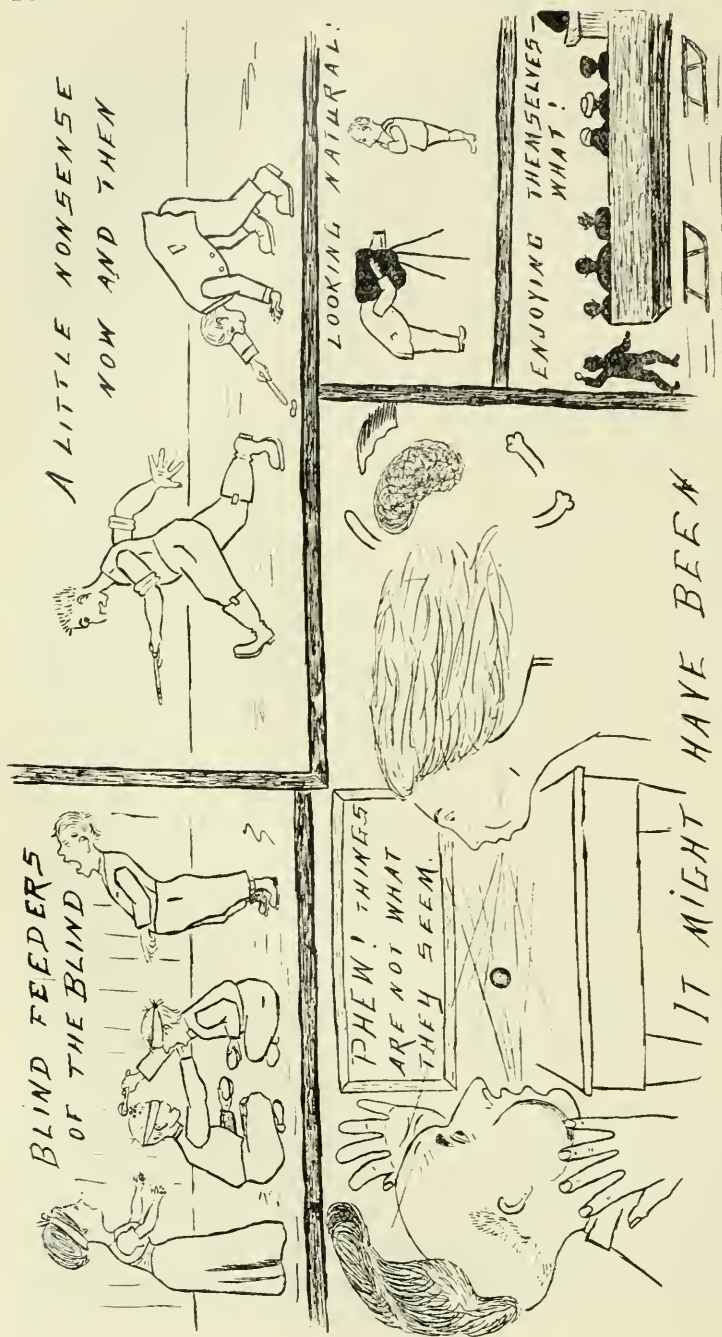
"And alle eeten, and weren fulfilled. And thei token the relifis of broken gobetis, twelve cofyns ful."

According to Tyndale: "And they all ate and wer suffised. And they gadered up of the gobbetes thatt remained, xij basketes full."

Relifis had been dropped in this sense; so Tyndale substituted the speech of his own day. *Copyus* had narrowed in sense, and *basketes*, a word of unknown family, not used in Wycliffe's day, was substituted. But Tyndale retained *gobbet*, which became obsolete very shortly afterwards, to be revived in the nineteenth century for another purpose. *Fragments* of the Authorized version is a still later addition to our English speech. The result is that even here Tyndale is not superior to Wycliffe.

These few passages show the trend of my thought, namely, that Wycliffe is the father of our Biblical language.

All through the years from the Norman conquest to Wycliffe we notice the same agencies at work as in the older period. There were religious poems, lyric and epic, there were homilies or sermons in great numbers, there were pictorial representations of Biblical scenes, there were versions of the Lord's Prayer, Credo and of the Psalms, which all were helping to establish a "sacred" dialect. There were partial versions of the Bible in English and French as well, but the great purpose and merit of Wycliffe is that he translated into the homely speech of the common man. In this way he laid the foundation, lasting and sure, for the standardization of the language. Tyndale found the great work well done, he made some natural improvements, but in many cases we have gone back to Wycliffe. To him then all honor.



Perfectly understood by the Seniors.

'11 Sleighing Party, Feb. 14, 1911.

The General Geography of British Columbia

H. C. DE BECK.

The eyes of the world have always been turned westward. From the earliest days, when Phœnician boats ventured to explore the western quarter of the Mediterranean, to more recent times when, in our own Dominion, the first railway across the continent was completed, the march of civilization has gone from east to west, and for Easterners, whether European or Canadians, the West has been a fabled land of wonderful wealth and golden opportunities. And British Columbia is nothing more than a fable for many who have never visited it. The most extraordinary illusions about the Western province exist in the minds of many, and the fact that one occasionally finds reasonable persons who know more or less of the geography of Canada speaking of Vancouver as being on Vancouver Island, and of New Westminster, one of the sturdiest little cities of British Columbia, as if it were situated in some indefinite and unknown portion of the interior of the province—surely such misconceptions will be sufficient excuse for a few words about the general geography of the great Western province.

It is quite true to say that British Columbia is a series of mountain ranges, separated by wide and fertile valleys, and running for the most part parallel to the Rocky Mountains. But the description is rather misleading for the reason that it gives a somewhat exaggerated idea of the mountainous features of the province. For, while the mountain ranges are high and rugged, the valleys lying between them are of surprising width, and because of the height of the mountains which wall them in, making them a law unto themselves, the valleys differ greatly in climate and in physical characteristics from the western part of the province bordering on the Pacific. If we could look down on the southern part of British Columbia from a great altitude we would see four principal ridges of mountains, roughly parallel, which divide the 500-600 miles width of the province into four parts, each of them a valley. On the east we would see the widest of the ridges—the Rocky Mountains—and then, look-

ing west, the rich Kootenay valley, with the Kootenay lakes in its bottom. We would next see the Selkirk Mountains, precipitous and craggy like the Rockies, separating the Kootenay country from the Arrow Lakes. The Gold Range lies west of the Arrow Lakes, between them and the Okanagan Valley, where extensive irrigation systems are converting more or less barren soil into valuable fruit land. Then, looking farther to the west, we would see another chain of mountains, the Coast Range, in some places extending to the Pacific Ocean, and in others leaving a fringe of varying width between it and the ocean.

The effect of this physical geography is interesting. Clouds coming from the Pacific in large numbers during the greater part of the year and sweeping east over the province, are met at the very outset of their journey by the high Coast Range. Much of the moisture is precipitated as the clouds rise, and they continue their voyage across the province high in the air, dropping but little of their rain into the valleys as they pass, but plentifully watering the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains. The result is that these valleys have a dry, warm climate, eminently suited for the growing of peaches and tobacco and such commodities, and fully deserving the name of the California of British Columbia. As yet, however, the great advantages of the interior part of the province as a fruit-growing centre are only beginning to be generally realized.

Turning for the moment from our rough survey of the southern part of the province, we see that the very mountainous northern half is dotted with many high clusters of mountains, rather than cut up by any distinct ranges except the chains of mountains on the eastern and western borders of the province. Deep, clear lakes and many rivers (almost numberless, as Morice says), little known and rarely seen except by members of the four Indian tribes—the Sekanais, Carriers, Chilcotins and Babines—which are practically the only inhabitants of the district, endless forests of coniferous trees, where cariboo and moose abound and black and grizzly bears roam with silent shuffling tread (to use a picturesque phrase)—these give one an idea of the general features of the northern interior of the province—New Caledonia, as Fraser named it. Strangely enough, New Caledonia with its interesting but little read history was the nucleus out of

which the present province of British Columbia was evolved, and at an early date, when New Westminster and Victoria were unknown and unsettled, there was a regular capital of the province at Stuart Lake. What the resources of this vast territory are or when they will be systematically developed is a question of the future, and as present indications show, of the very near future.

The coast of the province, with its picturesque scenery and equable climate, is more widely known than the interior. The coast line is strikingly irregular. Indentations, said to resemble the fiords of Norway, make frequent cuts into the border of the province, and in many of these the mountains rise sheer from the sea. There are few towns in the extreme north, but the Indians have many settlements and fish and hunt up and down the coast. Prince Rupert is approximately 550 miles north of Vancouver, is yet in its infancy, gives promise of a great future, and a swift development is sure to synchronize with the opening up by the Canadian Northern Railway of the northern part of the province.

Vancouver and New Westminster are in the extreme southern part of British Columbia. The beauties and natural advantages of the former are too well known to need description. The terminus of the C. P. R. and of the many ships plying between Canada and the Orient and Australia, blessed with a magnificent harbor and a pleasant climate, the city's rapid growth is remarkable. Like many enterprises in the West, the beginning was late, but the progress phenomenal. Its sister city, New Westminster, on the broad Fraser River, only a dozen miles from Vancouver, has shared largely in the general growth of that part of the province. While it is no longer the capital, many of the provincial buildings are situated there, and as a centre of the lumber and fish industries it stands second to no city of the province.

The Gulf of Georgia, separating Vancouver Island from the mainland, is studded with many picturesque islands, most of them of very fantastic appearance. Vancouver Island itself is an island of surprises. The shore is crooked and often hid by small islands of volcanic origin, somewhat like those in Muskoka, and a steamer passing from Vancouver to Victoria, for example, threads its way among these curious, cave-infested islands. The

two cities, Victoria and Nanaimo (both in the south) are the only ones on the island, and yet it has an area equal to that of England.

What the future will be of a province with such varied physical characteristics, undeveloped resources and wonderful advantages, of a province occupying such an important position on the map of Canada—an importance which is increasing with the progress of the railway in the north, and will undoubtedly increase enormously with the opening of the Panama Canal—is a question which only prophets can answer. And as the basis for the solution of any question relating to the future of any part of the world is largely an understanding of the geography of that country, so if this tedious article has even in the smallest degree stimulated an interest in the geography of British Columbia its mission is not wholly idle.



Early Ideas About the Physiology of Circulation

So rapid and extensive has been the progress of the scientific learning in the last century or so that one is apt to lose sight of the fact that practically all our accurate knowledge on many subjects has been acquired within comparatively recent times. Of no subject is this more true than of physiology, and in the present article, dealing with one branch of physiology, an attempt will be made to outline as far as possible the early history of our knowledge of the circulation. This subject is doubly interesting because of its historical associations and because the knowledge of the circulation is the key to the knowledge of all the "life processes."

We can hardly conceive of a time when men did not know something of the circulation. Even the long-extinct homopithecantropus must have noticed that bleeding resulted from a cut and that the blood left the skin in death, and many other common phenomena. Nothing of importance, however, has been recorded of date earlier than the time of Hippocrates, "the father of medicine," and very little before the time of Galen.

The writings of Galen were of such importance that the physiological doctrines of his time and of many centuries succeeding have been collectively known as Galenical teachings. Galen (born about 164 A.D.) practised medicine with great success in Rome, Alexandria and other cities, and at one time was physician to the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. His book on physiology was a complete exposition of the most advanced thought of his time, but his opinions were founded more on tradition and theory than on experiment. So popular was this book that for many centuries it was the standard and no one thought of disputing Galen. Practically no progress in knowledge was made at this time, largely because of this blind faith in Galen, and partly because of prejudices against dissection and of the tendency of investigators to reason rather than experiment.

Galen himself is credited with several important discoveries. He distinguished between arteries and veins and he stated that arteries contained blood rather than air because, after death, he found blood in them.

The doctrines commonly believed till about the fifteenth century may be stated briefly as follows: The digested food is carried (in some unexplained way) to the liver, whence it is carried (through the inferior caval vein) to the right heart as "natural spirits." The pulmonary artery was also connected to the right heart. Most of the blood from the liver remained in the circulation of the right side, moving backward and forth in an oscillatory fashion in the heart and vessels. But a small part of the blood from the liver passed through the septum of the heart (interventricular septum) from the right side to the left. The process was believed to be a kind of sweating through invisible pores. The blood in the left side of the heart came in contact with air brought in through the pulmonary vein, and the mixture was acted on by the heat of the heart. The product of the action was the so-called "vital spirit."

The heat of the heart was of a peculiar nature. It was the result of a divine implantation and resided in the heart from birth till death. The excess of this heat, together with the noxious gases generated by it, was carried off through the lungs by the way of the pulmonary vein. Most tissues have a double vascular supply from the right and also from the left heart. Part of the blood from the left heart is carried to the ventricle of the brain, in its passage through which it is converted into "animal spirit." This "animal spirit" passes out through the spinal cord and the nerves to all parts of the body and is responsible for the continuance of the vital processes. It will be noticed that there is a constant flow of blood from the right heart to the left, the loss on the right side being balanced by the food products coming from the liver. The increase in volume on the left side was offset by the quantity taken up by the tissues.

Strange properties were attributed to the different "spirits" contained in the blood. The following description of "vital spirit" (from a book by Servetus, published 1553 A.D.) is probably based on an observation of blood plasma. Vital spirit is a "thin spirit," elaborated by the power of heat, of a yellow color and of a fiery potency, so that it is, as it were, a vapor shining out of the purer blood, containing the substance (*i.e.*, element) of water, of air and of fire. It is generated through the commingling which is effected in the lung, of the inspired

air with the elaborated subtle blood communicated from the right ventricle to the left.

The first to make a radical departure from the above teaching was Vesalius, the father of modern anatomy. He discovered, among other things, that the excised heart can be made to beat by inflating with a bellows. He was also the first to base his opinion on experiment in preference to authority, and by his example inspired much of the work of such men as Harvey.

The first important advance on the Galenical doctrines was made by Servetus. In 1553 he published a book in which he told of the discovery that the pulmonary artery and vein are connected with the lung. He is thus the discoverer of the pulmonary circulation.

Somewhat later (1574) another physiologist, Fabricius, discovered the valves of the veins. He was mistaken, however, as to their action, for he thought that they were to keep the blood from all collecting in their extremities. It remained for a pupil of Fabricius to point out the true function of these valves.

These earliest investigators were followed by one greater than the greatest of them, whose name is a household word. Harvey was the first great British physiologist. Born in 1578, he graduated in arts from Cambridge at nineteen and then proceeded to study medicine under Fabricius at Padua. On his return to England he soon built up a large practice in London, and held several chairs in the medical colleges. Almost all are familiar with the fact that Harvey discovered the systemic circulation, but few know of his many other discoveries. In addition to discovering the circulation, he pointed out the true function of the valves of the veins; he showed that the heart contracted actively, thus serving as a pump and not as a mixing chamber; he showed that the pulse is due to the heart beat; he showed that the heart does not contain air; and last, and most important, he showed that blood does not penetrate the interventricular septum.

From the above incomplete list of Harvey's discoveries it will be seen that he pointed out a great deal of what is fundamental in the structure and action of the circulatory system. Had microscopes been in use in his time we may feel sure that

he would have discovered the capillaries, the "missing link" in the chain of the circulation.

The ideas of Harvey, fundamental as they were, and supported by excellent evidence, did not meet with universal acceptance for some time, being most bitterly opposed by the French school. His theories were carefully tested by himself and his pupils. They were taught in his lectures as early as 1616, though not published till 1628, and frequently revised in the meanwhile. Yet in spite of this many doubted. So late as 1670 a noted author described Harvey's teaching as "*la fiction d'un narrateur ingenieux mais nullement prouvée par l'evidence.*"

Harvey may be considered as the founder of modern physiology. Almost all our present knowledge of physiology is based on his work. His discovery was the key to the study of the circulation, and the knowledge of circulation has been indispensable in the pursuit of other branches of physiology.

After Harvey's great work discoveries were numerous and various. In 1631 Lower made the first recorded attempt at transfusion, the successful performance of which is one of the surgical triumphs of the present day.

In 1661 the capillary circulation was discovered by Malpighi, who, while professor at Copenhagen, "occupied the strange position of a Catholic Bishop, professing a mundane subject in a heretic university, being accepted by the authorities and approved by the church." Among the English successors of Harvey, the name of Hales, an Anglican clergyman, is prominent in connection with his determination of blood pressure. In 1761 he determined the pressure in the femoral artery of a horse by means of a mercury manometer, this being the first accurate blood pressure determination.

The rapid development of physics and chemistry in the 17th and 18th centuries led to the elucidation of many circulatory problems. The chemists, among whom we may name Mayow and Haller, investigated the question of gaseous exchange between the blood and the inspired air, the source of the body heat and many similar subjects. The physicists at the same time studied the circulation by mathematical and mechanical methods. One of the earliest and best known of the physicists was Borelli (1608-79), a professor of mathematics at Pisa. Many of

the calculations of Borelli and his associates are interesting because of the ingenious methods by which they were arrived at. Borelli made what was probably the earliest calculation of the work of the heart. He noticed that the heart and the jaw muscles have approximately the same mass and assumed that they would have the same strength.* He found by experiment that the jaw would support a weight of 300 lbs., so that the muscles of one side would support 150 lbs. He estimated they could exert twenty times this force, and so calculated the heart's force as 3,000 lbs. He also calculated the force overcome by the heart in each beat as 135,000 lbs. A contemporary of Borelli estimated the rate of blood flow as 52 feet per minute in the aorta and 1 inch per 112 days† in the capillaries. Many of their results, however, were of great value. Borelli, for instance, made the important discovery that the elasticity of the walls of the arteries and the peripheral resistance of the capillaries serve to keep the capillary blood flow constant.

To discuss the development of the latter part of the 18th and the 19th centuries is without the province of this article, which has already been carried somewhat beyond the period included in the title.

H. P. ROBINSON.

*He did not know the histological difference in the two kinds of muscle.

†The rate is now believed to be about one inch per minute in the capillaries.

Prospecting in New Ontario

H. W. MANNING.

With the advent of the twentieth century Canada witnessed the discovery of a new field of industry and wealth in the ore deposits of New Ontario. The vast unsettled areas which had hitherto been frequented only by hunters, trappers and lumbermen, became now a district of activity and speculation through the exploration of eager prospectors. The history of the mining industry in New Ontario is one of astonishing development, with the result that the eyes of the whole world are centred on that district.

The greater part of the surface of the country is covered with timber, although in some districts large areas of rock are exposed. The earth varies in depth, while in some districts the rock is covered only by moss, thus making the work of the prospector quite easy. In the Porcupine district the surface is principally swamp and muskeg, there being little sign of mineral except in large boulders projecting above ground, in almost all of which will be found quartz veins of varying width.

The whole country is more or less a network of small rivers and lakes; consequently the prospectors travel for the greater part by water. When on prospecting trips they seldom leave their canoes for long journeys into the woods, observing the rock formation along the banks as they travel. It is only when they have some definite point in view that they "pack" far through the woods. As the capacity of their canoes is limited and many portages have to be crossed, it becomes necessary to make their equipment as light as possible and yet sufficient to meet their necessities. The outfit consists mainly of canoe, tent, blankets, prospector's pick, cooking utensils and food. The supply of the latter will altogether depend upon the distance the prospector intends to go from the point where it may be replenished. In any event, however, they are such as shall prove as incommodious and stable as possible.

A prospector will seldom delay where the strata of rock are horizontal, for any appearance of quartz is likely to prove only

an overflow. In stratified rock veins are found only where the strata are oblique or vertical. The strongest veins are those which run not parallel with the strata, but cut them diagonally, for such veins must necessarily have been strong to have forced their way through the rock. The calcite veins bear silver, and quartz veins, as a general rule, bear gold, although native silver has been found in quartz veins. In the silver districts nearly all quartz veins turn to calcite at various depths. In New Ontario silver-bearing veins are found principally in the diabase rock. Around Cobalt and Gowganda some rich silver discoveries have been made in the conglomerate and also in the Keewatin rock. Although silver is not found nearly as frequently in the conglomerate, yet when it so occurs, it proves richer than in the diabase. The best mine in Gowganda, the Millerett, is mining its silver from conglomerate rock. In the gold districts of the Porcupine and Munroe Township to the east, there is the schist formation, leaf gold being frequently found between the layers of rock.

A great deal of the staking is done during the winter, but almost exclusively in districts already noted for rich discoveries. In these cases men stake more on the strength of discoveries made on other claims than on those made on their own particular claim. The result is that many false affidavits are made regarding discoveries. Upon claims which have been staked and recorded work is sometimes done in the winter, chiefly sinking shafts, prospecting proper however being carried on during the spring and fall. The prospectors set out as soon as the rivers break up in the spring, but are compelled to practically abandon their work during June and July, when the black-flies are most numerous. About the first of August there is a fresh influx of prospectors into the woods, where they remain as long as the weather will permit for their purposes.

Every prospector must obtain a license, the cost of which is five dollars. This license must be renewed yearly so long as he wishes to retain any interest whatever in any mining property in New Ontario. Before staking a claim he must make a discovery of some mineral or of some mineral-bearing rock. Next he selects the area which he wishes to include in his claim, which is not to be more than twenty chains square. At the point of discovery he must erect a post, which must bear his name, the

number of his license, the date and hour of discovery, the distance to No. 1 post, and in almost every case the name of a witness is attached. From the discovery post he must blaze a line to the No. 1 post, which is at the north-east corner of the claim. Then proceeding southward, he must cut out a trail around the claim. At each corner a post must be erected, bearing its number, the name of the prospector, the number of his license, the date of staking, and the number of the lot and concession if in a surveyed district. This done, the prospector is allowed fifteen days in which to record his claim at the nearest recording office.

Within three months after the date of recording the prospector or his employee must take an affidavit that thirty days' work has been done upon the claim—a day to consist of eight hours. Within one year after the date of recording, sixty additional days' work must be done. The requirements of the second and third years are sixty and ninety days respectively. All these duties having been complied with, the prospector is at the expiration of the three years granted the full title of his claim and may expend upon it what labor and money he may choose.

The amount of actual mining done in New Ontario is small compared with the number of claims which have been staked. This is not due to any lack of mineral values, but to the fact that, as a general rule, prospectors do only the required amount of work that they may retain possession of their claims. The expense of developing a claim extensively is beyond the means of the average prospector. Their aim is to make a sale on the strength of their surface showing, or to hold their claims until someone, by developing a neighboring claim, shall test the values in that district. The attention of the capitalists is naturally centred on the rich fields of Cobalt, Gowganda and Porcupine, but there are many districts throughout New Ontario where no remarkable discoveries have been made, but which have every indication of rich deposits. They await the finances of the capitalists to prove their value. Without doubt large sections of the country will yield rich returns to the mining industry with future development. Any interested visitor to New Ontario cannot fail to be convinced of the possibilities of the rich mineral resources of this province.

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EDITORIAL

Idols and Ideals

There is no other country to-day which stands as much in the limelight as Canada, with her great possibilities in all lines. We are swiftly becoming a nation which must be reckoned with. We have a national self-confidence—if this is based on reason and coupled with a healthy optimism, it can hardly prove disastrous to Canada; but, like most virile national characteristics, it is the source of some evils which can and should be attacked. What is the true test of national greatness? Is it money? Money builds churches, schools and hospitals, as well as parvenus and undemocratic castes. Is it power and prestige among nations? Power means self-respect and a sense of responsibility, as well as selfishness and greed. Is it the general well-being? Welfare of the citizen is necessary to the permanency of

the state. But is there no other test of greatness? A Greek philosopher observes that "the greatness of a state is in proportion to the loftiness of the ideals of its citizens." Alas for the poor philosopher! Modern opinion grins and winks at such a standard. The number and size of steel ships of war floating in our harbors; the number of men available for fighting purposes; the volume of a nation's trade and the adequacy of its protection—these are the modern criteria of greatness. These are pointed at as if they really were the greatest thing. There is no more divine right of greatness in such things than there is in kings. This new standard—old as the race—has really usurped the place of the real greatness of the Greek philosopher. To these, ideals are daily sacrificed and even patriotism itself has its price.

We must not, however, think that all men—especially public men—are rascals, and that patriotism in the best sense is a thing of the past. There are many who think, as Beecher thought, that, "whenever you have exhausted all your knowledge, all your skill, all your industry, with long-continued effort and without success, then it is clear, not that you may proceed to empty trickery and cunning, but that you must *stop*." The moralist need not despair—we still have citizens who are men. And yet we must see things as they are. We must admit that the men of ideals, who hold them up, are not in the majority. What then is to be done? Whatever change comes, it must come through the realization by individual men and women that ideals are worth while.

Ideals are worth while, and if they emanate not from the halls of universities—from what quarter shall they come? It is most rare that within their bounds a mean and little soul will grow—most often grow ashamed. The function of the university is to teach the true ideal—to point the road and lead the way to higher citizenship. The closer brotherhood of the world is being led by college men. The graduates of the colleges should stand for the aristocracy of virtue and prove that "not material success is the deity" among men, nor the dollar the stamp and seal of greatness, but that honor (in its only meaning) is its sole standard, and should be embraced without compromises.

The Kerr Trophy

W. B. WIEGAND.

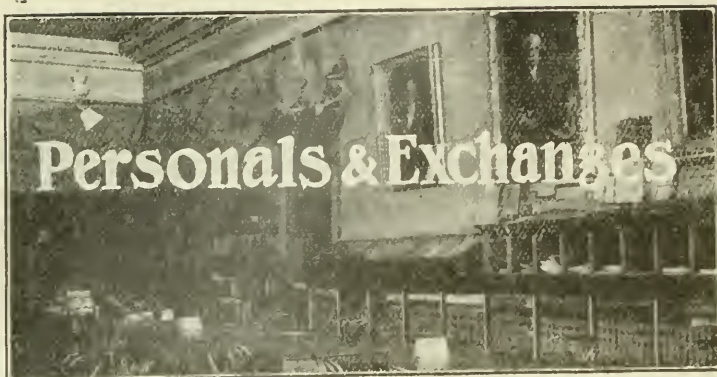
It becomes, this month, our unusual pleasure to record, for the edification and inspiration of future generations as well as for the glory and "amour propre" of this, an achievement which, whether it be looked upon as the culmination of one series of triumphs or as the introduction to another, must be regarded as, in itself, unique and unparalleled.

We refer, of course, to the winning of the Kerr Trophy.

To few men, we repeat, has it been given to wrest from adversaries so redoubtable, so brilliant a victory. The ringing plains of windy Troy presented no more heroic a spectacle than did the spacious hall of Trinity, on the night of the first encounter; and can one help likening unto Achilles himself those stalwart warriors, Evans and Edmanson, who wielded the keen-edged sword of the spirit so effectively that night? (And who, indeed, would deny them each a *Brisëis*?)

To Macauley and MacNiven it was given to administer the quietus to Osgoode in the second round; and it would be difficult to say whether it is to the unanswerable logic of the former, or to the brilliant, trenchant repartee of the latter, that the victory is attributable.

The battle royal, however, was waged in Convocation Hall, where the momentum of an almost unbroken series of successes rendered the task of defeating McMaster one well worthy of Messrs. Conron and Pratt, our representatives. Of these it is sufficient to state that they won; and that Victoria holds in consequence a shield, which serves at once as a testimony to her scholarship, and as an incentive to continued effort.



Personals

The following is an incomplete statement of the occupations and addresses of the men of '09:

H. E. ("Si") Hemingway when last heard of was wintering at Weyburn, Sask.

J. E. Horning is in the second year of a course in osteopathy at Boston.

W. M. Howlett has returned for another year's post-graduate work in philosophy and theology at Yale.

J. S. Laird when last heard of was demonstrating in the physics laboratory of the University.

J. V. McKenzie holds the honored and onerous position of City Editor of the *Daily News*, which he helped to establish at Lethbridge, Alberta.

H. L. Morrison is making good as physical director at the Columbian College, New Westminster, B. C. Lloyd says his girls' basket ball team is sure a wonder.

Kent Ockley continues to do business in the firm of Seaman, Kent & Company, at Meaford.

J. H. Shelton manages the Imperial Press, Toronto.

H. W. Avison and H. E. Graham are taking post-graduate work in theology at Victoria.

The rest of the men can be easily classified in one of three lines of work.

C. F. Connolly, C. G. Copeland, I. D. Hayes, A. N. Kitt, W. G. Kirby, N. C. Sharp and H. G. Smith are this year completing their medical course at Toronto.

The following have taken the course in the Faculty of Education and are teaching:

H. G. Manning at Lindsay; F. H. Butcher, C. G. Allen and A. C. Haines, whose addresses are unknown to the writer.

A number are engaged in unravelling the intricacies of the law, most of them being attached to offices and at the same time taking lectures:

M. H. Staples and F. C. Moyer, in Calgary; W. P. Clement, H. P. Edge and M. A. Miller, in Toronto.

The contingent from '09 who are engaged in the exposition of the Gospel are distributed as follows:

G. T. Chenoweth at Michel, and W. ("Bill") Vance at Rutland in the British Columbia Conference; W. G. Shaw, Lamont; R. R. Hawtin, Athabasca Landing; J. C. McClelland, Kitseoty, in Alberta; G. H. Dix, Red Deer Hill, Sask.; E. C. James, Montreal; and among Ontario Conferences, A. E. Doan at Luton, T. R. Todd, Crown Point; J. E. Todd, at Cedarville; W. E. Honey, at Melrose, and J. L. Guinn, at Lion's Head. J. H. Arnup is in the office of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, Toronto. G. E. Gullen is preaching in the Detroit Conference at Farmingham, Mich.

Information about those whose names are not mentioned or in correction of mistakes, will be gladly received by the Secretary, M. H. Staples, care Pescod & Jones, Calgary.

The first reunion of the Class of 1907 was held in Toronto on Friday, February 17th, about twenty-five of the original fifty-five members being present. Considering that some are in the far East and others scattered through both Western and Eastern Canada, we feel that we had a goodly representation. In spite of the unfavorable weather a sleigh ride was held in the afternoon, much of whose enjoyment is attributable to the small boy of Toronto streets, who perseveringly followed our trail with a volley of snow balls. At Sunnyside we halted long enough to have an oyster supper, which gave us renewed zest for the drive back to the city. The men of the class are to be congratulated on the diplomatic plan adopted by them for warding off the fusilade of snow. If any of the undergraduates would like the benefit of

our experience, Mr. Logan would be glad to furnish it for the '07 graduates.

In the evening a very enjoyable time was spent at the residence of the Honorary President, Professor Lang, who has also most kindly invited the class to have its next re-union at his home. Some very great ability was discovered, both literary and athletic. Dr. Kelly made a record in the tug of war, Mr. Woods-worth in the broad standing smile, and Mr. Logan in the high jump. Among the literary productions of the class, the following limerick will be of interest:

There is a young fellow named Owen,
Who in college circles is known.
He studied the German,
And other great learnin',
And claims thirty freshettes his own.



The following Executive was elected: Honorary President, Professor A. E. Lang, M.A.; President, Mr. W. L. Hiles; Vice-President, Miss M. E. Carman; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. G. B. King; Historian, Miss M. N. Dafoe.

After a flash-light photograph had been taken, the college songs and yells given, the gathering broke up, each member glad to have been present and equally determined to be there for the next re-union.

Arthur Ford ('03) has just been appointed Western Editor of the *Christian Guardian*, with his headquarters in Winnipeg. Mr. Ford leaves the *Winnipeg Telegram* to create a new department in *The Guardian*, as there has never been a Western Editor before. When at Victoria he took quite a part in student societies, and since graduation has taken an active interest in their welfare, being especially interested in ACTA. The Western Editorship is an important position, but we feel quite sure that it will be ably filled by the editor-elect. ACTA takes this opportunity of wishing Mr. Ford every success and thanking him for his thoughtfulness in sending in interesting items.

Lorne Richardson ('07) has been appointed Lecturer in the new Canadian Naval College at Halifax. Up to the time of his appointment he was engaged as a Lecturer in McGill University.

Elmer Ley ('08) was through the new library building the other day with a fair lady whose identity is not disclosed.

G. S. Cassmore ('10) was also in town recently. He is having a prosperous time at Niagara St. Church, St. Catharines.

Owing to an error on the part of the Personals' Editor, J. E. Spenceley and Clyn Jackson were put down as graduating in '07 instead of '05.

We received a card the other day from J. G. Hodgins, a graduate of 1844, who afterwards became Assistant to Dr. Ryerson. Dr. Hodgins is now Historiographer of the "Schools and Colleges of Ontario," of which notice appears elsewhere in this number. Previous to this Dr. Hodgins was Deputy Minister of Education for the Province of Ontario. He also practised law for a time in Toronto.

F. S. Carr ('04) is Principal of the Edmonton Collegiate Institute. Residence, 544 Isabella St., Edmonton.

S. W. Eakins ('04) is with the Canadian Agencies, Edmonton, through which firm he is helping the Duke of Sutherland make some wise investments in Alberta real estate.

Dr. Albert Crux, who spent some years at Victoria as a member of class ('02), is practising medicine at Edmonton. Address, 420 Sutherland St.

A. P. Burwash, who figured in more "Bobs" than any other student who ever attended Victoria, is Inspector for the Toronto General Trusts Co., and resides at Ponoka, Alta.

Marriages

Davidson—Major.—On Dec. 29 last John Reginald Davidson ('05), commonly known as Reggie, was married to Miss Jean C. Major, of Wetaskiwin, Alta. Mr. Davidson has just moved to Red Deer, where he will act as Publicity Commissioner for that thriving town.

Leonard—Weeks.—Miss Edith Weeks ('04) was married to William Leonard, of Edmonton, some time last November. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard now reside at 1436 Ottawa Ave., Edmonton.

Exchanges

We have recently received a copy of the third volume of the *Schools and Colleges of Ontario*, edited by Mr. J. G. Hodgins, a former graduate of Victoria University. The volume contains a thoroughly interesting and exhaustive account of the historical development of the principal colleges of Ontario—Toronto University, Victoria University, Queen's University and several others.

Read the "Ballad of the White Dog," a parody on Robt. Service's "Ballad of Pious Pete," *Vox Wesleyana* for February. It is the best parody yet.

Athletics



Athletic Stick Speech

A propos to the presentation of the Athletic Stick to Mr. W. B. Wiegand ('12) at the Senior reception, Mr. F. J. Livingstone ('11) gave the following address:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen and Freshmen,—The duty which I have to perform this evening is surely one of great pleasure, but in the execution of the same I assure you I am too feeble to do it justice. However, with your kind attention for about two minutes I will endeavor to say all that I consider necessary.

In the first place, it was with much grief, I might say, that I was not able to be present at this function last year, owing to a basketball game at Queen's. Nevertheless, I have been told by many of the boys that in my absence Mr. McCulloch received the stick most ably and replied in a manner far above anything I could have attempted, and ended by thanking you all "most severely" for your kind attentions. My one wish is that he were in my shoes this evening.

Some say that a student in the science course has no time for sport. The record of those who have held the Athletic Stick for the past three years is wholly against this argument. Pat Miller ('09) was in Political Science, Oliver Jewitt ('10) in M. and P., your humble servant, as no doubt some of you know, in the P. and B. course. To-night I have the honor of presenting the stick to a member of the C. and M. course, Mr. Wiegand. I think

that the motto of all college men should be, "Never let your studies interfere with your college athletics."

Now it is my privilege to say a few words concerning Mr. Wiegand. He has been appointed holder of the Athletic Stick for this year by acclamation. In his freshman year he was a member of the Varsity Tennis team that went to Queen's to bring back the championship. This fall he had the honor of winning the singles in the Undergraduates' Tennis Tournament, and can, therefore, be justly named the Tennis Champion of Varsity. In the mixed doubles they say he showed good taste in his selection of a partner and also fine form in his playing. He is one of the few students of Victoria who possess a "T," and we therefore ought to feel proud of him.

New Athletic Union Executive—

Honorary President	Professor Anger
President	K. B. Maclaren ('12)
First Vice-President	D. Sleeman
Second Vice-President	T. D. McDowell
Secretary	C. Burwash
Treasurer	W. C. Graham
Athletic Stick	W. B. Wiegand ('12)
To be Elected	Representatives for Rugby, Association, Hockey, Alley, Theology

Mr. Wiegand, moreover, is one of the few students that can take a good standing in his class and at the same time distinguish himself as an "athlete." He has had no stars during his college career, and has always been among the top-notchers. He has a firm belief that out-door exercise makes a clear brain.

In concluding, I wish to say that the possession of the Athletic Stick has been considered by me the highest athletic honor that could be conferred on a student of Victoria. I think that Mr. Wiegand will agree with me as he accepts the stick.

Without saying anything further I take much pleasure in handing Mr. Wiegand the Athletic Stick for the coming year.

The University

Feb. 8.—Varsity Junior O. H. A. in the first home and home game in the second round lost to Orillia at Mutual St. rink by a score of 3 to 4.

Feb. 10.—Varsity won Junior O. H. A. group from Argos by a score of 8—2.

Feb. 11.—The Senior Varsity team won a 11 to 4 score from McGill on Montreal ice.

In basketball the Toronto quintette defeated McGill by a 42 to 25 game in the Inter-collegiate series. In an exhibition game on the same day they were defeated by the Montreal Y. M. C. A. with one point.

On Toronto rinks the University curlers took a good win out of Queen's players.

Feb. 17.—Varsity won the lead of the western district of Inter-collegiate Union from Queen's in a 4 to 3 game.

Feb. 18.—The University won the Inter-collegiate basketball championship by defeating Queen's here with a score of 49 to 25.

Victoria and Forestry

3 TO ONE was the tally made in the semi-final hockey match played off between Victoria and Faculty of Forestry on Friday, February 24th. The game was played at the home rink on fast ice.

The win was practically made for Victoria in the first half, although it was a hard-work game for both sides from start to finish. Numerous penalties were handed out, neither of the teams staying long on the ice together.

Alexander, who played cover for Forestry, was the best man the Faculty had on the ice, although Irwin at left wing was good. Of the Victoria men, Burwash at centre played the hardest game. He showed himself very effective in regaining stolen combination plays, although missing on a couple of good shots.

Just as in the previous game, the scoring was spread evenly along the forward line. Livingstone scored the first goal with a clever angle shot, and Burwash matched it before half-time.

A PUCK IN THE NET IS WORTH TWO IN THE HAND.

A PAGE OF YELLS

DENTALS.

Hya Yaka, Hya Yaka,
 Boom-alaka, Boom-alaka,
 Sis-Boo, Boo Rah,
 Boo! Rah! Ree!
 Dentals, Dentals,
 Boo! Rah! Ree!

FORESTRY.

Toronto! Toronto!
 Arbor, Arbor, Arbor. Oh—
 Forestry! Forestry!
 Rah, Rah, Rah, Forestry!

VICTORIA.

Hora Hosta, Zona Krota,
 Zacharina, Zaa!
 Victoria, Victoria,
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

KNOX.

Knox-te-dah-ber-a-la-kem-ko,
 Ki-ta-bo-ko-la-tir-ah,
 Hinninni, hinninni mus-at-tah,
 Hurrah for old Knox!
 Hurrah! Hurrah!

McMASTER.

Rah! Rah! Rah!
 Ski-u-mah.
 Hoorah, Hoorah,
 Osci-wow-wow!
 Skilly-wow-wow,
 Razzle-dazzle,
 Gabble-zaggle,
 Key! Ki! Kar!
 Mac-mas-ter!
 Mac-mas-ter!

In the second half the Vic. defence came in for some aggressive Forestry rushes, but met them with hard checking. McCulloch did great work in goal, only missing one shot during the game. Rumball finished off a fine combination rush with the third and last Vic. goal of the game. Line-up: McCulloch, McDowell, McKenzie, Maclaren, Burwash, Rumball. Livingstone. J. Downing, Referee.

Sifton Cup Final

3 AGAINST FIVE was the showing made by Victoria on February 28th, when the Dental College won the cup from last year's champions. Both teams jumped into the game from the start and mixed it up well till half-time, when they emerged with the tie score of 2—2.

The game was played with a referee and judge of play, the most striking features being the innumerable offsides and penalties which kept the officials busy.

Victoria won the game in the first quarter and lost it in the third. The team work on both sides was loose, but individual rushes were made ineffective by the good work of the point players. The ultimate result of the game was an illustration of the fact that the idea of defending rather than getting out after a cup is fatal to aggressive offence work. Victoria also had to play this year under the disadvantage of frequent and unavoidable changes in her line-up. Final line-up:

Dents—5.	Victoria—3.
Douglas.....	Goal McCulloch
Bailey.....	Point McDowell
Knight.....	Cover McKenzie
Sangster.....	Rover Maclaren
Bricker.....	Centre Burwash
Scott.....	Right Rumball
Steward.....	Left Livingstone



Miss Pettit ('12): "Oh, I've got to go to Dr. Badgely; he bores me to death."

Some ladies were visiting the zoological museum. One of them, coming suddenly upon Mr. Clemens ('12) and Mr. Dymond ('12) examining a group of turtles and crocodiles, cried out in alarm: "Oh! What ugly creatures are these? It is a wonder that the Lord didn't make them beautiful."

Friend: "Are you ever troubled with insomnia?"

Miss Colbeck ('13): "Oh, sometimes, and always after a Vic. reception."

Mr. Brown ('14) (on the rink): "Oh, do you see the new bench?"

Miss Clark ('14): "All right, I'll go in when we come around again."

(A hint to the wise seems to be sufficient.)

The officers of the Y. W. C. A. for the coming year are: Honorary President, Mrs. Graham; President, Miss L. Trimble ('12); Vice-President, Miss A. Blatchford ('13); Secretary, Miss E. Cloke ('13); Treasurer, Miss N. French ('14).

Answers in geography in a public school: Over four-fifths of the people of the Province of Ontario are descendants, the other fifth is English, Scotch and Irish origins.

Toronto has many large educational institutions, such as Toronto University with its affiliated colleges, University, Victoria and Eternity.

Miss Cruise ('12), in her travels about the city, chanced to ride in a Belt Line car a few days ago. When the conductor had taken her fare, he remained standing in front of her, smiling graciously down into her beauteous countenance. Finally he

murmured "Queen." "No," was the indignant reply. "Not yours," was the aside.

Junior: "Oh, Mrs. Raff is down at the school."

Wiegand ('12): "School of Practical Science?"

Miss Hewitt ('11): "I know I would have gotten the senior stick last year if I hadn't split my lip playing hockey."

Junior: "Next year we'll have our annual sleigh ride in the common-room."

It is rumored that upon D. Gray ('12) there has been conferred the degree of L.D.A.H. (Late for Dinner at Annesley Hall.)

Miss Findlay ('12): "College men no longer study the three r's, but the three f's—feeds, fights and fusses."

Friend: "Can you find Mr. Montgomery for me?"

J. B. Hunter ('11): "Yes, I ought to; I am a good hunter."

Miss Shorley ('11): "Mother was up here visiting ten days last week."

Dr. Edgar (to II. year): "I shall not take the roll call this morning. Any of you who are absent may report to me at the end of the hour."

Dr. DeWitt: "The ladies of the day of Horace wore low-necked gowns, not the high lace collars of to-day with the telephone wire running up them."

Extract from Miss Austin's ('12) English notes: "Dr. Reynar says that Pope told a 'damnable' lie when he said women were wholly bad at heart. He takes his adjective from the Prayer Book and says there are plenty more there."

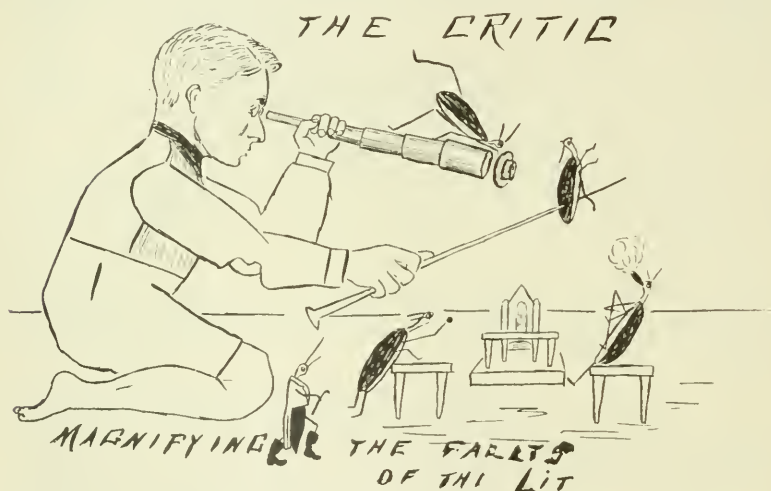
Cook ('14): "This ice has a psychological effect; when it is soft, people are too."

The senior dinner was held in the College Hall on Thursday evening, March 2nd, and its traditional reputation fully sustained. Over ninety graduates, the largest class in the history of the college, were present as guests of the occasion, and were greeted by a splendid representation from the lower years. The old hall was gaily decorated, the tables artistically arranged, and

with the brilliant company all harmonized to present a scene of pleasant revelry. The dinner was thoroughly enjoyed, a happy introduction to a most excellent toast list, ably conducted by the genial chairman of the evening, Dr. Biggar. Mr. Wiegand and his efficient committee are to be congratulated on the success of the occasion.

H. O. Hutchison ('12) (morning after sleigh ride). Singing in common rooms: "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?"

Mr. Cudmore (in lecture): "Benjamin Franklin's autobiography gives an account of his life."



Magnifying the faults of the Lit.

Editor ('11) to Buchanan ('13): "Say, don't you think you'd better take a day off and shave?"

Buchanan: "Why, can you see them?"

Editor: "Yes."

Buchanan: "Good, that's encouraging."

Sam Laycock: "I do not want to go for a sleigh ride to-night. I do not think our girls are a bit of good. I'd a thousand times rather go with the freshettes."

Man coming out of Shea's one evening last week: "I didn't think the acoustics were good?"

Friend: "Why, I didn't smell anything."

The seniors amused themselves writing verses of varied metre on their return to the college after their sleigh ride. With the permission of the authors we report the following on "Her Teddy Bear":

Once there was a teddy bear,
 With sparkling eyes and nice brown hair.
 'Twas small and cute,
 And then to boot
 This bear did care for little Clare.
 But when his mistress larger grew,
 A poodle she did buy, "quite new."
 And did forget
 Her little pet,
 Her Teddy with the heart so true.
 And then along a Lord did fare,
 With many debts, but dashing air.
 Both bear and pup
 She did give up,
 For a Lord, who made her Lady Clare.

Quite different was the visit of the muse which inspired a verse on "Hobbles":

I went for a skate with a hobble,
 Oh, how we did wiggle and wobble.
 We ran into a crack
 And fell down kerwhack,
 And that was the end of the hobble.

In Third Year Class Meeting, Senior song under discussion. Miss Price: "I've been at three senior dinners, and all I remember of the senior songs is that the girls were all charming, the men were all noble, and the C. T's. were all slushy."

President: "Perchance some other ladies may have had different experiences with the C. T's.; from these we will be glad to hear."

Dr. Robinson has moved his office to Room "H," west wing. So when one of our fourth year philosophers inquired for him at the former quarters he was instructed by Prof. Smith: "Oh, he's moved. Go to 'H' and you'll find him there."

The announcement for Metropolitan Church appeared in the Saturday papers a week or so ago as follows:

Subject: "Hell."

Solo: "The Homeland."

Gospel Hymn: "Almost persuaded."

The innocent remark of a freshette at a hockey game, "Who is this wonderful Mac they're all yelling about, is explained by the fact that there are four Mac's on the hockey team this year."

Soph. (answering false accusation): "No, no. I don't come from Hamilton."

Fresh.: "They say genius borders on insanity."

Soph.: "Well, my home is in Dundas."

At Vic.-McMaster Debate.

Chairman: "We will close with the National Anthem."

Dyson ('14) (raises voice to full power and leads of):
"Praise God . . ."

Miss McIntosh (at Senior Dinner, while Mr. B. H. Robinson was speaking): "He talks of the chair of missionary training. I wonder if he ever heard of the sofa of matrimony to be established in Annesley."

At sleigh ride—Miss Reid: "Please, Mr. Hutchinson, do not sit on my knee."

The Class of 1911 gave their Farewell Reception on Thursday evening, February 23rd. The main and second floors were used for promenading, which proved a successful means of avoiding the crush previously experienced in Alumni Hall. The programme in the chapel was excellent. Following a few sage remarks by Chancellor Burwash, the class History, so full of mystery and achievement, was read. Everyone was interested in the prophecy, optimistic indeed, for the success of each senior was assured. The Athletic Stick was presented to Mr. W. B. Wiegand, who has the honor of carrying it for next year. Following the programme there were a number of promenades, and supper was daintily served in the Senate Room. The decorations throughout were excellent, and the Seniors are deserving of much praise for the splendid manner in which they performed the role of hosts and hostesses.



Photo by Walter Moorhouse.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

Acta Victoriana



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No 7

The Resurrection

B. H. ROBINSON, '11.

I lay in my tent and sadly dreamed,
At the Easter tide,
And the stone had never been rolled, it seemed,
From the tomb aside.
And I thought of the creeds I had loved so long,
The gorgeous service and stately song;
In my grief, I cried: "The world is wrong,
And men have lied."

I stood in the door of my tent, and called
For the Christ to come,
But the dread aloneness of death appalled,
And the day was done.
Then up from the streets of the town below
Came the world's lone cry of pain and woe,
And a voice within them whispered "Go,
They need some one."

I left the door of my tent, and went
To the town below;
And I saw the Christ on His errand bent,
As in long ago;
He was helping the world bear its defeat,
As He clasped to His breast a baby sweet;
I wanted to worship at His feet;
He answered, "No."

I woke in my tent, saw an angel fair,
And all around
Lay my creeds and my pride—the grave-clothes where
The Christ was bound.
And again, as of old, the angel said,
“Why seek ye the living among the dead?
Not here, but in Galilee instead,
The Christ is found.”

A Week in the Mountains

C. B. SISSONS.

For some weeks it had been summer at our lower altitude, but we had been eagerly awaiting the time early in July when the lingering snow disappears sufficiently from the upper trails to make travelling pleasant. That is the best season of the year for your annual outing. Later on in the summer forest fires are prevalent, and one never knows when the slovenly greed of the lumber magnate, the culpable negligence of the railway companies, and the utter inefficiency of some fire-warden trained for his important trust in the party committee-room, will combine to set a mountain-side ablaze and obscure the landscape till the next rain lays the smoke for a few days. The weather in the autumn and spring is too treacherous, and the snow comes early and leaves late. Besides there are bottomless trails and sportive snow-slides to consider. Winter is by no means an impossible season, but winter sports have not yet been developed in the Rockies as in the Alps. The Bonspiel at Banff and the Carnival at Rossland, which provides for hockey, snow-shoeing and ski-ing, as well as curling, are the only annual winter festivals of any note, and they cater to “the sporty” rather than to sport. But early in July the Frost King is in rout, the trail becomes passable, the air is sure to be transparent, and the first spring flowers will be peeping up through the green spots among the snow,—anemones and butter-cups, and the great dog-tooth violets that love the retreating snow-slide.

Foster and Bews were unable to get away for a couple of days, and this gave me an opportunity of spending a short time with the Alpine Club of Canada, then in camp at Rogers’ Pass.

The camp was situated three miles east of Glacier House, almost at the spot where last spring an unexpected avalanche swept down, burying some sixty C. P. R. employees and filling the Revelstoke cemetery with new graves, most of them of nameless foreigners. Now the tents were pitched in a meadow with enough trees at hand to provide balsam boughs for beds and good fuel for the camp-fire.

It was about three in the afternoon when I arrived in camp, and the parties were on the point of setting out for the cabin on Mt. Rogers. Next day they would complete the ascent, and the tyros would thus achieve active membership of the club. Before they started I had time for a few words with two of our graduates who were members of the parties. One was E. M. Burwash, who had come up from the Coast and was to graduate on the morrow in another upward course. The other was M. P. Bridgland, whose closed-fist swipes and heavy right boot made him famous in college athletics a decade ago, and who has for some years enjoyed the distinction of being Chief Mountaineer and one of the Vice-Presidents of the club.

As luck would have it, the representative in camp of the English Alpine Club did not feel up to the ascent of Sir Donald next day, and the President consented to my going in his coveted place. Here was the opportunity of a life-time—Sir Donald next day and with such splendid mountaineers as Forde and Gordon! The rest of the day I spent in chatting with Gordon and in trying to help him get his boots nailed respectably for the climb. He told me about his awful experience on the side of Avalanche as he watched the night long beside the body of the young lady who had in her impetuosity disregarded instructions and gone down to her death two days before. He also told me that Sir Donald was reported to be in very bad shape and that the guide, Edouard Feuz the Elder, had rather objected to the trip with three.

That night we spent at Glacier House. It was a glorious summer night, the white peaks of the main range of the Selkirks clear against the dark sky, and the breath from the great Glacier cool down the valley. It was fairly late when we got to sleep, but we were called at two and ready to start at three. At that hour the day was just breaking. One may speak of day-break

in the mountains, but sunrise is a very indefinite term. We strode up the gloomy valley by the Illecillewaet, rushing from its source at the foot of the Glacier and past the rocks piled high by the moraine in bygone centuries. A scramble up steep slopes followed, and by 4.40 we were at the foot of the ice. The snow was firm, but not frozen. The going was so good that by six we had crossed the snow-field and negotiated the bergschrund. There we roped as we stood in the cold morning air at an altitude of about 8,000 feet, for a wall of rock faced us which was almost perpendicular. I found the first twenty feet of that rock the hardest work of the day, for the hand-holds were few and small and my fingers were numb. However, the others did not appear to be worried, and I was last on the rope. So no one knew how I felt about it. After that the grade became less precipitous and the sun began to smile upon us. We bore across to the left, following ledges well known to the guide and not particularly difficult. Presently we sat down in the sun and had a second breakfast. One eats from reason, not appetite, at 3.30 a.m.

To avoid the danger of avalanches and falling rocks in the couloir, the guide thought it wise to attempt the ascent of a chimney some fifty feet high and used only once previously. It was very narrow, but the sun had not yet begun to play on it and it was still dry. The guide was shoved up the last and most difficult part of it on an ice axe, and then he pulled the rest of us up with the rope. After that we had a couple of nasty corners to round. One was very slippery and Gordon's nails refused to hold. He was just ahead of me on the rope, and for a moment I pictured myself dangling over the cliff. However, he recovered himself and we proceeded. We encountered very little snow from the time we left the Glacier till we were about 500 feet from the top. It proved very soft, and had to be dealt with carefully, especially for the last fifty feet between the two peaks where it was corniced. Here we sank above our knees and the way was very narrow, with a sheer precipice of several thousand feet on one side and a dangerously steep slope on the other. Forde said afterwards that he didn't like that fifty feet, but old Edouard plodded ahead and said nothing, so that I thought there was no occasion

for alarm. We reached the top at 10, in remarkably good time considering the state of the mountain, we were told. In seven hours we had ascended 6,800 feet.

The view was, of course, splendid. But the height of Sir Donald is 10,808 feet, and in our mountains the view is more impressive from a lower altitude. We were able to pick out many of the high peaks in the distant Rockies, while all around us were the giants of the Selkirks, and some forty miles away Forde and I were glad to discern our own trident Begbie, which



J. P. Forde—Photo.

ON THE TOP OF SIR DONALD.

presides over Revelstoke. We could also make out the snake-like line of climbers on the snowy side of Rogers. The camera worked during the forty minutes on top, but it was too cold to eat and too windy to smoke. It was very amusing to see Edouard with his hat tied about his ears vainly endeavoring to light his trusty pipe, and more worried by his failure than by any of the difficulties of the ascent. The non-smoker has an advantage in such cases. He can appreciate the philosophy of George Macdonald, who identifies wealth with the ability to do without things.

The descent was much more hazardous than the ascent. The warm sun was melting the snow and causing three dangers — slippery footing, falling rocks, and avalanches. I was supposed to lead the way down, but found myself quite unable to identify our tortuous upward course, so we had to reverse. Our nerves were again tried on a sloping ledge. Gordon's nails again slipped and he slid several feet. I was on footing so insecure as to make it quite impossible for me to hold him, but at our shout Edouard dropped, as if shot, with his arms about a good solid rock and Forde also secured a hold. However, he again got his footing before his rope tightened sufficiently to set me going also. In such a case the last man on the rope is not in a very pleasant position.

When we arrived at the chimney, the others removed the rope and the fun commenced. Edouard braced his feet against a firm rock and I was lowered, with the rope around my waist, over the edge. For some thirty feet I descended till I reached a suitable ledge. I sneaked along this till I was under the shelter of an overhanging rock and then took off the rope. Thereupon Gordon came down to keep me company, and after him came Forde. The guide now placed the rope around the solid rock against which he had braced his feet and tied one end about his body, while Forde held the other end below. The rock served as a pulley, and as Forde let the rope out he descended till he was with us on the ledge. But twenty feet of the chimney was still beneath us. Forde and Gordon were let down the whole distance, but I had to stand half-way down with a stream of icy water running down my back while the guide used my head and shoulders and hand as stepping-stones. It took us an hour to descend this chimney.

We unroped at the bergschrund at 3.45, having been over nine hours on the rope. It is something of a strain to be so long on one's guard. We had a grand glissade down the glacier, and reached the hotel at 4.45, all in good shape. In fact I did not notice any weariness till we were trudging along the warm valley below on the trail leading to the hotel.

At midnight I boarded No. 1. Bews and Foster were on board, and early next morning we detrained at Hector, just three miles from the "Great Divide." Packs were arranged in the

operator's room, where we also enjoyed a hospitable breakfast. After discarding all we could, we still had packs of considerable weight. At any rate they seemed very heavy, as the first packs of the season always do. We had a nine miles tramp up Cataract Creek, the great natural beauty of which has been sadly marred by a forest fire. We arrived at Lake O'Hara about noon, but later than was necessary, since we paused often to rest our shoulders, while the heat of the day and the coldness of numerous streamlets combined to weaken us.

The afternoon we spent in wandering around the lake. It is one of the most beautiful in the mountains, nestling, as it does, immediately under the massive peaks of the main range of the Rockies. When night came on we lay down on balsam boughs, with nothing over us but sky and blankets and a canvas cover. We had not brought a tent along, since we could not get a "silk" one, and had contented ourselves with a piece of canvas about eight feet square. Some time in the middle of the night the report of Bews' twenty-two startled us. It was quite dark, but he was to be seen searching for something. To our questions he replied that he had shot a porcupine which had disturbed him, but that he could not find the beast. We got him back to bed eventually, but even daylight did not reveal the carcass. Porcupines are very troublesome about Lake O'Hara. They appear to have a special delight in anything saline. The material makes no difference: axe handles are as tasty as bacon, and your good boots as toothsome as butter.

The following day we decided to pass in a visit to Lake McArthur and in eating as much as possible in order to reduce the weight of our packs. This lake is about an hour distant from Lake O'Hara, and, judging from the timber, is about 7,500 feet above the sea. Although almost two miles in length, it is extremely difficult to find. It is set in a recess in the mountains and has no visible outlet. Hence one would not reach it by following a stream to its source, and from the summit of the pass below there does not appear to be room for so large a lake. We found the ice just beginning to break up, though it was now July the fourteenth. In fact the only place where the lake was quite clear of ice was at the lower end, where two circular cur-

rents indicated an underground outlet. At the other end the glacier from Biddle ran down to the edge of the lake.

We lunched at the lake, and on our way back explored a very odd plateau under Oderay, at the end of which we found a goat resort. We had an opportunity also to observe how the hoary marmot or whistler (nearly our groundhog) whistles to give warning to his friends and neighbors, sitting straight up and perfectly still for the moment. It was raining when we got "home," but we rigged up our canvas under a great spruce, tying the upper corners to branches, and supporting the lower ones by stakes. With a fire in front we were very comfortable. We all slept long and soundly that night and late on into the morning, since it was still raining. In fact Foster succeeded in sleeping sixteen hours out of twenty-four.

The clouds rose somewhat in the afternoon, and we decided to make a start for Opatin Pass. Hardly had we reached the permanent snow, however, when rain came on again, and at times it fairly poured. For two hours we trudged upwards, sometimes sinking deep into the snow, and finally thoroughly wet. At last we crossed the pass at an altitude of 8,000 feet, and glad we were to be descending. The clouds hung so low that we could not see Wenkehemna Pass, and we thought it best to seek for shelter among the timber of Prospector's Valley. It was late evening, however, before we reached a place where comfort was possible. Fortunately in our search for dry wood we came upon a large tree, the centre of which was dry and resinous. This afforded the best of fires, and before we took to our blankets we were thoroughly dry.

Next morning we kept going up and bearing to the left, hoping that we might yet find a pass into Consolation Valley. It was a grand tramp we had that day. First we came upon a splendid lake with plenty of game tracks about it, but no sign of human visitation. It did not appear on our map, but we found later that it was called Kaufmann after one of the Swiss guides, who probably had been the first to see it from one of the neighboring peaks. It is about a mile long and reflects beautifully tree and rock and glacier. Then, after a tramp of several miles and some rather stiff rock-work, we reached the foot of a glacier. It looked safe, and, though we had no rope, we decided to

investigate. Although bare just at the tongue, it was covered deep with snow further up, and we resolved to see what was beyond it. It took us just four hours to cross. Once we were compelled to make a detour: but we followed a fairly straight and rapid course, so that we calculated that the distance travelled was about ten miles. We made the detour, because at one stage we got among crevasses. The place looked bad and I was feeling the way with my ice-axe. At one point it refused to strike bottom, and the hollow sound (I think it was only of a cup in the "billie" in my pack, as my shoulders dipped lower than usual) added to the startling effect. After that until we got on more level going we felt every step, and the second man followed



Walter Bews - Photo.

The view from the edge of the Snow-field, showing
Temple at the right, Aberdeen with the snow-
slope over the pass and Pinnacle
to the left of the pass.

close to the leader and was ready to throw himself flat if necessary. When finally we reached the further edge of the snow field we were at an altitude of fully 9,000 feet, and before us stretched a glorious panorama. All about us were the famous Ten Peaks. Right across the valley the huge mass of Temple came to a point some 2,000 feet above our level. Aberdeen peeped through Sentinel Pass, and I could see the snow slope down which Oliver Wheeler and myself had glissaded the previous year, fully 2,000 feet, in about two minutes. Immediately

beneath us was Moraine Lake, in Consolation Valley, frequented by tourists who do not aspire beyond the pony and the pack-trail.

It would have been foolish to have attempted a descent, and when we got back to the tongue of the glacier we decided that it would be unwise, in view of the state of our "grub," to try to round the south-east corner of the series of the Ten Peaks. The country was extremely wild, and we feared a box canyon. Hence we turned back and by nightfall reached a bivouac a little above that of the previous night. We retired hungry but happy, for we had a grand day behind us, and next morning we would enjoy a partially cooked "fool-hen." The bird had finally succumbed to the fifth shot from the "twenty-two" early the previous morning, and its body had experienced many ups and downs in the course of the day as it swayed behind Foster's back. No one could have doubted the wisdom of the man who so named the fowl had he seen how imperturbed it was by those four atrocious shots at close range.

Next day by noon we had recrossed Opabin Pass and refreshed ourselves with a couple of ounces of bread apiece, some peanut butter and some cocoa without sugar. However, we made good time down the creek, caught a freight at Hector, and made sure that the C. P. R. made no profit on their dollar meal at the Mount Stephen House.

So passed the week in the mountains—pleasing for the most part and vivifying in its experiences, altogether pleasing and reinvigorating as one recalls it, imperfect in its planning and uncertain of execution. But of what worth would life or mountaineering be without uncertainty?

Our Fight Against the Microbe

BY A. E. M'CULLOCH, '11.

Health always has been, and probably always will be, one of the most important problems in every man's life. There are extremely few people in this world who may proudly boast that they have never been sick a day in their lives, and if these could have but a fleeting glimpse of the fierce battles that have been waged from time to time in their bodies and could realize their

significance they would be horror-stricken. Our vital organs, like the castles of olden days, are surrounded by strong walls, mounted with little living soldiers, whose only duty is to repulse from day to day the invading hosts of minute organisms who are trying with all their power to take the fortress.

The protection devices with which our bodies are provided is a most interesting study. The arrangement of our skeleton is a wonderful and complex one, affording shelter to all our vital organs, but the manner in which we are protected against that dreaded enemy, the microbe, is perhaps the most wonderful of all. We have in our bodies little structures about the size of a pea or bean, and these little glands form the strong walls to which I referred in the opening paragraph. These glands manufacture small soldiers, which they send to all parts of our body in order to capture any microbes that may have got in, and carry them as prisoners to the gland itself. The lymphatic glands, as these little structures are scientifically called, are situated in great numbers along the blood vessels of the abdomen, in the thorax and neck, in the arm pit and groin. If these glands should be destroyed the individual has very little power to resist the pitiless attack of the microbe, and within a few days dies.

But before these glands can act the germ must be captured by the little soldiers, or lymphocytes, as they are called, and carried to the gland. To accomplish this a system of vessels leads to them from all parts of the body. This system encloses a fluid which was originally in the blood, carrying food to the different organs. This nutrient constituent of the blood, after giving its load of food to the tissues, is not returned to the heart by the veins, but enters this system of very small vessels leading to the lymphatic glands. When it reaches the glands it is examined by them, and if free from germs it is allowed to again enter the blood, but if it contains some microbes these are held back, and then ensues a battle royal between the lymphatic glands and the microbes.

It is well known that all infectious and contagious diseases are caused by little micro-organisms familiarly known as germs. These germs are striving to find a suitable place for growth and reproduction, and if they once get a strong foothold on living

animals they are, metaphorically speaking, "in clover." The animal is then said to be infected.

It might be of interest to follow out what happens when we become infected with the dreaded bacilli. A person, say, cuts his finger, and before the cut has had a chance to heal some organism lodges there and the mischief is done. At once the little soldiers rush to the infected part and endeavor to capture the germs by swallowing them. The germ has obtained a fine feeding ground and refuses to be swallowed, immediately killing the little soldier or lymphocyte. A great number of lymphocytes rush to the spot, and finally they capture the germ or germs and carry them, fighting every inch, to the lymphatic glands situated in the arm pit. We can trace the journey to the gland by the inflammation this struggle has caused all along the arm. When the bacilli reach the lymphatic gland then starts the real battle, the result of which will decide the fate of the patient.

Before dealing with this battle, however, let us go back to the original cut and let us suppose the little soldiers have not been strong enough to capture the germs. The bacillus has found a splendid feeding ground, and immediately begins to devour the patient. It first kills the cells of the host by sending out a poison which it manufactures. After killing the cell the germ devours it, manufactures more poison, and so the destruction goes on until the patient is literally eaten up. The body as a whole is left, of course, but all the really essential matter of the cells is used up by the relentless microbe.

However, let us see what happens when the germ is carried to the gland. We have seen that the microbe acts by manufacturing a poison which kills the cells of the host. It continues to produce the poison after it has reached the gland. The latter, however, at once proceeds to manufacture another chemical substance which serves as an antidote to the poison. Strange to say, this antidote is often a second poison, which alone would be harmful to the body cells, but, when brought in contact with the poison manufactured by the bacillus, then each toxin is neutralized by the presence of the other. The process might be represented graphically as follows:

Bacillus—toxin (a), which kills the cells of the host.

Lymph gland—toxin (b), which kills the cells of the host.

But toxin (a) and toxin (b) together do no harm.

If there are millions of germs floating in the air we breathe why aren't people affected more? We really are often infected, but the gland is able, under ordinary conditions of good health, to learn to manufacture the antidote for the particular germ. Once the gland has learned this important secret it can at any future time deal with that particular bacillus, so in the course of a few years the ordinary germs of the atmosphere have no effect. But should a person become infected with an organism to which he is unaccustomed, the lymph gland has to find out how to destroy this new marauder, and should the person be in a run-down condition the lymph gland may not be able to discover the secret in time. Supposing, however, it does find the particular substance which destroys the germ, it will in all probability not be able to manufacture it in sufficient quantities, because the patient has not enough energy stored up in his body to support the increased efforts of the lymphatic glands. If, however, the person is in splendid health, the lymphatic gland is able to do its work effectively, producing a substance which not only counterbalances the toxin produced by the bacillus, but annihilates the bacillus itself, and thus a complete cure is accomplished.

This explains why, after once recovering from smallpox, measles, mumps, etc., an individual is seldom troubled with them a second time. Simply because the gland has learned how to deal effectively with the germ causing the disease. This also suggests a manner of becoming immune from certain diseases, *i.e.*, by teaching the lymphatic gland how to destroy the bacilli causing the disease. The Chinese seem to have been the first to try this teaching of the glands. They took the crusts from the smallpox sore and rubbed it on the inside of the nose. This caused a few of the smallpox bacilli to be lodged on the mucous membrane, and these would be carried by the lymphocytes to the glands, which set to work at once to find the antidote. Now, of course, we have a much better method, commonly called vaccination. This is done by simply scratching the arm and placing on the scratch a few of the smallpox bacilli. These are carried to the gland, and because of their small number the gland in a few days discovers how to completely destroy them. Having discovered the secret, it keeps it in its memory

for a time of need. In the last three years experiments have been tried with varying success to render persons immune from tuberculosis by injecting tuberculin.

One easily sees that if the gland could destroy all the various different kinds of microbes the person would be immune. There are a few fortunate people who, we believe, are really immune. It is interesting to note that this immunity is often transmitted from father to son. The Jews as a race are practically immune from tuberculosis, and we believe that if they would refer back to their history as a nation they would find that their forefathers had suffered with many diseases, consumption in particular, during which the lymphatic glands had learned how to destroy the bacilli and had transmitted that desired heritage to the present race.

So, to remain healthy and to escape the dreaded diseases, we must do all we can to help the lymphatic glands. We can do this by always keeping in the best physical condition, so that when the glands are called upon to do special work they will have plenty of energy stored up in the body, from which they may draw if necessary.

Quidlibet Iocosius

Between the western and the inner doors

I saw a piece of gum beside the wall,
And inly shuddered as I scanned the floors

That such a heinous thing should here befall.

I saw a piece of gum beside the wall.

Do learned seniors pull the ductile mass,
Or seniorinas roll the plastic ball?

Perish the thought! Forever let it pass.

Do learned seniors pull the ductile mass?

I trow no juniors thus their minds divert,
Nor any fair one so forgets her class

The sober ways of learning to desert.

I trow no juniors thus their minds divert.

I'd hate to think the sophomores succumb
To meaner pleasures, or in aught pervert
Th' impressionable minds of freshmandom.

I'd hate to think the sophomores succumb.

Do freshman e'er such vulgar things amuse?
Have freshettes nerves that must be calmed with gum?
No nerves have they nor ever get the blues.

Do freshman e'er such vulgar things amuse?
Can pious C. T. fall from sacred state
And set a sad example to the pews?
Such sacrilegious thought were hard to masticate.

Can pious C. T. fall from sacred state?
No solemn B.D. heeds such temporal joys—
Mundane desires they swear to subjugate,
The jots and tittles are their only toys.

No solemn B.D. heeds such temporal joys.
And yet I saw that gum beside the wall.
Surely some stranger on good girls and boys
Suspicion throws in sober learning's hall.

A. PANTUN.

The Awakening of the Prophet

BY R. C. COATSWORTH, '11.

The event was one of importance in the annals of the Red Rock Camp. Two rows of laughing faces leaned back from the supper table and watched the proceedings amid chuckles of amusement. A lanky individual, known as Yankee Jake, stood up with a mug of tea in his hand and addressed the red-haired youth by his side.

"Samuel," he said, "this here camp kind o' feels that your parents ain't given you the right name, so, for certain reasons, we're going to change it. Therefore, Samuel Willans, I hereby

christen you the Prophet, such to be, and such to remain, forever and a day."

At the conclusion of this speech, which was delivered with all the gravity of a judge pronouncing sentence, Jake gently tipped the remainder of his tea over the red hairs of the weakly protesting Samuel. This part of the ceremony was greeted by a roar of laughter, amidst which the newly-christened Prophet hastened to escape further torture at the hands of the humorously inclined Jake.

Samuel had joined the camp only a few days before the events just related, and in that short time had become conspicuous for his inability to fit in. He had failed ignominiously in those rough, though good-humored, character tests that are imposed upon every newcomer in a mining camp, and now, as he sat on a log at the door of the blacksmith shop, he felt that life was hardly worth living.

"The Prophet!" he muttered, and, as if to express his resentment, he commenced to anathematize Jake in unprintable language.

The christening was the sequence of an incident that had occurred on the day of his arrival. The boss had sent him out to fell a few trees to be used in timbering the shaft. Samuel set to work with all the diligence that tradition has ascribed to the beaver, but, unfortunately, with about the same intelligence. Consequently, the boss, on coming around some fifteen minutes later, discovered him industriously hacking away at a neatly girdled tree, which threatened momentarily to topple with the slightest breeze.

"Say, boy," he cried, where in thunder did you learn to cut timber? Which way do you think that tree's going to fall?"

The sarcastic tone in which this remark was uttered aroused in the industrious Samuel a feeling of righteous indignation, so he replied with a hot-headedness that was characteristic of him:

"I guess I cut a little wood on the farm, and as for knowin' what way that tree's going to fall, do you think I'm a gosh-dinged prophet?"

Fortunately for him the foreman's sense of humor was pretty well developed, so, after showing the boy who had "cut wood on the farm" how to cut wood in the bush, he went off chuckling.

The story spread, and as a consequence Samuel received considerable chaff, which he took in anything but good part. This led to more chaff, which culminated in the ceremony just concluded. Samuel had found his place; he had been christened "the Prophet," not, indeed, from knowledge concerning the future, but rather from lack of it as regards the present.

During the succeeding days life seemed almost unendurable to him. He worked with an energy that satisfied the foreman and won him the liking of many of the men, but the ease with which he could be made the butt of all kinds of jokes was used at odd times to provide amusement for the gang. Chief among these humorous individuals was Jake, the lanky master of ceremonies at the christening. At heart he was not a bad sort, but he had grown up in the shanties, where the law is to give as much and take as little as possible. Coupled with this aggressive attitude was a native wit which made him at all times a formidable antagonist. Therefore, although he was fairly popular with the gang, to the irascible Prophet he seemed little less than a tyrant.

"This here kid needs some wakin' up," he said to the cook one day. "He don't know where he's at with this bunch, and if some of us don't show him, who will?"

"Well, he's not such a dough-head as ye think," replied the cook, who was a staunch defender of the Prophet. "He's catching on to the work round here pretty good, and some of these days he'll wake up and show you fellows a few things."

"Huh!" grunted Jake, "he's the kind that don't wake up. He's a kind of sleepin' beauty, only he ain't no beauty; never could be with that red thatch of his." The last remark was accompanied by a side glance at the cook's hair, which was itself slightly reddish in color.

"Think what ye like, my Yankee toothpick, but there's something in the head under that thatch of his, which is more'n I could say for the block under your measly six hairs," laughingly rejoined the cook as he returned to his work.

Possibly if the cook had seen the subject of conversation at this moment he would have thought that the waking-up process was already taking place. The Prophet was seated on his favorite log near the blacksmith shop, his head bent forward as he mechanically whittled stick after stick to slivers. His forehead

was wrinkled and his lips were tightly compressed; for the first time in his life he was doing some real hard thinking. He was attempting to solve a problem that has puzzled wiser heads, yes, and simpler ones. It was to find how to uphold his own position. His observations in the past few days had shown him that some achieved this end by their wit, some by their nerve, and others by a sort of brute courage. The question was, how could he? The answer seemed elusive, but his thought was not wasted, for from it was born a determination to meet the next advance with good-nature, and, by whatever means possible, to win out. He closed his knife with a sharp click, kicked away the little pile of shavings, and walked through the gathering darkness toward the lights in the bunk-house.

On Sunday Jake and his crony, the "Teacher," so-called because he had once been a schoolmaster down south, set off to the near-by town of Red Rock. They both carefully explained that they were going to church, but when Jake put ten dollars in his pocket and said he reckoned that would do for church collection the gang accepted their statements with the proverbial grain of salt. Monday noon saw the pair arriving in camp by dint of much mutual assistance, and, after telling the irate foreman that they had merely "been celebratin' a little," they toddled off to their bunks and were soon snoring peacefully.

By supper-time they had recovered sufficiently to come to the table with the rest of the gang. The teacher was in one of the melancholy fits that always followed such indulgence. He was a well-educated man, but had taken to drink and drifted north to the mines. Here in the bush he had at least a temporary escape from his temptations, but occasionally yielded to the attractions of the many "blind pigs" that infested the near-by mining town. And now, as he sat at the table, he bent his head in dejection and occasionally muttered maudlin sentences. In contrast to him was his co-celebrator, Yankee Jake, who, though sitting rather unsteadily at his place on the bench, was alert and watchful. He was in a quarrelsome mood and glanced round angrily. His eyes fell on the Prophet seated opposite.

"Hey, you red-headed sugar-stick," he growled, "what ye lookin' so sweet about? What kept ye from joinin' us pleasure-seekin' gents yesterday?"

"Better company here, if you want to know," replied the Prophet with more spirit than tact.

"Ye're gettin' quite facetious these days. Here's somethin' to make your brains grow; ye need it bad, so I saved it for ye." Jake tried to force a half-empty flask into the hands of the Prophet, but, his effort meeting with unexpected resistance, his wrath rose.

"Here, take it and drink, ye gosh-dinged Prophet," he said.

There was a moment's silence, which was broken by the weary voice of the Teacher. The last words had called from the inner recesses of his memory part of an old poem. He commenced to quote:

"Prophet, said I, thing of evil,
Drink it like the very devil."

He got his lines sadly twisted, but perhaps that only corresponded with the whole course of his life.

The prophet's face had turned a shade paler, but at a further motion on Jake's part he clenched his teeth and stiffened in an attitude of determination. Two or three of the gang told Jake to "shut up and let the kid alone," but the Prophet motioned them to cease interference. They understood; it was an affair between man and man. Slowly Jake withdrew his hand, but his anger remained unsatisfied.

"Poor child," he sneered, "you ain't got the nerve to take a man's drink; what you want is some of this here infants' food."

"You lived on it once yourself, perhaps it would do you good to have some again," retorted the Prophet quickly, and several of the men laughed. Perhaps it is just a liking for variety, more probably a desire for fair-play, but we all enjoy seeing the underdog roll on top once in a while. The Prophet quickly felt the sympathy, and smiled cheerfully while Jake was replying.

"When you catch me indulgin' in any such luxuries ye can call me your uncle Jake and take all the benefits of the relationship." Jake was sober now, and was able to put more sarcasm into the tone of his voice than mere words can imply. But the smile on the Prophet's face never faltered.

"I don't think you'd make a partic'lar desirable relation, but I guess I could fix it all right if I wanted to," he said.

"Well, if I catch ye in any of your fool 'fixin' ' ye'll think I'm your daddy when I get hold of ye."

"And just supposin' I did happen to show you a few things you didn't know?" asked the Prophet quietly.

"When a *man*," Jake emphasized the last word, for he felt the belittling effect of participating in a word-fight with a mere youth, "beats me out, or breaks even with me, he gets my hand and deserves it. I guess you're out of it, kid; ye'd best run off to bed now."

The Prophet wisely made no reply, and amid glowing pipes the matter was soon forgotten. A few minutes later, however, the boss strolled by the cookery and noticed the Prophet engaged in an animated conversation with his friend, the cook. He was speaking quickly and earnestly, and apparently his words conveyed some amusing idea, for the cook's face was wrinkled with suppressed laughter.

"By jingo!" muttered the boss to himself, "the kid's got something mighty funny to say, to judge by the grin that cook's wearing."

Next morning the Prophet was sick. He lay groaning in his bunk and refused to be consoled. He didn't mean any offence to the cook, he said, but he had to confess to a most horrible stomach-ache. No, he couldn't think of getting up, he was too ill for that. So, when the gang went out to work, the Prophet remained in his bunk gingerly rubbing the tender region. Then the cook found that he could spare his chore-boy for an hour or so and suggested that a few fish might be good for dinner. The suggestion was gladly welcomed, and in a short time the chore-boy was paddling up the lake.

At his departure the Prophet experienced a recovery that was marvellous for its rapidity and completeness. He jumped nimbly out of his bunk and, hastily dressing, hurried over to the cookery.

"Hullo!" said the cook, with feigned surprise, "I thought you was sick."

"So I am," was the reply, "but I'm goin' to town to get some medicine. Will you be ready when I return?"

"Sure; right on the spot. And say, I sent my chore-boy off fishin', so you have an hour to get back. Well, I wish you luck

with your new relation. I guess you'll get him," said the cook, laughing heartily.

"Oh, mine uncle Jake!" chuckled the Prophet, as he started along the road to town. Arrived there, he proceeded to the drug store and made a few enquiries of the clerk.

"Yes, we have some," was the reply. "How much do you want? Five pounds, eh?" The clerk took down a large bottle containing a yellow powder and wrapped it up.

"Well, here you are, bub. But what in the deuce you want it for beats me, 'cause there's mighty little call for it round this part of the 'country.'" The Prophet did not wait to satisfy the clerk's curiosity, but commenced the return journey at once. On reaching the camp he proceeded to the cookery, where he was met by the cook.

"Here's the dope, Jerry," he cried, "I bought five pounds, and now for your part of the business."

The cook took the package and removed the paper wrapping. Then, pulling out the cork, he tipped some of the yellow powder into the palm of his hand and engulfed it in much the same manner as a ballast-car receives half a ton of sand from a steam-shovel.

"Sam," he said, smacking his lips in appreciation, "it's all right. It's good enough to cure your uncle Jake's temper, or my name's Ananias. And now, while you were away I figgered out the menu. I'll make a meal that'd tickle the palate of a dumb waiter. Here it is, so let's hear what you think."

Together they discussed the various parts of the bill-of-fare, and arranged how to use the yellow powder which had been procured. This business was barely concluded when there came the sound of a canoe grating on the rocky shore of the lake. They glanced out of the window and saw the chore-boy coming over the rocks toward the cookery.

"I feel me stummick gettin' bad again, Jerry; I guess I'll make for me bunk," said the Prophet with a grin, as he slipped out the back door.

Shortly after, when the chore-boy went around to see the patient, who was, according to the cook, much worse, he found the bunk-house filled with an atmosphere of groans, which seemed to emanate from a prostrate figure lying under a blanket. With

a discretion that equalled his sympathy, he silently withdrew and tip-toed away to confirm the cook in his diagnosis.

By supper time the Prophet seemed to have partially recovered, for he managed to drag himself to the table. Two or three of the men jollied him about getting sick so easily, and swore that he would have been all right had he taken the drink the night before.

"It's a judgment on ye, boy," said Jake, who had recovered his good-nature.

As the meal progressed one after another seemed to find the food unusually good. Among these Jake was prominent, and showered the modest cook with praises. The soup was never better; the pudding, an unusual luxury in itself, had a relish that could not be expressed in words, while even the tea possessed a rare flavor. Jake grew curious to know the reason.

"Say, cook," he said, "if I was the company, I'd make ye the present of a silver medal. This is the slickest meal I've had since I was a kid."

At this remark the Prophet, who was apparently feeling much better, commenced to chuckle, but stopped almost instantly on receiving a warning glance from the cook. Jake continued to speak.

"What have you put in it, Jerry?" he asked.

"Oh, it's some new stuff I just got in. 'Goo-goo,' it's called," said the imperturbable Jerry.

"Goo-goo," laughed Jake, "that is a funny name, but it suits me right down to the ground, and that's all I care about."

The Prophet became conspicuous at this moment by emitting a sound that began like a laugh, but terminated in a long, dismal groan. His face was red, and he seemed to be enduring inexpressible agony.

"What's the matter, kid?" asked the Teacher kindly.

"O Lor'! It's me stummick," wailed the Prophet, as he started for the door. Physicians in all ages have remarked on the wonderful curative properties of fresh air. That may possibly explain why the Prophet, after stepping out through the doorway, returned in a moment looking quite relieved. Yankee Jake was still speaking to the cook.

"Well, Jerry," he was saying, "if I ever get rich I'm goin' to have you for my chef, and settle down to live on goo-goo."

The Prophet's eyes twinkled, and he regarded Jake with a rather critical, but good-humored smile. Then, turning to the gang, he made the first speech in his life.

"Boys," he said, "I want you to look at this long-legged Yankee and listen to what I tell him. Just now, Jake, you were telling us that when you got the cash you were goin' to settle down and live on goo-goo. You had goo-goo soup and thought you never tasted better; you ate goo-goo pudding and swore it was the best you got since you were a kid; and now you're drinkin' goo-goo tea and smiling all over in satisfaction. Perhaps you remember a few things you said last night; perhaps you don't, but the rest here do, so it don't matter much. Well, I'm goin' to show you somethin' you don't know. Read this, my uncle Jake." The gang listened in surprise, for there was an authority in the voice of the Prophet that brooked no interference. He knew what he was doing, and they felt the force of the knowledge. At the last few words several chuckled out, but the majority strained forward to watch Jake. The Prophet had handed him a large bottle, in which was some yellow powder. Jake glanced at the label.

"Cradle Brand Infants' Food!" he faltered in a weak little voice.

There was a moment's tense silence, which was shattered by a roar of laughter that threatened to burst the walls of the shanty, and made the little squirrels who lived in the roof think that the Judgment Day had come. Possibly it had, but, if so, it was one of those judgments that make every day a Judgment Day. Yankee Jake was sizing up the Prophet, who still wore the same inscrutable smile. Then, his surprise giving way to his sense of humor, he laughed genially.

"Holy Doodle!" he said, "you've sure got trumps. I 'member what I said, and so here's the hand of your uncle Jake. And now, boys, up with your cups and drink the health of my new nevvv in a mug of goo-goo tea."

The Educational Night Classes

Three years ago the volunteers for missions, deaconess work and the ministry in Elm St. Church, Toronto, organized themselves into the "Elm St. Volunteer Union." The church has been under strong missionary influences for some time, and as a result many young men and women offered to give their lives to extend the Kingdom of God. During the course of the monthly meetings held by the Union, it was discovered that many of the members had not the preliminary education sufficient to enter college for preparation, and were not earning enough to pay the regular night school fees. The Union bravely undertook the task of organizing matriculation classes, in which the members who could teach taught those who needed to be taught.

It was soon found that there were other young men and women in the church who wanted to secure higher education for many reasons, and these were admitted to the classes. The educational germ was now in the air, and a class in Old Testament History was formed. The Sunday School teacher and the bible student were not satisfied with the meagre and scattered helps they obtained through their lesson helps. Their aim was such a ground work in biblical history as would enable them to adequately understand the Bible. Soon applications from students from other churches came in and were accepted. It then became apparent that a closer organization was necessary if effective work was to be done. This gave rise to the conception of a night school, centrally located, which would be large enough to accommodate students from all parts of the city who desired further education for any purpose.

The educational night classes were the result of the realization of the conception, but before proceeding to outline the work which they are attempting, let us look for a moment at the conditions in a large industrial city like Toronto. Thousands of young people have crowded in from the country in search of employment. The vast majority of them, for various reasons, have nothing beyond a public school education. Some have been forced into the struggle for existence in the early teens,

either to support themselves or their homes. They have never quite lost the high hopes which once beat strong in their younger days; still they trust that fortune will be so kind as to give them another chance. There are others again in whom the fires of ambition have been awakened too late, when educational opportunities are gone, and they find themselves struggling along with meagre salaries without prospect. It is a sad thing to see a young life cut off before its time, but it is much sadder to see it killed slowly as hope for advancement gradually flickers out.

Let us look for a moment at the problem through the eyes of the moral reformer. He sees a city in which there are ten opportunities for the development of the lower desires for one for the development of the higher. The place of amusement is financially within the reach of every one, and is backed by strong financial interests, to whom the public are only money producing material. The higher educational advantages, even those offered by the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., are beyond those of the small wage earner. Young life must feed intellectually upon something; they can only take what is within their reach. Let us not libel them by saying they desire nothing better, until something better is provided. How much easier it is to satisfy restless desire with cheap entertainment than with nothing at all. Fathers may well tremble for the lives of their sons and daughters in a city where every inducement is offered for the development of the lower desires, and the higher outlook is beyond their financial reach. Listen to the voice of one who is bound within an inevitable circle—uninteresting work by day and the bright street by night—with no future beyond the present. The seed sown by the preacher upon such soil is sown by the wayside. What they need is not sermons, but an opportunity to rise. This is their challenge.

The educational night classes accepted their challenge and proposed to make a beginning by opening up classes in Matriculation, Missions, Bible History, Teacher Training and Leadership. Fees were placed at a figure within the reach of all. The teachers were chosen with a view of making the school the very highest in efficiency. The enterprise would have been impossible, however, without sympathy and practical aid from many

sources. Chancellor Burwash and the Board of Regents put Victoria College at the disposal of the organizers as the place for holding the classes; a little later the Toronto School Board gave permission to use the laboratory at Jarvis Collegiate for the science classes; all the teachers offered to give their services without remuneration, if necessary; every department of our church rendered valuable service in the organization, not only in sympathy and advice, but in taking short courses, thus putting heart into the undertaking. Too high a tribute can never be paid to the professors of our college, Professors McLaughlin, Misner and Bowles, and Professor Coleman of the Faculty of Education, for the patient and untiring work they have done in the bible study and teacher training departments. It might be mentioned here that these departments present unexampled opportunity for bible students and Sunday School teachers.

Just a few facts in connection with the classes in conclusion. The regular staff consists of seventeen teachers, each teacher conducting one or two classes per week. The total registration this year was over three hundred. The classes are managed by a board, consisting of representatives from various organizations in our church interested in the work, together with others added by the board thus formed. The school is open to students of all creeds. Though the majority of those registered are Methodists, the Secretary has been privileged to enroll members of all the large Protestant denominations, as well as one Roman Catholic and one Hebrew.

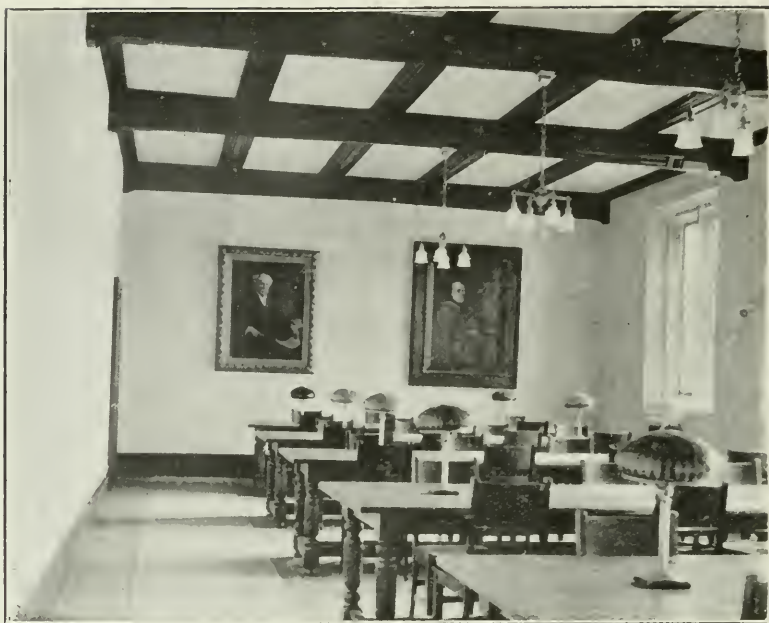
The prospects for next year are the very brightest; the number of members should at least be doubled. New courses will be opened up as soon as the Board is satisfied that there is sufficient demand.



FOYER—VICTORIA COLLEGE LIBRARY.



THE POSTMAN.



LADIES' STUDY.



A BUN-FEED.

Photos by Walter Moorhouse.

Acta Victoriana

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Contributions and Exchanges should be sent to W. E. MacNIVEN, Editor-in-Chief, "Acta Victoriana"; business communications to WALTER MOORHOUSE, Business Manager, "Acta Victoriana," Victoria University, Toronto.

EDITORIAL

The Leadership of Educated Men

The scholar is sometimes denounced as a coward for withdrawing himself from the struggle of society toward better and higher ends. Slavery undermined the Republic to our South, and, it was said, the educated clergy were the bulwark of the system. Strong drink is a constant menace to society, and many affirm that the educated class leave the fight to a few devoted enthusiasts. The English establishment left the preaching of regeneration to a few Methodist itinerants who preached in barn and field. And there are great questions which are facing us at this moment—great events cast their shadows in the future—and to-day we need educated men to successfully face the problems of labor and capital, the towering power of corporate wealth and reform in administrative methods, but the educated class, says the cynic, instead of advancing to

deal with them promptly, wisely and courageously, retires into seclusion and observes "public opinion." These accusations against educated men can scarcely be true. Erasmus was the pioneer modern scholar, but in the fierce contest of the Reformation Luther denounced him as a time server and a coward. Do educated men deserve such denouncement? Leigh Hunt said, "I tho't that my Horace and Demosthenes gave me a right to sit at a table with any man, and I think so still."

Sir Thomas Browne, during the English civil war, sat in scholarly seclusion polishing the conceits of the "Urn Burial" and modulating the long-drawn music of "Religio Medici." Such things have brought this accusation upon educated men. But Coleridge said, "Never judge a work by its defects. Society passes severe criticism upon educated men who are not courageous. These are our failures."

But history in the face of all adverse comment justifies the existence of the university—and she justifies herself by what she produces. The Reformation—the mental and moral new birth of Christianity—was the work of educated men. If we follow the history of liberty the story is the same. The great political contest in England against the Stuarts was directed by university men. Pym in the "Commons"—Hampden in the field—Milton in the Cabinet—these and Cromwell himself were sons of Oxford and Cambridge.

What then really constitutes leadership? It is not listening with servility to the mob—not giving vehement voice to popular frenzy—that makes a demagogue. Leadership is power for kindling a sympathy and trust, which the multitude will eagerly follow. This was what made Chatham, Burk and Pitt, the younger, the rulers of Europe. This and only this will mark a man as a real leader.



Personals

The following pithy list of names and addresses of Class '07 has come to hand:

CLASS OF '07.

W. B. Albertson, missionary in Chentu, West China.

F. W. H. Armstrong, at Victoria College.

Miss Hazel Biggar, home address, 145 Gloucester St., Ottawa.

Miss A. Bullock, home address, 183 Germain St., St. John, N.B.

Miss E. H. Booth, teaching in Orillia.

Miss I. Burgess, home address, Union, Ont.

H. W. Baker, practising medicine, 498 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

W. I. Brown, in post-graduate work at Harvard.

Miss M. E. Carman, teaching at Morrisburg, Ont.

Miss C. S. Cunningham, attending Deaconess Home, Toronto.

Miss E. G. Chadwick, home address, 67 Beaty Ave., Toronto.

E. M. Carter, preaching at Tobermory, Ont.

F. E. Coombs, University of Toronto School.

Miss M. N. Dafoe, teaching at Seaforth, Ont.

Miss L. I. Dufton, teaching at Vankleek Hill, Ont.

R. W. Edmison, teaching at Ryerson School, Toronto.

Miss P. B. Faint, teaching at Oshawa, Ont.

C. J. Ford, in law, Calgary, Alta.

Miss H. Graham, home address, 29 Grosvenor St., Toronto.

Mrs. A. C. Hodgetts (nee Birnie), Omeme.

Mrs. Harvey (nee Bicknell), 6221 Madison Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Miss V. Hamill, home address, 640 Huron St., Toronto.

W. L. Hiles, preaching at Delaware, Ont.

E. J. Jenkins, Central Y. M. C. A., Toronto.

Miss M. D. Keagey, Jo Gakko, 8 Toru Zaka, Azabu, Tokyo, Japan.

G. A. King, preaching at Ryerson Church, Hamilton, Ont.

G. B. King, in post-graduate work at Victoria College.

I. W. Kilpatrick, preaching at Northwood, Ont.

Miss M. B. Landon, home address, Iroquois, Ont.

W. L. L. Lawrence, "Church of the Stranger," Porcupine, Ont.

C. F. Logan, preaching at Point Edward, Ont.

Miss M. McCrae, teaching at Brantford.

Miss N. Markland, Jo Gakko, 8 Toru Zaka, Azabu, Tokyo, Japan.

Mrs. (Dr.) H. F. Morin (nee Grange), Bath, Maine.

Miss M. Miles, home address, 106 N. Madison Ave., La Grange, Ill.

A. D. Macfarlane, studying law, Prince Rupert, B.C.

Miss O. Norsworthy, teaching at Outlook, Sask.

Mrs. Fred. Okell (nee Gundy), New Westminster, B.C.

F. S. Okell, preaching at New Westminster, B.C.

F. E. Owen, lecturer at Victoria College.

Miss H. Paul, home address, 29 Grosvenor St., Toronto.

I. H. Parker, The Observatory, Department of the Interior, Ottawa.

F. W. Rathman, reporter on *The Intelligencer*," Belleville, Ont.

J. L. Rutledge, in wholesale fruit business, Montreal.

L. N. Richardson, Instructor in the new Naval College, Halifax, N.S.

Mrs. E. W. Stapleford (nee Bunting), 1598 Sixth Ave., Vancouver, B.C.

H. J. Sheridan, Victoria College.

J. N. Tribble, Auditor-General's Department, Ottawa.

W. L. French, Victoria College.

D. Wren, preaching at Ethel, Ont.

H. F. Woodsworth, Victoria College.

J. M. Copeland, preaching at Canboro, Ont.

Mrs. H. R. Harmer (nee Griffin), 6 Preston Court, Winnipeg, Man.

Mrs. W. E. S. James (nee Stephenson), Caistorville, Ont.

E. J. Moore, editor *The Pioneer*, Dominion Alliance, Toronto.

C. H. Woltz, preaching at Eramosa, Ont.

Miss I. A. Whitlam ('09) is engaged in school teaching near Moosomin, Saskatchewan.

Miss L. L. Broad ('09) is completing a course at the Faculty of Education, Toronto.

Marriages

MORIN—GRANGE.—We have to chronicle the tardy news of the marriage of Miss Gladys Evelyn Grange ('07) to Dr. Harry F. Morin, of Bath, Maine. The nuptial ceremony took place at Napanee on Tuesday, January 31 last. ACTA wishes the happy couple the old wish of "all kinds of luck."

Exchanges

Particularly interesting among the recent exchanges are the *Trinity University Review*, *St. Hilda's Chronicle*, *McMaster Monthly*. In each one of these journals there has been a very considerable improvement since the beginning of the year.

Read the short story entitled "Little Beaver" in the *McMaster Monthly* for March, also the description of the Moham-medan Zenana.

There are meters of accent
And meters of tone,
But the best of all meters
It to meter alone.

—*Ex.*

Trinity University Journal has a good article on Defoe and his work that is well worth reading.

Son: "What is the rest of that saying, 'Man proposes, and _____'?"

Father (very sadly): "Woman seldom refuses."

When Cupid hits the mark he usually Mrs. it.—*Ex.*

Under the head of Unthinkables.

"If college poetry were sold by weight——!"

We note some improvement in the *Queen's University Journal* recently. That periodical generally reminds us of a scrap book of miscellaneous jottings of college societies cemented together by a few headings and interspersed with an occasional joke. We are glad to learn that there is a proposal on foot to make the *Journal* into a semi-weekly newspaper, and start up an independent magazine devoted to literary efforts entirely. The proposal is a good one. The great problem in college journalism is to prevent the merely news element from engrossing the space which might better be devoted to striking direct into the heart of college problems, or to the publication of student literary efforts.



Summary of the Year

At the regular annual meeting of the Athletic Union, held on Friday, March 17th, in the common rooms, the following points covering the year's work were brought out in the report submitted by the Secretary, Mr. K. B. Maclaren:

Although the achievements of the season just past have been overshadowed by the big records of the previous one, we can still report a most successful year.

In soccer football the first game was played with McMaster before many of the men were back. Our loss of this game was no doubt due in a great measure to this fact. In addition, however, a lack of practice on account of the earliness of the date and an attempt on the part of several men to play both soccer and rugby contributed to lessen our chances.

In the next game we beat the Dents, but unfortunately they defaulted to McMaster, and this put us out of the running.

In regard to rugby we won everything by large scores up to the final game, when we tied with Junior School. After having the game won up to the last three minutes the School won out in the play-off by a very narrow margin. This shows that we are still a big factor in inter-faculty rugby.

As to tennis, we were handicapped by lack of courts, due to the building of the residences. We managed, however, to get the tournament run off in good time, although it has been clearly shown that we need more courts. Mr. W. B. Wiegand won out in the men's singles; Miss Denton and Mr. K. B. Maelaren were victorious in the mixed doubles. In the ladies' singles Miss Merritt was the winner.

It is sometimes claimed that Victoria doesn't go in for university sports, but a glance at our record will disprove this statement. We were represented on the university lacrosse team by Messrs. Gundy, Hetherington and Goddart, all of whom were granted colors. Mr. Mackenzie represented Victoria on the university second rugby team, while Messrs. Maelaren and Birnie played on the university third hockey team, which won the Junior Championship.

Mr. Wiegand also annexed the tennis singles championship of the university, and was another of those who gained a "T."

The manager of the university lacrosse team is also a Vic. man, namely, Mr. Gundy.

In the Jennings Cup Series we easily won out our group from Faculty of Education and Senior Arts. In the semi-finals we won a close contest from Forestry, but in the final game Dents managed to pull out a victory after a very exciting contest. Although we failed to annex any of the silverware, yet we demonstrated conclusively that Victoria is very much alive in regard to athletics.

I would like to suggest that in the future the men do more consistent training in order to bring out the best that is in them. There will also need to be a yearly revival of enthusiasm. We feel, however, that as far as this year has been concerned we have been successful not only in regard to our showing, but also in regard to the experience gained.

The newly elected honorary members to the Athletic Union this year are Messrs. O. V. Jewett, J. Pearson and Gordon Jones.

The Athletic Union is contemplating the installation of new tennis courts on the campus.

Treasurer's Annual Report

The following report was submitted by the Treasurer, Mr. J. R. Rumball, showing the financial side of the union's work this year:

Receipts.

Balance from 1909-10	\$ 608.45
Receipts from Lockers	147.50
Fees Collected	97.00
	<hr/>
	\$ 852.95
Estimated Surplus from Rink	3,100.00
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	\$3,952.95

Expenditures.

Building and Grounds	\$ 400.36
Current Athletics	210.95
Medical Attendance	108.46
Miscellaneous	55.00
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	\$ 774.77
Total Receipts	\$3,952.95
Total Expenditures	774.77
	<hr/>
	\$3,178.18
Loan	250.00
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	\$3,428.18

"Colors" for Victoria

At the regular meeting of the Athletic Union a motion made by F. G. Livingstone and seconded by A. E. McCulloch and unanimously carried provided that the Victoria Athletic Executive should grant colors to the members of inter-faculty championship teams who are considered worthy of the same.

The new "V" will be characteristic of the college in both design and colors. The Victoria crest forms the centre of the

emblem, and a large "V," harmonizing in size, shape and color, makes a fitting border. The colors used are to be red on a yellow background, and although some of the details are not yet completed a rough idea of the new initial may be gained from the present university "T."

This movement towards a college athletic initial is contemporaneous with those of Junior School and University College. Provision has been made by the Victoria Union for the granting of V's to last year's champions in rugby, soccer and hockey, as well as to the soccer champions of '08. Such a step will not only be a recognition of the merits of men who have made possible a prestige for the new letter, but will at once establish an incentive to further athletic achievements in subsequent years.



The following conversation of two Vic. freshmen was recently overheard in a crowded car:

"Say," he began. "you know I told you I had a joke to tell you?"

"Yes," answered his companion, "are you going to tell me now?"

"Well, it is about a girl I met this summer. You know she's been asking me to come over and see her, but I never went until the other night. I didn't want to go, for I'd been up late the two nights before, but I went anyway. They live in a great big house, and the room they took me into was so cluttered with stuff I was sure I'd fall over something. But I didn't and got down safely in a big Morris chair. Jove, it was so soft, it was like a bed. But she's a kind of doll girl and I didn't know what to do, so I asked her to play. She started off on some ragtime and then finally switched on to some dreamy kind of thing. The next thing I knew I woke up, found I was all alone and the lights turned down. When I looked at my watch, guess what time it was? A quarter after ten, and I went there at eight. I just got my hat and coat and put. I haven't heard a thing from her since."

The officers for the Women's Literary Society for 1911-12 are: Honorary President, Mrs. Rowell; President, Miss E. Matthews ('12); Vice-President, Miss Pettit ('12); Recording Secretary, Miss Bunting ('13); Corresponding Secretary, Miss Jones ('14); Critic, Miss Findlay ('12); Assistant Critic, Miss Cook ('13); Pianist, Miss Adams ('14); Literary Editor of ACTA, Miss Kelly ('12); Locals, Miss Whitney ('13); Athletic, Miss Gilroy ('13).

Freshie: "How much are sups?"

Miss Shourds ('14): "3 for 10."

Miss Kelly ('12): "When I work with my head my feet ache."

Miss Clarke ('14): "Who says there's no understanding in feet."

Senior: "I am anxiously waiting for Torontonensis to come out so as to know the people of our year. I think it ought to be called the book of revelation."

Extract from C. T's. essay on moral conditions at the Court of Elsinore: "Among the vices of the Court of Elsinore were drunkenness, card playing, insincerity, murder and dancing." (Where's your footnote?)

At Y. W. on March 14th some of the senior's gave their farewell message, but not their advice, as they deemed that dangerous to be administered in large doses. As per usual they all begged to be taken as warnings. However, we prefer to think of them as bright and guiding lights. Miss Kelly ('12) followed out the time honored custom of presenting a university pin to the President, who, after having recovered from the usual shock, dismissed the meeting. The Honorary President, Mrs. Graham, then invited the association to prolong their sweet sorrow for a social half-hour.

Scene, Queen's Park, snow falling. Wise ('13) taking great strides.

Miss Merritt ('13) (following in the foot prints): "Ha, ha, I'm following in the path of wisdom."

Friend: "How did you like Madame Butterfly?"

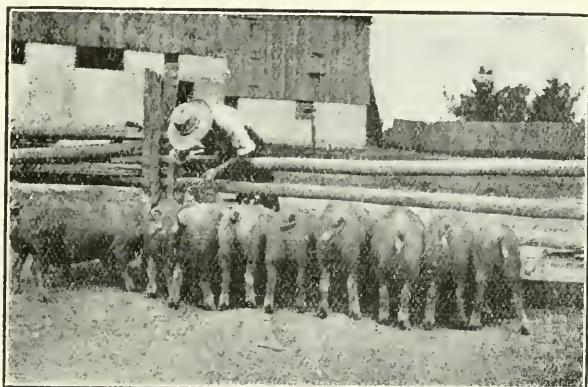
Miss Stitt ('12): "Oh, there's nothing in it; it's good."

The non-resident girls of the class 1T3 held their annual feast on St. Patrick's Day. The Ladies' Study was quite splendid in its green decorations, but especially did the ban-

quet board display the artistic touch of the college girl. In the centre was a beautiful cluster of delicately shaded green carnations, while long runners of smilax brought out the exquisite quality of the table linen and also the richness of the silverware. The place cards were perhaps the most interesting, since they were sketches of each girl drawn by the class cartoonist, Miss Stacey. But even these glories were surpassed by the sumptuousness of the repast, which was followed by toasts to the Vice-President, Miss Oldham, to the cartoonist and to the honorary guest, Miss Wilson.

Miss Barry ('12): "I'd call that a point in psychology."

Miss Scott ('14): "I don't know anything about it; I never took those World History Lectures."



THE ELYSIAN CLUB.

Miss Baker ('12): "I went for a walk and got some flowers."

Miss Ferris ('12): "I went for a walk and got something, too."

Miss Baker: "What?"

Miss Ferris: "Back."

On March 21st the nearness of the close of the college year was impressed most vividly on the minds of the women undergraduates as they listened to the words of wisdom which poured forth in an eloquent manner from the lips of the dignified seniors. They plead chiefly for more enthusiasm to be dis-

played in the college societies and activities, and more especially in the studies outside the lecture room. Miss Kelly ('12) sang the senior song, in which all the virtues of the graduating class were brought to light. The sophomores, in their usual bright and vivacious manner, sang witty little songs about each of the seniors. Miss Crawford ('11), in behalf of the girls of the senior year, presented the Literary Society with a very handsome picture, to be hung in the new (?) ladies' study. Miss Pettit ('12) gave the President, Miss Dawson, a Toronto University pin as a token of recognition of the faithfulness of her services, etc. Mrs. Parker, Honorary President, then spoke on the Evangelia Settlement Work which the Alumnae had taken up. Refreshments were then served, and before parting all gathered in the customary ring and did the Auld Lang Syne stunt.

Victoria is at last coming into her own. Some interest is at last being displayed in dramatics. It seemed quite an innovation to see a poster announcing a French play in the old library, but it was a step in the right direction. On March the 22nd this first attempt met with great success. The two comedies, "Les deux Timides" and "Le Dieu Merci," displayed both the dramatic skill of the actors and also the excellent way in which they entered into l'esprit francais. The actors in the first comedy were Miss Phelps ('13), Miss Gilroy ('13), Mr. Robertson ('14), Mr. Robins ('13), Mr. Clipperton ('14).

In the second comedy the actors were: Miss Hutton ('13), Miss Cook ('13), Miss Allison ('13) Mr. MacKenzie ('13), Mr. Bowles ('14), Mr. Murch ('13). Much praise and gratitude is due to Mr. de Champ, under whose management and direction the two plays were given.

It is with extreme satisfaction that we watch the Charles Street wing of Burwash Hall rapidly assume the shape of a building. The stone for the masonry has been arriving at the rate of two car loads per day for some time, and is now practically all on the ground. It is expected that the roof will be on the building by November. The contractors have brought a diamond saw from Scotland, and erected a plant in connection, to saw columns of stone into the desired lengths and sizes. This

may be seen in operation any day, and is exceedingly interesting.

The supply of talk always exceeds the demand—at election times.

Aspiring Vocalist: "Professor, do you think I will ever be able to do anything with my voice?"

Teacher: "Well, it might come in handy in case of fire or shipwreck."

If student democracy is to mean anything—canvassing must be eliminated.

Gems from the Impromptu Oration Contest:

"I have selected for my subject 'Hobble Skirts,' since I have information at first hand. . . And for these reasons, gentlemen, I am sure you will agree with me that hobble skirts should be discarded."—(D. E. Dean.)

"Mr. President, I have chosen for my subject 'The Canadian Navy,' on which many great men have waxed eloquent."—(H. J. Goodyear.)

"Should a Student Fuss?" This, sir, is the subject of my oration, and I must confess that I am at a loss to know what to say."—(J. R. Dymond.)

Beethoven wrote a cantata to celebrate the Treaty of Chaumont, thinking that the end of international struggle had come. Who will be kind enough to compose some wild reverie on the super-human satisfaction which will come to all sane residents of this institution when the present epidemic of ferocious canvassing has been checked?

The men of the class of 1912 were most splendidly entertained by the ladies of the year at Annesley Hall on St. Patrick's Day. The evening was pleasantly spent in what college girls would call "stunts," and everyone was thoroughly introduced to every other member of the class. Supper was daintily served in the library, after which all withdrew to the music room for a rousing series of college songs. The men, on depart-

ing, found that the fairy fingers on fleeting ghosts (alias freshettes) had in good Irish style decorated each plain chapeau almost beyond recognition.

We hear the president elect of the Y. M. C. A. has turned reporter to the country newspapers, contributing the following to the *Jarvis Record*: "Last week the student body of Victoria University elected Howard L. Roberts President of the Y. M. C. A. This is the highest honor that the students can confer upon any of its members." With the necessary grammatical corrections, the journalistic attempt is commendable.

On March 15th the fourth year held its last class meeting of the college course for the purpose of electing its permanent officers. Professor Blewett was elected Honorary President. The following who have served the class faithfully for four years in obtaining honors for the year of nineteen eleven were elected as permanent officers of the class: President, E. J. Pratt; First Vice-President, Miss L. Denton; Secretary-Treasurer, F. J. Livingston.

Between acts—

General comment: "Why, Andy Wise is here and wasn't late." !!!

Miss Clinkscale ('12) (whose view was obstructed by a high coiffure): "I wish that woman hadn't put so much soda in her buns."

Une réponse—

"Words cannot express my delight in being able to accept your kind invitation for Friday evening to the renowned residence, Annesley Hall, to be surrounded by the exhilarating, intoxicating influences and the charming, entrancing countenances of the 'Fair Ones' of the class of 1T2."

On the invitations sent by the girls of 1T2, one corner read H. J. V. P. and the other R. S. V. P. One junior in distraction: "H. J. V. P., that's Hally Johnston, Vice-President, but I'll be hanged if I know who R. S. V. P. is."





OUR GIRLS—1911.

Acta Victoriana



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The History of One T One

B. H. ROBINSON, '11.

With your permission, fellow students, I will further review the valorous exploits of the class of '11, following the traditions. For all men should keep these exploits in mind forever, celebrating them in song, speaking of them in maxims, honoring them on every possible occasion, and instructing the Freshmen by the deeds of the Seniors.

Though it be thought a thing almost incredible among you, be it known the seniors were the freshmen of 1907-08. They were originally children of the gods, holding delightful converse with their divine parents, where the young men practised wondrous feats of physical and mental strength, and the women pursued the finer arts of music and painting, or arranging in accordance with their natures some new adornments for their divine persons. Having here attained such wondrous skill in all the arts and sciences as were known in that ethereal realm, they brought no little consternation to the gods and goddesses, who, despairing of further instructing them and fearing lest these men and women should weary of their guardianship, began to look about for some new fountain of knowledge from which these divine children might satisfy their intellectual thirst. Embassies were at once sent out, who, after a most exhaustive investigation of all the institutions of learning in the heavens above and in the earth beneath and in the waters under the earth, returned bearing branches of a certain tree designated the Maple, which they had reason to think was properly the tree of knowledge. This they had found in a lovely forest of the planet called Earth, which forest was said to belong to a former and much beloved queen of that country, and near the border of which they had

found the original fountain of all truth. The leaves which they brought back were still fresh and green, but later in the season turned to a brilliant crimson and gold, like that which one sees in the western sky when the sun is setting behind some fleecy cloud. When the leaves next turn to gold, reported the ambassadors, the children of the gods might come and drink of the wonderful fountain. Here they would be permitted to remain for several years, returning to their homes only in the hot, dry seasons when the attendants of the fountain usually went abroad to learn some new German phrases with which to delight their pupils or others rested beside the beautiful lakes and rivers which were found in abundance in that country. So when it was noticed by the divine almanacmakers that leaves of the trees of earth were turning to gold, and the fountains were once again sending forth their crystal streams, did the children prepare to go. Tenderly then the divine youths and maidens embraced their god-like parents, and having mounted their cloud-like chariots they descended to Earth. Thus did the members of Onety-One voluntarily abandon their first estate and come down to Earth in the likeness of men and women.

But no sooner had these children of the gods arrived at the fountain, which in the language of a very learned and ancient people of the earth was called an academy, than they learned that comparatively all privileges had been abrogated to themselves by a horde of barbarians, which in the previous year had come from some unknown country any information concerning which the priests of the academy had been unable even by means of the oracles to discover. They were also informed that they themselves, in accordance with the custom of academy, would be forced to undergo a refined but excruciatingly painful form of torture, affectionately termed the "Bob." This torture they learned usually took the form of a public entertainment, which was attended by many of the more intellectual class of the village near which the fountain was situated, who applauded the performance most vigorously and appeared mightily amused at the frantic efforts of the wretched victims. Then these divine freshmen, as they soon came to be called, were informed that on account of their distinguished and god-like parentage, they would be expected to sing during the evening some of their divine melodies, which very many mortals were especially de-

sirous to hear. Accordingly, it was decided, Oh, fellow students, that the divine youth should congregate at some appointed place, somewhat removed from the residential portion of the city, and there practise such songs as might be suitable to the capacities of their hearers, and such as those of their numbers most skilled in the art of making verses might compose. They were also instructed to prepare, what in the language of the academy was called a yell, which consisted of a certain irregular combination of unintelligible sound, the utterance of which seem to arouse the greatest satisfaction and enthusiasm of most of the students upon the slightest provocation. All these things did the children of the gods, in accordance with the customs of mortals.

And so it came to pass that on the night of the entertainment that these divine youths and maidens, having met at an appointed place, marched in order to the great hall of the academy where the performance was to be given. Here they found, however, that all their previous fears had been groundless, since the above-mentioned barbarians, altogether overcome by the greatness of our numbers and the splendor of our appearance, seemed at a great loss as to the manner in which they should proceed. Then it was that the generous spirit of our men and women showed itself exceedingly, for when the barbarians could not thus proceed, owing to a mental aberration caused by too intently gazing upon the brightness of our persons, we at once, with the assistance of a very crude musical instrument, not unlike that used by our divine ancestors in their most primitive period, lifted up our voices and filled the halls with our divine melody. Thereupon the students and other mortals present evinced the greatest possible satisfaction, which they indicated by bringing the anterior portions of their hands together many times in rapid succession, and waving in the air small portions of white, silk or linen which they always carried about with them, for what purpose we for a time were at a loss to understand.

But the barbarians, as soon as they had somewhat recovered from their first bewilderment and their vision somewhat accustomed to the glory of our divine persons, continued a series of skirmishes upon the rear of our party. Accordingly, when in the tenth month of that year, about the second and twentieth day, we again, in accordance with the customs of the academy, pro-

ceeded to tender receptions to the students and teachers thereof; certain of their numbers did attempt to surreptitiously gain possession of certain of our vessels containing a very sweet and delicious frozen mixture of which the natives seemed very fond. The fondness of the barbarians for this mixture was most notorious around the academy, and was the source of no little fear to the medical attendants, who secretly informed us that they had reason to believe that in the country from which these barbarians had come, owing to the climatic conditions, and the impossibility of securing even artificial ice, this mixture was an impossible preparation. However, failing in this, our enemies straightway concocted a scheme whereby they captured our president and detained him for some little time, which caused us no small amount of consternation, inasmuch as he was expected to deliver the address of the evening, which address he had secreted upon his person when so unlawfully detained. But in order to set forth the valor and the swiftness with which our men were accustomed to avenge the slightest injury, be it known that next morning, promptly as the village clock was striking the tenth hour, we met these same barbarians in the basement and several other places, and in a fierce struggle that followed administered such an overwhelming defeat that the High Priest of the Academy, whose missionary sympathies are everywhere recognized, had to intercede with our enraged foemen, in order that further annihilation might not proceed.

Toward the close of the winter season, our class, having decided to take over the Bob for the next year, proceeded to hold the election of a special committee for this work, on the third day of the third month, it being the 1908th year of the Christian era. And while these elections were in progress, we were again attacked by the barbarians, who, by means of some infernal machine, containing some diabolical mixture, upon which they had placed flaming coals stolen from the sacred fire in the bowels of the earth, did completely fill the forum with dense clouds of sulphurous smoke, causing us exceeding great discomfort, and compelling us to complete the elections elsewhere. Again was the blood of our foemen aroused to such an extent that another fierce battle followed next morning, in a cave underneath the academy, when the greater portion of their number were completely overcome by our superior strength, and sev-

eral of their numbers compelled to bow the knee to the great deity, Neptune, who generously sprinkled the hair and faces with cooling liquid.

After spending the summer season with our divine parents, sipping the nectar of the gods, and thus nourishing our strength for the duties of the second year, we returned in the autumn to take up the responsibilities which were being rapidly handed over to us by the rest of the college, who, recognizing our divine origin and god-like qualities, saw that it was fitting that we should be given the greater part of control. Here it was that the valor of our men, and the ingenuity of our women were put to their severest tests, for upon us at this time there fell the most serious task of initiating into the manners of the academy such an undisciplined horde of freshmen as had never been heard of in the history of any country or any people. Well was it for the academy that it had in our men and women at this time sufficient courage and skill to meet this inroad. As it was, even the peace of the institution was indeed seriously threatened. Night watchmen, the bravest of our men, and those most skilled in physical prowess, were stationed upon the campus hard by the gymnasium, in order to keep these unregulated hordes from destroying the sacred property. But with all this precaution one of the places of exercise was completely disfigured by the application of a red and green mixture, which, when it hardens, absolutely defies all attempts of effacement. Not satisfied with this, the marauders continued their work of desecration upon the walk leading up to the academy itself, and even dared to place their unholy marks upon the sacred eastern entrance, which has remained closed even unto this day. The training of these hordes was the work which our men and women took upon themselves to do, and so valiantly did they undertake this task, and so faithfully did they pursue this most difficult undertaking, and with such skill and firmness did they discipline these hitherto untrained savages, that within three weeks they succeeded in getting them started upon a course of development, which has resulted in such a splendidly organized and regulated body of students, which our keen sense of impartiality and natural modesty compels us to admit is only surpassed by ourselves.

In the sixth month of the third year of our sojourn among mortals, it was proposed that our class indulge in a sleighing

party, which, interpreted, means a body of three score or more persons with very cold feet, and unusually developed vocal organs, seated around the interior of an oblong box, which, when mounted upon runners and attached to a pair of spirited steeds, glides very easily over the snow, which for several months of the year covers the ground in that country. This special expedition took place to another village some thirty leagues distance, which drive offered both youths and maidens opportunity of becoming exceedingly merry, and of performing acts which, in the vocabulary of the academy, were commonly called "stunts." After delighting an audience of some three score and ten persons with song and other forms of entertainment, they were served a repast, suitable for the children of the gods, by the kindly-disposed and long-suffering villagers, after which they returned to the academy.

One of the duties of our men and women during this same year was the preparation of a great feast, for the previously mentioned barbarians, who, after passing out of their sophomore year, became marked by much gentler manners and kindlier spirits, and withal such wonderful dignity that by the time of their graduation we had come to love them exceedingly, inasmuch as we were loath indeed to see them depart. The feast we have but time to briefly mention, was entirely successful, the dinner being the shortest, and the speeches the longest and driest for years. Thus, in so splendid a manner was the ability and greatness of our class shown in our third year. Then coming to our final year, we shall recount but one incident which will serve to show with what zeal and energy our men and women prosecute the development of their social natures. For just one year after the previously-mentioned sleighing party, it being the eve of St. Valentine, another similar expedition was planned and carried out with even greater brilliancy, and considerably more noise than the first. When we had driven for about the space of two hours, about the eastern and northern extremity of the village, and our trusty charioteers had guided us through all the public thoroughfare north of great transcontinental railway, we returned to an underground apartment of the college, and there spent the remainder of the evening in games and music. This entertainment, closing with the usual distribution of angel food, concluded one of the happiest social incidents of our aca-

demic career. Thus did the children of the gods amuse themselves while upon the earth.

But, fellow students, we must speak most briefly, as we have hitherto insisted concerning some other accomplishments of this wonderful class. So great indeed has been the wonderful mental cunning of our men and women, that the authorities of the university have been compelled to institute more scholarships. And all the goldsmiths and silversmiths of the world have not been sufficient to prepare medals adequate to the ability of this class. So great is the ability of this class, that even among the wise men of the university it is admitted from the least unto the greatest of our men and women, that there has been none like unto them in all the regions of the earth. And never in the history of the academy was such glory gained, as that of capturing the Debating Shield, until a company of six men, three of whom belonged to our class, launched into the deep and rescued it from the sea pirates of McMaster.

Then we must speak briefly of the physical prowess of our men. Upon the campus our men have such superiority in every test of strength that all others have been easily outdistanced. This indeed was shown in our very first year, when our men, not only won the championship in association football, but valiantly contested with '08 for first place in hockey. Then, again in our third, the laurels of victory in this latter sport were denied us, because weather conditions did not permit a final test of strength with our very notable adversaries, the men of '13. Then in this same year, when our academy returned from a most successful silverware expedition, it was seen that our men of god-like stature always led the way. Some of our men have won great fame in distant cities, and a number of them have even ventured beyond the borders of civilization into the country of an exceeding eccentric but probably mythical personage called Uncle Sam. At present, one of our members is manager of the Lacrosse Host that every summer makes such an expedition. In all these have our men won great fame, both for themselves and for the academy, and never in the history of our academy whatsoever have such notable victories been won as in our own since this coming of Onety-One. Thus concludeth the great and wonderful history of men and women of Onety-One—who were originally children of the gods.

Chronicles of 1911

E. G. GIBSON, '11.

The greater part of those who ere now have spoken in this place have been accustomed to praise the man who introduced this oration into the law for graduating classes, considering it a right that those who have endured four years of the student's awful grind should have their prowess and hidden virtues fully revealed before they pass the way of all graduates. To me, however, it would have appeared sufficient that when a class had shown itself brave by deeds, its honors also should be displayed by deeds—as you will soon see in the case of the festival shortly to be held—and not that the virtues of many should be perilled in one individual for credit to be given him as he expresses himself well or ill. For it is difficult to speak with propriety on a subject on which even the impression of one's truthfulness is with difficulty established. For the hearer who is acquainted with the facts and kindly disposed towards those who performed them might perhaps think them somewhat imperfectly set forth compared with what he both wishes and knows; while he who is unacquainted with them might think that some points were even exaggerated, being led to this conclusion by envy, should he hear anything surpassing his own natural powers. For praises spoken of others are only endured so far as each one thinks himself also capable of doing any one of the things he hears, but that which exceeds their own capacity men at once envy and disbelieve. Since, however, our predecessors judged this to be a right custom, I, too, in obedience to the law, must endeavor to meet the wishes and views of everyone so far as possible.

It is my task then duly to set forth the prowess and achievement, the weal and woe of the class of 1911, or at least in some humble fashion to assist in such an effort by revealing such events in history as the innocent and simple-minded modern co-ed may most appreciate and therefrom imbibe certain eloquent truths.

In the fall of the year 1907, among the overpowering numbers of the Freshman class were a goodly number of ambitious Freshettes. Now the history of any nation, or of any class, is uninteresting if such history fail to trace throughout the development of certain prominent characteristics of its subject. Mere

events are idle, but may be productive of interest if considered in a reflective mood. That you may not put too great a strain upon your interest, I would ask you to trace with me the development of the class of 1911. Dignity of a superior order was the first of their many claims to excellence that the happy Freshette could not but reveal. This distinguishing feature in the very task of registration soon made itself apparent to one and all, so that it was only their unobservant eyes the sophomore class of that year had to blame for the denouement of the first three weeks. Needless to say, the usual petty tricks were played upon the unsuspecting Freshettes, but each met with a calm, dignified acceptance, followed by a no less dignified revenge. But one night the III year girls planned their final degradation, namely, a Baby Party for the dignified Freshettes of 1911. You can imagine the eagerness with which the aggressive spirits of 1910 met the ten Freshettes who, garbed in white with floating curls and gay teddy bears dangling from bright-hued ribands, descended to the gymnasium to afford amusement to the twelve older students. Disguising their inevitable boredom at such juvenile sports as "ring-around-a-rosy" and various other games provided for the evening's entertainment, the Freshettes gambolled as children should and professed themselves delighted with the refreshments of bread and milk, fruit and toffee-on-a-stick, which the labor-saving II year had provided.

Compare such a form of entertainment with that offered the following year to the girls of 1912. No Baby Party displayed the affection of the Sophettes of 1911 for their younger classmates. In the same gymnasium, which a year before had witnessed a juvenile assembly, the unruly Freshettes were summonsed to appear before a most dignified tribunal. A judge, in gown and wig, from her lofty seat on a dais at the end of the gymnasium, in a voice trembling with age and various other things, arraigned each frightened Freshie for certain heinous crimes laid to her charge. Irreverence to her seniors was most severely dealt with, tendencies to a display of youthful spirit were sternly reprimanded, and revolutionary conspiracies crushed with prodigious penalties. All the appurtenances of the court room were there to maintain the lofty standard of dignity, from the stately judge to the stern-faced policeman in gymnasium suit, carrying a massive club with which to keep

order among the unruly prisoners, to the court crier who shrieked Oyez—Oyez—Oyez—in quite the approved fashion of the court room. But note again. No regal repast of bread and milk crowned the ceremonial burying of the hatchet between I and II years when 1911 was a sophomore class. A stately banquet waited all at the further end of the gymnasium when the penalties of the criminal assize court were paid. Then, with due regard to form and ceremony, the banquet was enjoyed by all, then toasts to country, college and various other institutions. A further surprise for the 1st year were proposed by unafrighted sophettes and responded to in wavering tones by trembling Freshies. Such were the effective methods used by the Sophettes of Onety-One for inspiring in the young a due sense of respect for older class mates. In their third year, the spirit of dignity which had characterized their every action was further enhanced by a spirit of aggressiveness. While other years celebrated Hallowe'en, with stunts calculated to amuse rather than to educate, the class of 1911, with matchless daring, undertook to reveal to class-mates as well as the subjects of the sketch themselves. The Faculty of Residence—"as others see them." The unity was complete—no official lacking and no characteristic lacking to any official in way of costume, gesture, tones or facial expression from the Reverend Dean to the invaluable janitor and Paddy of tuneful voice.

To what heights the dignity of such a class as Seniors could attain, what need to speak with living examples all about you.

But not only their innate dignity has the course of this honorable class revealed. Trustfulness and simplicity were, too, very marked among their numerous assets. In proof of this, note first the attempt of two maidens who trustfully followed certain sophomore directions only to find themselves endeavoring to join the ranks of the divinity students by registering at Wycliffe. O sweet trustfulness of youth! Again, another member of that class, since illustrious in the agony of a first party call, left her conversat ticket instead of her carefully prepared card. What more beautiful instance of simplicity, unless it be that of the Freshette who combined both these virtues—one might say to almost an alarming extent—and desired to deliver not only her class-mates, but the University Registrar himself from the consequences of a terrible mistake, so 'phoned him that of the

terrible list of seven examinations in all for the 1st year modern student, two came on the same day, one in the morning, one in the afternoon. Would he please see that better arrangements should be made.

Again among their hidden virtues now at last to be revealed, are those of meekness and fortitude. Of the latter it would be unnecessary to state specific instances, since never did they shrink from any arduous task, whether it was to discipline the young Freshette or to carry their share of the college burden. In the first year it was decided that the duty of creating a little excitement for the morning of the first of April should devolve upon the Freshettes. Two in particular, with peculiar zeal and fortitude, volunteered "to be the goats." It was a little difficult to think of anything startlingly new, but one or two minor stunts of that night's programme are worthy of mention. Alarm clocks were stationed outside the rooms of eminent sophomores, set to go off promptly at 3 a.m. The alarm clocks did go off, but, alas, doors are thick, and only the two harmless Freshies awoke from slumber at 3 a.m. At six again the same two maids stole softly down and enlivened the halls with the familiar sound of the rising gong. Again at 6.30 the gong pealed forth, and weary seniors and tired juniors and lazy sophomores rose and dressed in haste, only to find an hour at their disposal before breakfast should appear. Then were clocks consulted, and the puzzled matron questioned the maids, but all to no avail. No explanation was forthcoming, for, with becoming meekness, the Freshies all were silent. Truly this is but one instance of many in which the illustrious class of Onety-One have made clear the truth of that oft-quoted proverb, "The meek shall inherit the earth."

One spring, too, the girls of 1911 demonstrated "their little taking 'way'" when five of their number, despite early morning walks and like precaution, took the measles, and proceeded to the infirmary to enjoy the same. After a week's pleasant rest, the quintette emerged again to tell of the plenty they had enjoyed, and to make the hearts of the less lucky yearn with envy, as they told of games and candy and all manner of treats and most pleasing feature—no books.

The co-eds of 1911, too, have developed a certain poise of character and carefully temper work with play. At various intervals during the course, a little picnic or some such form of

recreation commended itself to them. So three times, when examination cares were over or nearly so, the Toronto ferry boat deposited what was left of a once lively class of girls at Centre Island, there to disport themselves by the side of the sad sea waves. That island might tell of picnics devoured with appetites unimpaired by months of hard labor and cramming, of rides on the merry-go-round, and of the tell-tale register of weighing machines.

But now just a word of various achievements in the field of literature and art. What has the class of 1911 done to distinguish their Alma Mater in the eyes of the world? For two successive years various members upheld the honor of their class in the Oration Contest, setting forth on one occasion "The Value of An Ideal," but here the palm of victory was gracefully yielded to a philosophical junior. The following year the subject of "Originality" called forth the rare oratorical ability of our competitors, and 1911 were proud to own the winner of this Oration contest as one of themselves. In their second year, too, their irrefutable logic and persuasive eloquence succeeding in making the class of 1911 first to be engraved on the shield, the debating trophy presented to the Women's Literary Society that year.

But in poetry, too, our class excelled, as can be proved by a brief review of their work during the four years. Poetical efforts were first directed toward the Anti-Bob songs of 1907, and the self-confidence of the incoming Freshmen breaks forth in an effusion to the tune of "Somebody's Waiting For You." Let me quote a few lines:

" In Toronto, a town of both fame and renown,
There's a college whose praises are known;
In its halls there's a class, that in days yet to pass,
Will be known as the Onety-One.
As this class enters in, there is heard a great din,
While the sophomores sing to their praise;
If you'll listen a while we will tell you in style,
Just what is the song that they raise.

" First Year Victoria's welcoming you, you, you,
Welcome, wealth and success always wait for the true.
Surely there's nothing important that you cannot do,
First year Victoria's welcoming you, you, you."

The same poetic muse which inspired this lay was not lacking when Senior Dinner called for other displays of this branch of art, but easily adapted itself to such classic airs as "Bluebell," "School Days," "Honeymoon," "Lindy," "By the Light of the Moon" and numerous others. Although the seniors received all that they could expect in the way of eulogy from the Freshman class, the spirit of the poetry of this period was a little more vindictive in spirit than that quoted above, being directed rather toward revealing certain sophomore failings. For this style of the poetry the novel air of "Dear Old Georgia" was considered eminently suitable, with the following result:

"Whene'er the sophs begin to tell the great things they can do,
When onety-naught they shout with songs of joy,
Just ask them kindly to explain a thing that's strange to you,
Why onety-one no longer they annoy.
There's just a little story they'd rather we'd not tell,
About a scrap where tapping was the rule;
'Twas published in the papers that eight big sophies fell,
And someone says the water wasn't cool."

"In dear Victoria, our college home,
'Twas there we met them and made them moan,
Out on the campus we held our own,
In dear Victoria, our college home."

In the second year the high standard of poetic excellence attained by the poets of onety-one surely needs no other examples to prove its worth than the dainty and distinctive lyric for which the chorus of the Bob song of that year is famous:

"It's the same little Freshette,
Yet perennially new,
With the same inward longing
That the floor would let her through.
Yet think twice ere you wish it,
For whatever would we do,
But leave our cosey corners
And all go to."

In the third year the class of onety-naught again became the subject of our song, but this time no trace of that vindictive spirit of earlier years remained. The course of time had revealed the virtues in former days unnoted in the lives of our old enemies, so onety-one was glad to eulogize in fitting terms the seniors of onety-naught. This time the old-time melodies of "Old Grey Bonnet" and "Irish Eyes of Blue" bore up nobly under the strain of about sixty eulogies to as many reverend seniors. On this same occasion, too, was sung for the first time that grand effusion, which placed us at once on the pinnacle of fame as masters of poetic writing, and which still expresses the sentiments of all true onety-ones as the hour of graduation approaches.

"Victoria, the hope of the nation,
The boast of all true student hearts;
The mother of broad education,
The home and the centre of 'Arts.'
Bright memories of glory surround thee,
Undimmed by the wear of each age;
And spirits have sprung up around thee,
Whose fame will stamp history's page.

"From thy care there go out with thy blessing
Thy children so faithfully led:
In paths which through knowledge progressing.
Lead on to the great fountain head.
We pledge thee our loyal devotion,
In manhood that woke at the sound
Of thy name, stirring heartfelt emotion,
And called out the treasure profound.

"Thou inspirest thy sons with ambition
To serve, as the true noble aim,
Of existence and with thy tradition,
To play for the love of the game.
May honor and glory attend thee,
Throughout thine own future sublime,
And truth's mighty powers defend thee,
Unsullied by changes of time."

College Echoes

I roamed about the College grounds,
And viewed the vine-clad walls;
I heard the old familiar sounds
That echoed through the halls.

I saw the boys of ev'ry year
Go bounding out the door;
I fancied too that I could hear
The Glee Club sing once more.

I saw again those Princely Profs,
Who filled me with their lore,
And Seniors, Juniors, Freshes and Sophs,
With Theologs galore.

What rising floods of rapturous joys
Bring Spring-tide to my soul,
When I recall the dear old boys
With whom I used to stroll.

Oh! can I e'er forget those days
When, in my mental dawn,
New truths broke through the misty haze
And lured my spirit on?

It was the time when nebulae
Moved toward the naked eye,
From which new stars of first degree
Rose in my mental sky.

But I'll not stop to fret or pine
For days and scenes long past;
I'll just entwine the myrtle-vine
Around my heart-ship's mast.

Once more I hear Doc Wilson's keys,
As Snider rings the bell;
While Father Jones takes in the fees,
Brown gives the College Yell.

Out on the alley-board, McCall
 Is in his usual scrap;
 While Langford kicks the old foot-ball
 In Doctor Nelles' lap.

Good Burwash says—"the psychic thought
 Is argued by Descartes;"
 And Bell claims—"French and German ought
 To have more place in Art."

"Here George, I want another jar,"
 Is Haanel's old-time call,
 Again I hear the prompt—"yes sar,"
 Come ringing down the hall.

Professor Bain thinks—"a plus b
 Won't factor out that surd,"
 And Reynar says—"Ah! let me see!
 I've just forgot the word."

O drat that bell! there goes my phone;
 But what does all this mean?
 I'd give most all I'll ever own
 To recreate that scene.

Alas! those days are long gone by;
 We're getting old, they say,
 But all those testimonies lie;
 We're younger ev'ry day.

For though we see not each dear face,
 These mem'ries fresher grow:
 We hold our mates in love's embrace,
 As seasons come and go.

We're scattered up and down the land,
 Some great, some less, but all
 Now form one undivided band,
 And fondly we recall—

The College bell, the Chapel prayer,
The portraits on the wall,
We're neither Fresh nor Soph in there,
Nor in Alumni Hall.

HAMILTON WIGLE, '89.

Amherst, Nova Scotia, March 31, '11.



THE RUMS,
who were the big splash of the U. L. S., Spring Term, 1911.

The Saddest Thing I Ever Knew

Having been importuned by a representative of ACTA to write a little narrative of the saddest thing that ever fell under my observation, I shall tell the story of one Theodore Silo, who was not many years ago the most miserable man in all the world. That is, no one anywhere at that time was in such terrible need of something he might not have which still was essential to life and happiness. A hasty person might jump to the conclusion that Silo was without money, but this is not a wise, second thought. The most miserable man in the world is always one of the rich. For misery comes of lacking something indispensable to happiness, and the rich man's misery is always greater than his poor brother's, by his chagrin at being unable to obtain his great desire by means of wealth. Therefore, we may assume that our Theodore was wealthy, and I can assure you that such was the fact. The business to which his energies had been devoted brought him sufficient gold to satisfy either a miser's greed or an American's ambition, but each influx of dividends failed to bring a decrease of his unhappiness.

What then did he lack? Not hair on his head, for this is hardly essential to happiness, and we said he lacked something essential to life and happiness. He lacked flesh. He was emaciated to such an extreme that to call him a spare man would have been gross and obvious flattery; and to say he was thin a falsehood. He was more than thin; he was meagre and so hideous that his life was a tragedy to himself and his family and a comedy to the frivolously-minded about him. It is needless to say that he made every effort to be cured, and spent money freely in the quest of flesh. He took the air cure, the water cure, and the travel cure; he went to the sea, to the mountains and to hot springs. He gave up the doctors and went to the quacks and then to the doctors again. But money will not buy health, although it may pay for advice, and no benefits flowed from Silo's expenditures except to the advisers and the railroads. At last, after exhausting all human aid, both scientific and otherwise, he reached the extremity of misery for the time being and abandoned what little was left him of good nature and patience. One day he struck fiercely with his gaunt arm at an old friend who had such bad judgment as to suggest a massage treatment,

and at any time he would be so incensed by the sight of a weighing machine in a railway depot or other public place that to relieve his feelings he must discharge an employee. Yet the worst of all was the pain of being pitied by poor people. To be rich and afflicted, and pitied by the poor was a pain for which he found there was no balm.

No one is capable of picturing to his imagination or of describing for others the agonies of Silo's mind as the last sad scene of his tragic career approached its close, but a sudden turn of fortune saved him from its supreme terrors. One morning, while listlessly perusing the morning paper, he chanced to read of a German scientist who, in trying to isolate the germ of cancer, had discovered quite another that caused every creature inoculated with it to increase prodigiously in flesh. In other words, he had discovered the secret of getting fat. Our miserable millionaire, without delay, offered an enormous sum by cable for an immediate supply of the precious serum, and, speeding to New York by special train, he waited with a stolid patience faintly illuminated by the rays of a last hope while the tiny tubes raced slowly across the ocean on the fastest vessel afloat.

Thus, while any moneyless man would have been facing the approach of death with comfortable resignation, this rich unhappy, because of his unlimited means, was enduring the agony of a dubious expectation. Even after the material had arrived and inoculation had been duly performed, his hopes were subjected to a distressing but unavoidable postponement. It was full three weeks before the period of incubation was passed, and his private physician was able to report that not only had the process of emaciation been checked in now its last stage, but a full ounce and a half had been added to his weight. Then the world was treated to the sight of a man boundlessly rich, smiling persistently at every one he met and grasping the hand of every astonished friend with a request for congratulations on his increase of flesh. Things that before had tortured him now added to his foolishness, and not only did he keep a pocket full of pennies that he might try his weight on every convenient machine, but he even thought of resorting to the massage treatment, although he was no more fit for the hands of the *masseur* than when he had considered the suggestion of it an insult.

However, we set out to tell, not of his follies, but of his misery, and this was presently to return enhanced to a degree and in a way that no one had ever anticipated. With the success of the new treatment Silo grew heavier and happier every day, until, at the end of six months, he had reached a size and shape appropriate to his height and frame, but, to his disappointment at first, and afterwards his dismay, there was no abatement of the increase that, up to a certain stage, had been his delight. In a few weeks he became a giant, and the new condition proved worse than the former. The sight of a weighing machine became hateful again, and his irascibility returned. One day he made a particular show of himself, when, at the exhibition, the man guarding the turnstile said to him courteously but firmly: "Enter by the carriage way, if you please." Losing his temper, he struck impotently at the innocent official with his clenched fist, for by this time he had grown so stout that only with difficulty could he reach a match in a safe hanging on the wall, much less strike a foe. Regular amusement he afforded to the public by his every appearance. He could no longer enter by the door of any public conveyance, and filled the whole rear seat of his own enormous touring car.

Of course he had again consulted the German scientist who discovered the bacillus, but no comfort came from the consultation. Dr. Entdeeker, for such was his name, said that persistence of growth was to be expected: he had the same experience with guinea pigs, of which the first to be inoculated quadrupled their size before being killed, and an old horse used in his experiments had died of obesity after three months. The growth itself was subject to the first law of motion and continued until it was stopped by an adequate opposing force, which, in this case, would be the germ of antifat; this he was seeking to discover, but bacteriologists, it must be remembered, work largely in the dark, and the successful isolation and identification of a given germ might reward a patient investigation running through many years, and might occur by chance at any time in any busy bacteriological laboratory. He reminded the American that he had offered no guarantee and sold the serum for use only at the risk of the purchaser.

Theodore Silo was once more the most miserable man in all the world. He had been willing to give all he possessed to regain

his flesh, and his offer had been taken by the gods, if I may use an archaic phrase, and now he had the fatty touch: everything he ate turned to fat, and his misery was as the misery of Midas. Yet no god appeared to answer his counterprayer. He grew bigger and bigger. Every week he must go to be measured for a new suit of clothes, but this was a small matter for a man of his wealth, and no mere matter of money now gave him any concern. A most terrible fear had seized him, and one thought alone possessed his waking hours. Even the public pity ceased to trouble him. He feared he would burst. Clothes you may cast aside, but your skin is part of you. It is adaptable, we readily admit, and will fold upon itself indefinitely as you grow thinner, but there is a limit to its stretching. Silo was now nearing the limit, and his present misery was greater than the former by the measure of the terror of death by bursting.

This end it was beyond his power to avert or postpone, and he proceeded to meet it with fortitude. When the day arrived that he believed would be his last, he took leave of his dear wife, who would fain have thrown her arms about his neck, and retired to a secluded and remote part of his spacious gardens, both to be alone and to spare his household the pain of witnessing or hearing his dissolution. There he seated himself in a pleasant pergola, where the wind blew refreshingly, and was surprised at his own calmness. He thought with entire composure about what was about to happen, and wondered whether he would go, like the famous chaise, "all at once and nothing first," or in another way. The latter seemed more likely, because the skin is not of an even tenacity all over the body, but has its callosities caused by use and contact. Therefore, some part must be the first to give way. He hoped sincerely that the initial rip would spread more rapidly than the sensation of feeling. Thus death might after all be painless. As he reached this point in his meditation the stream of consciousness, or rather unconsciousness, was violently broken, and sitting up in bed, he found he had overslept himself to the extent of twenty minutes.

NORMAN W. DEWITT.

P.S.—This was written after reading some pseudo-scientific articles in a popular magazine. Verb. sap.—N. W. D.

Transport in North Ontario

C. P. BROWN, '10.

Gowganda's greatest drawback has been its isolation. With tumpline and canoe a prospector or hunter can travel without any exceptional difficulty throughout the north country along its innumerable waterways. But to thus portage and pack provisions for a town of fifteen hundred or upwards of population, or to ship ore in paying quantities, is impossible. Hence the different routes that have been constructed and used until superseded by the railroad.

I will deal with the actual construction of a combined waterway and wagon route. The problems that face us are of two kinds. First, to actually cut the road through the bush; secondly, to keep up to the head gangs with provisions and connections.

There may be three gangs at work, each under a foreman with its own outfit and cook. Those farthest ahead are the actual road cutters. Here, as everywhere in the bush, almost everything depends upon the foreman. The approximate route of each portage has been blazed or mapped roughly for him. His work is thus much ahead, studying the topography of the country—here is a swamp he wishes to avoid, there a ridge of rocks he is trying to dodge; again he finds, after repeated trials, that he can shorten a stretch or involve less bridging. If the woods are comparatively free from undergrowth he can get along easily, but if not it often requires two or three men to help him “blaze” the final route.

His men are divided into several smaller gangs, each with its own “boss.” Two of the best men are detailed as “trail-cutters.” They go ahead, and, following the blaze, cut a trail on each side, just the width of the road apart. Then follow the axemen. Double-bitted axes are used almost entirely. Everything that cannot be “grubbed out” easily at the time and is not more than eight or ten inches in diameter is cut four or five feet from the ground. The trees are felled away from the road, so as to save the labor of removing the brush. The logs are cut into convenient lengths for handling. These men also have grub-

hoes to use along with the axe in cutting the roots about the stump. It is remarkable how quickly a dozen or so axemen will level a swath through unbroken woods.

Following them come the teams. One can tell the nationality of the men by the names of the horses. Hear a horse called Paddy and one recognizes the brogue.

This gang clears away the logs unless they leave them where a bridge is to be constructed. They pull out the stumps with a couple of blocks and "decking lines"—long iron chains. By anchoring to a large stump, they get a good hold with the block and line and pull out all within reach, then repeat again.

This leaves the road ready for the second gang. The foreman here is right with his men all the time. His work is to construct bridges, dynamite rocks and stumps, level and grade the road. It is a pretty sight to watch a bridging gang at work. From all around in the bush come the musical calls of the "log-makers" as a tree is about to fall. Good, sound, straight timber is selected. "Trail-cutters" cut trails for the teamsters to the logs. Everything works smoothly. The horses bring out the logs. Stringers are placed lengthwise in the swampy places. Where a bridge of some height is required, they are laid alternately lengthwise and crosswise until the right height is obtained. Then the sheathing is put on and logs are laid side by side to form the familiar corduroy. A couple of "spotters" notch and level the logs so they will lie evenly. "Peavie-men" roll the logs to them. Almost instantly a stick is hauled out on the road the peavie-men seize it, it is swung out on the bridge, rolled up, notched and laid smoothly in place.

Meanwhile the grub-hoe men are hard at work. Theirs seems to be the most thankless job of all; digging out roots, levelling and filling, they are always at it. The "graders" come last. Ploughs and scrapers are their tools, cutting down the hills and filling the hollows, covering the bridges, levelling side-grades, chaining out rocks, they make the road passable. The blasters are heard every little while. Perhaps a huge rock or ledge needs shattering, or an exceptionally large stump may furnish them material.

The third gang may be found anywhere along the road. Their duty is improvements. They build docks and dams, put

up permanent camps, perhaps put in an extra bridge where it has been found necessary. One is surprised at the rapidity with which a "wedge" dam will develop in their hands. The foreman has to be a practical engineer, as all bush foremen are. He is told the approximate position and height of the dam and whether gates are needed or not. He himself decides just where and how to build it. Soon the men are in the water clearing out rocks. You think they have a week's work at this, but come back next day and you will see the large bottom timbers laid across the river with the uprights lying on them. The sheathing is then put in place. It is chinked with moss, and the base and face of the dam covered with gravel. The weight of the water holds it firm.

So much for the actual work. Let us consider the transport behind. On each portage are teams, on each lake a gasoline pointer with a scow. This means about four or five men and a cook on each portage. The number depends on the length of the road. Thus supplies are got ahead. They consist of all sorts of staple provisions, the most important being, of course, the proverbial flour, bacon and beans. But the average lumber-jack whom you find doing work of this kind has to be well fed. Good cooks are a necessity, and a good bush cook is essentially a skilful workman. He is lord of the cookery, and woe to the man who gets in his bad books.

Let us spend a day in camp. About five o'clock in the morning our tent is rudely disturbed by the chore-boy beating a tattoo on the canvas walls. Quickly crawling out, we see the men swarming down to the spring, where wash basins and soap are in vogue, then to the pole where hang the towels. Soon the horn is blown and a rush is on for plates and dishes, all of the unbreakable kind. They are piled high with bacon, beans, potatoes or porridge, according to the individual's taste. The cookee stands by a huge tea pail, capacity anywhere from ten to twelve gallons, ladling out the perpetual brew of strong green tea that has been well boiled. Take what you want and find a seat anywhere, on a stump or log perhaps, and really enjoy breakfast. Usually there is either a smudge, if it is fly season, or a fire, if it is chilly. The large steel range has simply a "fly" of canvas stretched over it, and is usually placed just in front of the cook's tent.

By five-thirty breakfast is over, and before six the men are on their way to work. Again at dinner the same is repeated. On the table one finds several kinds of cakes, pies, apple sauce, prunes, or apricots. The danger here is in eating too much, not too little, but the hard, long hours of work in the open air are an excellent cure-all. Finally six o'clock comes. Perhaps the cook or some of the men have caught fish enough to give all a "snack." Then the open fire is kindled, and pipes and jokes are the rule. Before rolling up in the blankets for the night one must smudge out the tent, that is, fill it with smoke and open the door to drive out the mosquitoes, then close it up as tightly as possible or sleep will be unknown. The mosquitoes are the pests of the night; mosquitoes, black flies and sand flies of the day. Many fly oils are used with more or less success, but—grin and bear it—with the bushman's flavoring, swear—is the usual way.

The men are usually lumber-jacks who work in the woods in the winter and often have a small farm where they spend the summer. They are fine fellows, strong and healthy, with that intensity and virility that seems inseparable from wood life. They will curse you, but don't mind; if you need a friend they will help as well. They are hard, willing workers, but only under their own foreman. Independence is carried to a fault with them. In the bush they are at their best—then they are men. It is the reaction from the loneliness that drives them to excess when they come out.

C. P. B., '10.

Acta Victoriana

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EDITORIAL

A Last Word

With this issue another year of ACTA's history closes and we leave our work to the judgment of our readers. That there is need of all possible tender mercy in passing sentence on the efforts of the year, why, who realizes this more than the perpetrators of this monthly conglomeration? To say that we have done our best would slander our latent powers, not unjustly perhaps, but too cruelly. We've blundered along from issue to issue and, wonderful to say, no one "called our bluff." All of which must be placed to the credit of the forbearance and goodwill of gentle readers. We ask you to pause with us now only just so long as it will take us to give you your just due—our sincerest thanks that you have accepted our efforts from month to month, and that, too, with a pleasant smile of approval, implicit deceit that's surely pardonable. We thank you again and again.

And we wish those upon whom our mantle of office has fallen a year of success and widening influence in college circles. Not one word of advice do we give. Our mistakes—he who runs may read (perhaps he read and ran); and these mistakes discretion will bid them avoid.

We plead, moreover, for increasingly loyal support of the magazine: first, from among the undergraduates—it should be in the hands of every student and be there because he is interested in it and not as the result of the anxious solicitation of the Business Manager; and, secondly, from among the graduates: let us through the College paper, keep in vital touch with Victoria, to whom we owe perhaps more than we think.

Oh dear! You are looking this way, our heart is all a-flutter and thoughts scatter to the four winds. Good-bye! A thousand thanks for kind words and support, and deep-felt wishes for years of pleasantness and usefulness to every one of you!

WALTER MOORHOUSE, *Business Manager*.



A Contribution

The Graduation Number has faced the day of publication in much the same condition as its seven preceding contributions to this volume—without anything that may be called an editorial. In a Utopian state of poetic justice this would be fortunate indeed, but dogma ever the foe to progress, cruelly demands that the disturbing element in some brainless editor's head exert itself to the continued torment of those so unwary as to read this worthless page. Distracted by the double torment of a bad cigarette and a Toronto sultry summer evening, the writer is driven to that lamentable attitude regularly assumed by learned doctors at class receptions and elsewhere—reminiscence.

We survey the year with evident disgust at our achievements, though we are proud to say that the Editor-in-Chief has forever taken his departure, and the faithful Business Manager now in theory assumes sole charge as was left to him in practise during the session. Regardless of our failure to achieve the great things whereunto we were called, the old world moves on much the same as ever. The pious theologian assumes his attitude of stilted superiority, proclaiming far and wide the glory of his mission: the ball games continue to appeal to the *vulgus profanum* as the only genuine literary inspiration, and without the sporting page of the daily paper reading would become a forgotten art; no great calamity has befallen the Editorial Board in body or estate

(we omit mind), and Jack Johnson goes to represent the United States at the Coronation.

The cigarette has now ceased to be, and with a slight breeze we are aroused to submit some serious suggestions for summer meditation. Each student might profitably consider what he or she has done during the past year to help the publications of this University, which are depending solely on Undergraduate support. Continually beset with missionary and social propaganda, the ordinary mortal in college is tired of the monotonous "challenge" and "call" of this, that and the other fad. The duty of the case here presented will not be urged—it does not exist; but to each it is submitted as a business proposition (another worn-out phrase) that a certain amount of literary activity "will pay."

To express the opinions (right or wrong) occupying one's mind, in clear and convincing English is an artistic achievement uniting power with satisfaction. The "motif" of any argument is not for consideration here, but rather the power to convince as itself an art. To hold an audience in breathless suspense, absorbing with open mouths every idea; to create enthusiastic conviction on the part of the auditors over a proposal which is not for a moment believed by the speaker, who in silence laughs at his worshipping applauders, is one of the rarest joys of life, the supreme triumph of existence. College journalism, though hopelessly jingoistic; and editorial boards, though selected by the "pisaller" method of the election rush with the brainless demagogue, still have "some health in them," and with them we would implore students generally to experiment. A rejected manuscript on perusal may beneficially reveal a weakness. Persistent and persevering effort are essential to proficiency in this as in any other art. The chief asset of life is satisfaction, and only those of experience can appreciate the pleasure in having finished some real literary work.

Advice is always odious and quite useless, but to persist therein beginners should not attempt to solve the fundamental problems of life, or to write a treatise on the human soul, past, present or future. We hope to hear as little as possible of these wearying questions. The joy of life is in life itself. Truly, we do not appreciate the really funny things of life, the humor of existence, till we begin to scrutinize closely the people and the things about us. The advertisements in a street car or on a bill-

board (according to ethical doctrines—very bad and from artistic standards—Oh, Horrors!) afford to the mellow cynic continual amusement. The sarcasm which life throws on itself is quite marvellous, and adds appreciation to that which is of genuine worth. Let humor, if possible, and readability at all times be a criterion for any excursion into the journalistic field, and *cæteris paribus*, the result will be a production bringing mutual satisfaction to writer and reader.

SMOKE.



Notes

A surprise is in store for you when you return to College Halls next Fall. Carpenters, plumbers and electricians have been turned loose about the place and alterations meet you everywhere. The Ladies' Study you will now find in the class-room by the new Western entrance. Professors Blewett and Bowles have fled to regions proper to Philosophy and Theology. Dr. Graham and his staff, too, have come downstairs (doubtless to be nearer the alley-board) and now occupy the Chancellor's Lecture Room, which is being parcelled out into suitable offices. The old Library Room is being transformed into a new Alumni Hall of goodly proportions. And by partitions here and there in the several offices, each professor now has his own particular sanctum and his dignity is proportionately increased. And, by no means the least of all these changes, the building is being fitted with up-to-date electric fixtures. Exit Gas!

In the meantime, while we have been waiting for copy, the elements have had a hand in changing the College building. On Monday, July 10, lightning struck and fired the main tower. A disaster was only averted by the splendid efforts of the firemen, whose prompt appearance and good work confined the flames to the tower roof. The professors were there, too, with timely assistance. Other than the destruction of the tower roof no harm was done—contrary to most newspaper reports. The offices immediately below had been vacated sometime before, and practically all their contents were out of harm's way.

We are tempted to put down here in black and white the achievements of the class of '11 at the Finals last May. Out of a class of some 76, not one lost their examination outright, only four were distinguished by stars, while the great balance won the coveted degree. In the different courses we must single out the boisterous B. and P. for a particular pat: of the half dozen or so in First Class Honors all were Vic. men. Classics, too, (bless 'em), were scarcely a second to this record. And dry Philosophy (in a moment of abstraction, of course) took unto themselves everything in sight, with R. B. Liddy setting an extremely bad example. But of those who won individual distinction C. W. Stanley stands alone. ACTA adds her congratulations for honors so splendidly won and so becomingly worn. We must not forget to place on this roll of honor the names of Miss H. I. Dafeo, F. C. Ashbury and, of those intellectual twins, A. E. McCulloch and L. M. Rice, all of whom headed their respective courses. Here's a shout for '11!



This issue lacks the Editor-in-Chief's usual stunt—editorials from the pen of His Nibs. A hurry-up call took him to Northern Ontario (Alliance work) and we were left forlorn. In sheer desperation we've taken up his pen (a bit unwieldy in our clumsy fingers) and attempted to fill the page as briefly as we can.



The Business Manager has made it a point of honor all year to get out the paper betimes each month—with varying success. He regrets the delay of this issue—in spite of strenuous hustle it was unavoidable.



To all who have tendered so ungrudgingly their help and advice in the conduct of ACTA during the year our thanks are sincerely given, especially to "Bob" Pearson, of the Methodist Book Room, whose care it has been to "make up" ACTA; any "tone" the magazine may have had is largely due to his direction and advice.



BESIDE STILL WATERS—Aug. 13, 1909.



IN TROUBLED WATERS—June 22, 1911.

Photos by Walter Moorhouse.



Not strictly Academical—
the better for that.

Photos by Walter Moorhouse,

THE KODAK=MAN'S GOOD=BYE.



Personals

Chancellor Burwash with Mrs. Burwash is in England as fraternal delegate to the British Conference. They are accompanied by Miss Margaret Proctor, B.A. ('05), of New York.

Dr. Wallace will return to Toronto about Sept. 15. At the time of going to press he is in Jerusalem, where he will be joined by his son, E. W., returning on furlough from China.

His many friends will be glad to learn that Dr. Misener is slowly but surely recovering, and that there is every assurance of his return to lectures in October.

'07 GRADUATES.

R. W. Edmison is leaving Toronto to go to Macdonald College, St. Anne de Bellevue, Que., as head of the day school and academy in connection with the Macdonald College Normal School.

G. B. King takes up the teaching of Hebrew next September in Alberta College, Edmonton.

F. E. Owen is taking a Summer Semester in Germany. He returns to his work as lecturer in Victoria College in the fall.

Miss Iva Burgess is teaching in a Summer School at Balgonie, Sask.

Miss B. Mabel Dunham ('08), has been appointed Principal of the new Ontario Library School to be held at the Normal School, Toronto, from June 14 to July 12.

E. E. Ball ('06), is teaching Moderns in Brampton High School.

What will appear in ACTA 50 years hence—items from the '11 class prophecy:

A graduate in the course of Domestic Science of '11 has charge of the Victoria College Dining Hall—Miss Clara Pennington. The boys just think she's fine, for "By George, they do get such good dinners!" At first when she took the position she had a terrible time, for the maids all left as soon as they saw "that little Miss Pennington with all her book learnin'" arrive to take charge of things. But not only in Canada have there been changes in this department. Why, when Miss Grace Freeman went to China, fifteen years ago, there was a regular national upheaval because she tried to persuade Chinamen to eat currants in their rice puddings as a step towards more dainty and scientifically prepared dishes.

Miss Dafoe chose journalism as her profession. She edits a page daily in the most important newspaper of the times. She has awakened the whole thinking world by her wonderfully enthusiastic and often startlingly brilliant articles on such unusual subjects as "The benefit derived from a little nap now and then." Once she conducted an absorbingly interesting discussion in her page on Ventilation under such different heads as "The physical, psychological and moral advantages of fresh air," or "How to ventilate," or "If in doubt, be a janitor." Once in a while she is induced to exhibit her histrionic ability by engaging an auditorium to give her favorite lecture, "Best Color of Linoleum for Kitchen Floors."

Then there is Miss Edith Gibson who has devoted her life to becoming a social success, introducing special culture into the butterfly life. For instance, all conversations at her soirees are carried on in Latin, so that in spite of great crowds attending they are singularly quiet affairs. She has a beautiful home and has adopted as the motto for her coat of arms "Carpe Diem."

Miss Dawson is in the West. She founded a college some years ago far out on the lonely prairie and now a great city has grown up around it. For several reasons—one being the proverbial “wild and wooliness” of western life—she adopted as her principal course “poise.” She lectures on mental poise and physical poise, even covering such points in the use of language as the psychological difference between the slang words “shoot” and “darn.”

Miss Kathleen Cowan has a splendid position in the educational world. She is head of the Public School system of Japan. Her remarkable enthusiasm and capacity for work are a puzzle to the public. She makes a tour of all the schools ten times a year and knows all the children by name. Her principal hobby is having the infant prodigies capable of giving the Latin roots of all their Japanese words and backing up all their statements by what “Plato says.”

From this class has come a really marvellous philosopher—for a woman, viz., Miss Lulu Collver, now classed with such philosophers as Kant and Fichte. I can do nothing better than give you the opening lines of her latest book. Listen—“And David said, ‘All men are liars.’ Then David was a liar. Therefore, what he said was not true. Therefore, all men are not liars. Therefore, David was not a liar and what he said was true. Therefore, all men are liars.” Now, isn’t that brilliant?

Don’t you remember your classmate, Miss Willa Colbeck, class poetess in her final year? Well, that roused in her that heavenly spark, so that since she has become more famous than Shelley or Keats. We asked her to write a dedication for this history. Here it is in facsimile at the front. It is only two years ago since it was published, so you see I haven’t had time to decipher it all yet, but I know it contains some beautiful thoughts.

Under the head of philanthropy is Miss Maude Fowler, who went to China and there established a well-conducted home for the express purpose of showing the Chinese a sample of domestic felicity.

The City Mission is under the directorship of Miss Lily Denton, the most cheerful young lady we have ever met. Really, it is like having a beam of sunshine strike you to go in there. She has an hour set apart each day just for laughing, and she leads

it herself. She tries to make the children happy by every means of pleasure and entertainment, except five-cent shows, of which she thinks the effects are pernicious.

Still another young lady of repute in this department, Miss Mary Crawford. Can you recall that in her final year at college she became so wan and thin from worry that she decided to take a trip to India to recuperate. She has had quite an interesting life since. She liked it there so well she decided to stay and take a course in nursing in an English hospital there. Here is an extract from a letter she wrote home the other day: "My! I'm having a grand time. I've got over fussing about things any more. Why, do you know, sometimes when Y. W. is going on in the institution, without a qualm of conscience I can go off for a tiger hunt on my elephant, 'Big Dan.' It is such reasonable sport you know, and I always was heavy on sensible things. I'm crazy about nursing. I believe the natives lots of times, and sometimes the whites get sick just on purpose to have me nurse them! What d'you think of that?"

As two bright and shining stars are names of two Onety-one girls under music. One is the celebrated virtuoso, Miss Elsa Horning. By her wonderful skill at the piano she certainly has made a great reputation in the musical world. She has a rather peculiar pastime though. Just for amusement she is compiling a new philological dictionary with ten theories for the changes in each word where there used to be but one. It is indeed a very advanced work, and is likely to become the principal text-book for Anglo-Saxon, which, by the way, is now a whole university course in itself.

The other musical star used to be Laura Denton. Now she is the celebrated Prima Donna, Mme. Laurazzio Dentonizzini. When she broke away from her sporting career, loud were the groans from her friends, but now all that is necessary to bring cheers from the former groaners is for her to appear on the concert platform wearing one of her winning and expansive smiles. Besides she always takes her audience by storm at the beginning of a concert by sweetly warbling that time-worn but exquisite and sentiment-bearing melody, "My Father Sent Me to Victoria."

(From the class-prophecy by Miss Ruby Hewitt.)

Marriages

HEMINGWAY—WHITLAM.—At Moosomin, Sask., by the Rev. T. Jackson Wray, Harold Edgar ("Si") Hemingway ('09), to Isabel Agnes Whitlam, of Moosomin. The bridesmaid was Miss Ida Whitlam, of New York. J. V. MacKenzie ('09) supported the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Hemingway will reside in Weyburn, Sask.

AVISON—KIRKLAND.—At "Hillcrest," Galt, by the Rev. J. J. Liddy, M.A., assisted by the Revs. Dr. J. C. Antliff and A. J. Johnston, B.A., Rev. H. W. Avison, M.A., B.D. ('09) to Mabel Clara Kirkland. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Elva Kirkland, the groom by his brother, Roy Liddy, B.A. ('11).

KELLEY—MILES.—At 106 Madison Ave., Lagrange, Chicago, Miss Marion Elsie Miles, daughter of Mrs. Frederick Miles, of Lagrange, to Dr. C. B. Kelly ('08), of Guelph, later of St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto. Dr. and Mrs. Kelly will be home after February 1st, 1912, at Chengtu Szechwan, China.

JENKINS—REID.—At Clinton, on June 16, 1911, E. J. Jenkins ('08), of Central Y. M. C. A., Toronto, to Miss Elizabeth Reid, of Clinton.



Review of the Year

FIELD DAY RESULTS.

100 yard dash—Burley C.T. High Jump—Burley C.T. Broad Jump—Flood '14. Hop-Step-and-Jump—Burley C.T. 440 yards—Burley C.T. One mile—Bartlett '13. Kicking football—McKenzie '14. Pick-a-Back Race—Johnson and Latimer. Tug of War—Fourth Year. Pole Vault—E. C. Hunter '11. Hurdle Race—Burley C.T. Putting Shot—Raniher '11.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.—Saturday, October 22: McMaster, 2; Victoria, 0. Line-up: Wilder, Smith, Sanderson, Moorhouse, Gundy, McCulloch, Haddon, Clements, Smith, Livingstone, Rumball, Spare, Griffiths.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.—October 25: Victoria, 3; Dents, 0. Line-up: Wilder, Bishop, Smith, Moorhouse, Gundy, McCulloch, Haddon, Clements, Smith, Livingstone, Rumball.

RUGBY.—Muloch Cup Series, November 1st: Victoria, 19; Senior School, 15. Line-up: Full back, J. R. Rumball; halves, Duggan, Burt, Livingstone; quarter, Guthrie; scrimmage, Vanwyck, McCulloch, Morrison; inside wings, Newton and Church; middle, Slein and Patterson; outside, McDowell and Campbell; spares, Griffiths and Brown.

TENNIS.—Handicap Series, Semi-finals: Maclaren, Morrow, Dean, Hetherington. Finals: Maclaren and Hetherington, Maclaren winning by 6—2, 9—7, 6—2.

RUGBY.—Victoria, 21; Junior Arts, 8. Line-up: Rumball, full; Guthrie, Livingstone and Duggan, halves; Birnie, quarter; McCulloch, Vanwyck and Morrison, scrimmage; Slein, Newton, Church, Patterson, McDowell and Campbell, wings.

RUGBY.—Friday, November 11th: Victoria, 10; Junior Arts, 0. Line-up: Rumball, back; Maclaren, Livingstone and Gundy, halves; Birnie, quarter; Graham, Vanwyck and Morrison, scrim-

mage; Sleman, Newton, Church, Patterson, McDowell and Guthrie, wings.

RUGBY.—Line-ups as above. Tuesday, November 15th: Victoria, 23; Dents, 8. Thursday, November 17th, Victoria, 16; Junior School, 16. Friday, November 25th: Junior School, 15; Victoria, 11.

HANDBALL.—Totals: Series A.: St. Michael's, 84; Victoria, 46. Series B.: St. Michael's, 42; Victoria, 23. Team A.: MacLaren, Ganton, Manning, Richardson. Team B.: Livingstone, McCulloch, Armstrong, Taylor.

BASKETBALL.—Thursday, November 24: Junior Arts, 17; Victoria, 5. Line-up: Griffiths and Goddard, backs; Mackenzie, centre; Newton and Mains, halves.

TENNIS.—Girls' open event won by Miss Merrit. Men's open event won by J. C. Morrow. Undergraduates Championship Cup, W. B. Wiegand. Mixed Doubles won by Miss Benton and Mr. MacLaren, 6—4, 6—3, 3—6.

HOCKEY.—Jenning's Cup Series, January 16th: Victoria, 15; Senior Arts, 1. Line-up, McCulloch, McDowell, McKenzie, MacLaren, Birnie, Rumball, Livingstone.

BASKETBALL.—Senior School, 29; Victoria, 16. Line-up: Goddard, Sleman, Griffith, Mains and Livingstone.

HOCKEY.—January 20th: Victoria, 15; Education, 1. Line-up: McCulloch, McDowell, MacLaren, Birnie, Burwash, Rumball, Livingstone.

HOCKEY.—February 1st: Faculty of Education game came by default to Victoria.

HOCKEY.—Girls, Saturday, January 14: St. Hilda's, 4; Victoria, 0. Line-up: Goal, Miss Hamer; point, Miss Cuthbertson; cover, Miss Porte; centre, Miss Armstrong; left wing, Miss Flanders; right wing, Miss Burns; rover, Miss Adams.

BASKETBALL.—Girls, January 14th: St. Hilda's, 25; Victoria, 6. January 21: Varsity, 16; Victoria, 12. January 30: St. Hilda's 26; Victoria, 4.

HOCKEY.—Friday, February 24th: Victoria, 3; Forestry, 1. Line-up: McCulloch, McDowell, McKenzie, MacLaren, Burwash, Rumball, Livingstone.

HOCKEY.—February 28th: Dental College, 5; Victoria, 3. Line-up: McCulloch, McDowell, McKenzie, MacLaren, Burwash, Rumball, Livingstone.



Miss Pettit ('12): "Didn't that man look familiar?"

Miss Cruise ('12): "He tried to, but I stung him."

Miss Dunnet ('09) (talking to some would-be graduates):
 "Well, at last you girls are educated—in fact cultivated."

Miss Dawson ('11): "At any rate our brains have been harrowed." Back to the farm for metaphors, eh?

Prof. De Witt apparently thinks that the examination system is very detrimental to the students' faith in prayer. He describes how they go into an exam. cheerily (maybe) and murmur

" Lord, God of Hosts be with us yet,
 Lest we forget."

But they come out sadly and again murmur, but in a different key,

" The Lord of Hosts was with us not,
 For we forgot."

A question on a law examination read something like this:
 "Explain the significance of water in a man's stomach in a case of drowning?"

Pat Miller ('09) (answering (?) it): "Probably the man took a drink before he went in swimming."

The cry around Annesley Hall during the mornings of early rising to study was, "Let us go back."

Another exam. motto was: "Many are called but few are found out bluffing."

Examinations were really quite the rage among the students for about three weeks in May. Odd, wasn't it? But, of course, like all other "rages" it only lasted a short time. During that

time, however, nearly everybody talked exams. till they got sat upon by those so old-fashioned that they could not fall in with a new style so readily. Some exams. made stupid conversation-alists; some, they made extraordinarily bright and facetious; and many a page of jokes could be collected if we could only remember, but alas! our memories were busy with something else. Here are a few:

Miss Crawford ('11) (after a particularly trying exam., listening to a nature lover describe the song of a gold-finch): "Goodness! I never knew before that a gold-fish could sing."

Miss Dafoe ('11) (came home from an English exam. for which she had studied Arnold's poetry extensively, and with a wicked little glint in her eye, remarked): "I wish I had hold of the professor who set that paper. I'd make him 'Bald-er dead.' "

Fourth year student before a history exam.: "What men shall I 'get up'—Pym, Walpole, Pitt—"

Miss Kelly ('12): "There are two Pitts—a philipino effect, you know."

Close by the shore of Lake Simcoe, on a farm where they had real cream and home-grown eggs, the girls of onety-one, with Miss Addison as chaperone, spent the week between exams. and convocation. Canoeing, swimming, walking, sight-seeing, driving and eating were the order of the day. Though sometimes "there was a sound of revellry by night" it usually proceeded from a family party of small children who inhabited part of the house. The girls say that at night they slept. Even in the daytime, strange to say, sleep "Nature's sweet restorer" was freely indulged in by a few of the party. Another real pleasure was to sit on the shore when the lake was too rough for boating, and do fancy work. (And yet, someone has said university women are not domestic!) Perhaps the most interesting and amusing part of all was a series of exercises arranged, called "reduco" and "induco," practised by the fat and thin girls respectively. Several of the "victims" promise testimonials, but it must be confessed that the mediums derived the most benefit (even though lookers-on) on the principle of laugh and grow fat. One

day a ten mile drive to Orchard Beach along the lake shore was highly enjoyed, and frequent walks to Jackson's Point or Sutton for mail kept the party in touch with the outside world. Midi blouses, old skirts and running shoes formed the uniform, so no one got anything spoiled. For instance only mirth greeted Miss Horning when she arose from sitting on the sticky top of the jam jar, for the girls confess that in spite of farm house meals, they kept a tin box of special dainties all the time in a secluded place on the shore. Nothing need here be said concerning the red roses and tanned cheeks—those who attended Convocation will never forget the blooming appearance of the Victoria girl graduates. One poor girl, with a nose, was even accused of having been driven to drink with worry over exams, when it was only honest sunburn, because she scorned to wear one of the little twelve-and-a-half-cent camp hats, bought by two of the party to keep away freckles!

ON THE FARM.

Miss Pennington: "Yes, we'll go on our hay-rack ride even if it rains pitch-forks."

Miss Cowan: "Quite appropriate kind of a rain, considering the vehicle."

Miss Hewitt (who still remembers a few western expressions): "My! but that cow looks 'ornery.'"

Miss Freeman: "Why no, it has no 'orns at all."

Little need be said concerning the last few days in Convocation Week, spent by the 19-11 girls at Annesley. They would have been sad days if the girls had had time to think, for no one can part from friends they have known and loved for four years without wrenching the heart strings. However, no one had time to realize what it all meant, and everyone, I think, was sentimental enough to find that last Friday—with its Convocation ceremonies, and the feeling that she was the proverbial sweet girl graduate with cap, gown and flowers—one of the happiest days of her life. Then the pleasure of meeting everyone's parents and families was a real one, and the "juggling" of families at the garden party and reception in the evening was all sorts of amusement.

Convocation Week

The second week of June again brought round the graduation days that are fraught with so much significance to the departing class. To the professors and others who see the same ceremonies year after year it is merely a repetition of several events which become rather wearisome from their frequent re-appearance. To the graduate, however, it is the outward culmination of four years of work and pleasure, and as such is an occasion of mingled regret and happiness. The elusive B.A. degree is at last won, but it is with a sorry disillusionment regarding the knowledge that in our youthful innocence we thought must accompany it. Thus it is sorrow at what we are leaving behind us rather than pride over what we have attained that is the predominant feeling during graduation week. A valedictory spirit seems to pervade every assembly.

The first event of the week was the presentation in Convocation Hall of a play given by some of the girls of the graduating class of University College. On Thursday the united Alumnae of the four colleges entertained the graduating class at dinner. On this occasion we realized for the first time that we were passing from the compact lines of the undergraduate body into the more scattered ranks of the Alumnae, where the ties between our Alma Mater and ourselves, though less close, would still endure. We had the pleasure of listening to good addresses by Mrs. Powell, Miss Lawlor and President Falconer. We then adjourned to Convocation Hall where once more we were given some valuable advice by the President in his farewell address to the graduates. After a reception by the Faculty we returned home to dream of the transformation that was to take place the next day.

In spite of a rather threatening sky, the day turned out well. About two o'clock we were marshalled in West Hall, where we were given full instructions as to what to do and not to do. Then the long procession crossed the campus and the commencement exercises began. Group after group, we went forward, and by a few words, which no one seemed to hear, we were admitted into the ranks of the Bachelors of Arts. Like some youthful inquirers into the mysteries of the proceedings, we failed to observe any change, whether in our own feelings or in the appearance of our companions. The proceedings were unusually quiet, the cus-

tomary enlivening songs and yells of the various faculties were conspicuous largely by their absence. There was the time-honored singing of "Just One Girl," and the reception of the Household Science Department and the Agricultural College. The Varsity year yell was almost the only one given, but by some strange lack of a proper sense of the suitability of things, the moment when the classical students were receiving their degree was that chosen for their boastful song of "Nulli secundus, second to none," and that after Victoria had for the first time in years ousted them from that proud position in that particular department. The need for something lively seemed to increase as the proceedings lengthened out, as even the most interested and those who were present for the first time became uneasy. It certainly did not add to the effect to see numbers of the students rise and leave from time to time, and it is to be hoped that some innovation, such as a separate convocation for the various faculties, will soon overcome the difficulty of growing numbers, so that the interest and dignity of the function will be saved. The last of the proceedings seemed to receive only scant attention, but at length every one had received his degree, portraits were unveiled, and the great event was over.

Then followed the garden party in the quadrangle, where on every hand were heard words of welcome, of congratulation, and of parting. It was a very bright scene—ladies in their rich dresses, girl graduates with their flowers, and professors with gowns and hoods of every imaginable hue. This, too, must come to an end, and before long lawn and halls were alike deserted. A reception at Annesley Hall concluded the festivities of the week. The last of the farewells came next day, as all left for homes, scattered far and wide. College days and graduation week must retire into the assembly of the shades of the past, but in the memory of all they will long live to inspire feelings of deep pleasure and gratitude for all that they brought with them.

WILLA COLBECK, '11.



